

Feb. 22, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

CLOUD 7—Max Wilk's comedy about a Connecticut commuter who tries to retire is a remarkably tasteless and tiresome offering. The cast, directed by Jed Horner, includes Ralph Meeker, Martha Scott, Anne Helm, and John McGiver. Albert Johnson designed the sets. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COMPULSION—While this play about the Loeb-Leopold case has its telling scenes, it is all on a pretty elementary level. The cast of forty-four is headed by Frank Conroy, Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 22.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast. Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ENTERTAINER—Laurence Olivier gives a memorable and wonderfully versatile performance as a seedy music-hall artist in John Osborne's somewhat vacant tragedy. Tony Richardson directed a cast that includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. Alan Tagg designed the ingenious settings. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

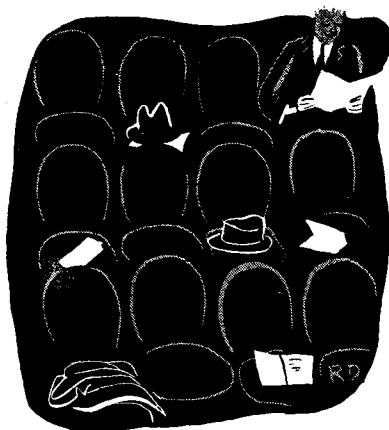
FAIR GAME—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcee, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are wonderful as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play. The sets, by Jo Mielziner, cannot be faulted, and in supplementary roles Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom are very satisfactory. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ROPE DANCERS—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are convincing in leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with enormous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in which the late President was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, Henry Jones, and Mary Welch. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TIME REMEMBERED—This Anouilh comedy, about a fine collection of lunatics and lovers, is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWO FOR THE SEESAW—William Gibson's accurate-

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THE NEW YORKER

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ly reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 23.)

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Greer Garson now is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT: Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE: Johnny Carson and Marsha Hunt in a comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings-on in Westport. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

MUSICALS

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL—If you are really fascinated by the prizefight racket, you may be entertained by this rather primitive musical, but the chances are against it. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book, Jerry Bock composed the music and Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics. With Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, Steve Forrest, Lonnie Sartin, and Barbara McNair. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JAMAICA—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. E. Y. Harburg wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Fred Saily on the libretto, and the cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Also with Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH CAPTAIN!—This rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" may lack some of the humor of the original, but it is reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sun-

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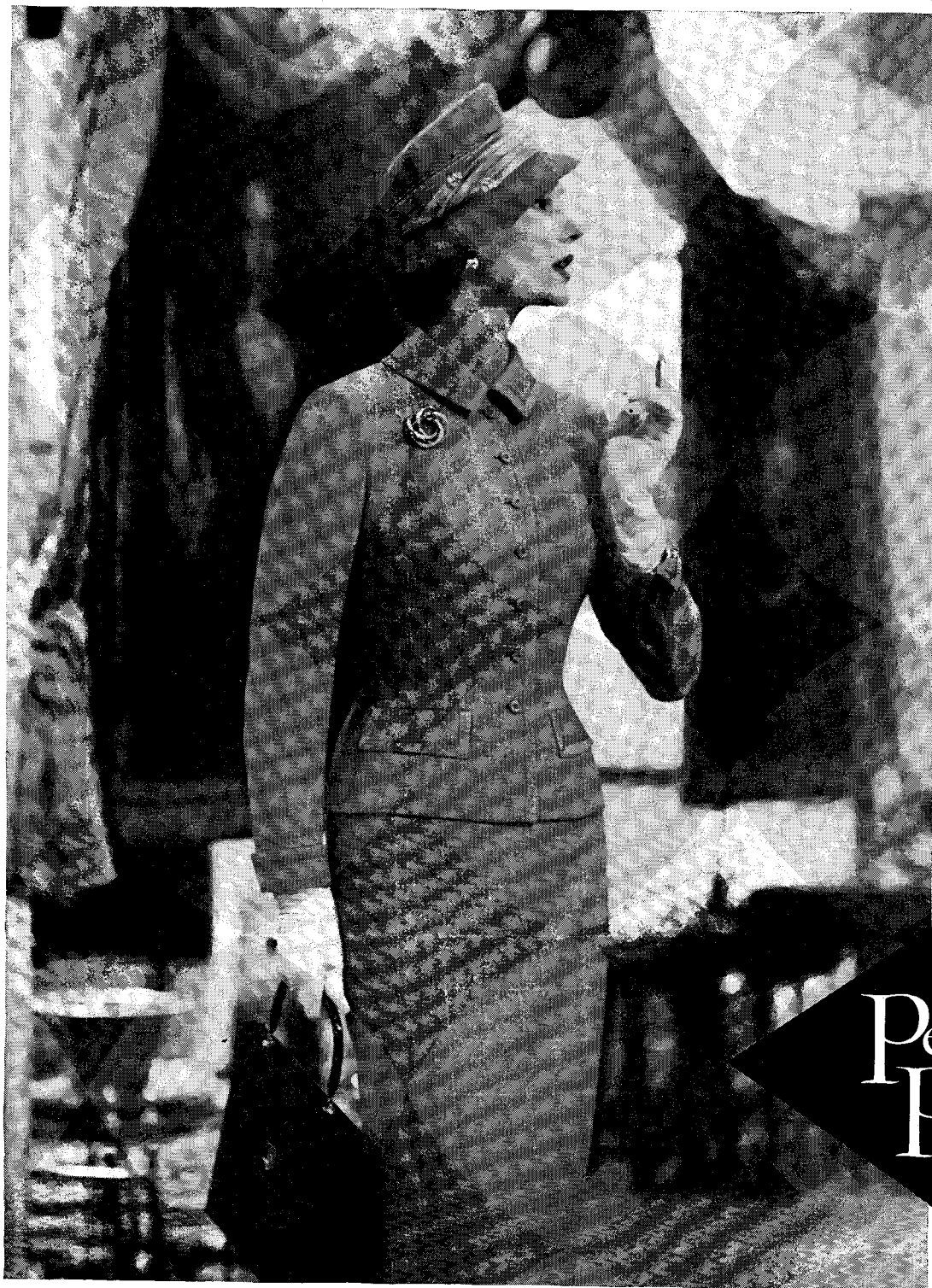
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **L'I' ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Joyce Gladmond head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Hower in a musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie." Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE DAY THE MONEY STOPPED—Richard Basehart, Mildred Natwick, and Kevin McCarthy in Maxwell Anderson's dramatization of the novel by Brendan Gill. Staged by Harold Clurman and presented by Stanley Gilkey and the Producers Theatre. Opens Thursday, Feb. 20. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PORTOFINO—Richard Ney wrote the book, collaborated with Sheldon Harnick on the lyrics, and is the producer of this musical, which has a score by Louis Bellson and Will Irwin. The cast, directed by Karl Genus, includes Georges Guétary, Helen Gallagher, and Robert Strauss. Opens Friday, Feb. 21. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melynn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. Presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BLUE DENIM—Chester Morris in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble. Joshua Logan is the director, and Barbara Wolfman and James Hammerstein are the producers. Opens Thursday, Feb. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Annie Get Your Gun," with Martha Raye and David Atkinson, is the first in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8089. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Through Sunday, Feb. 23: "La Bohème."... Starting Friday, Feb. 28: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh." Nightly at 7:30.

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Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.... **Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, and Arthur Malet** in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. Opens Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. Thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Ellen McCown in a revival of Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave., at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GREENWICH MEWS THEATRE—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted and directed by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

JAN HUS AUDITORIUM—"The Trial of Dmitri Karamazov," Norman Rose's play based on Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." The cast is headed by Simon Oakland. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—June Havoc, John Kerr, and Jacob Ben-Ami in Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine." Translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Herbert Berghof. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

RENATA THEATRE—Ben Hecht's play "Winkelberg," with Mike Kellin in the title role. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny

Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

INBAL—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of twenty-eight dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

DANCE RECITALS—The Mary Anthony Dance Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)... **The Anna Sokolow Dance Company.** (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

BACK TO METHUSELAH—Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher in a new version, by Arnold Moss, of Shaw's play, directed by Margaret Webster. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last of the stately homes of Park Avenue, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are on the dead run all night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's small dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Beece, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays.... There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The world of *toujours l'amour* is given eloquent and elegant expression at dinner and supper by Genevieve, the most vocal inhabitant of the Persian Room this season, and quite possibly the most amusing one. Her final night is Tuesday, Feb. 25. The next night, Jane Morgan, an American-beauty rose, will mount the podium and start baying the moon-June-spoon lyrics of which we have such a vast supply. The engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys is good for many weeks more. Closed Sundays.... **The Rendez-Vous,** a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty.... **Leo LeFleur's** chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Guy Lombardo's



Chérie



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestra, a very placid family get-together. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or even sitting in the lap of luxury, can be practiced in the Maisonette, where one can also prance all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. During dinner and supper, Denise Darcel, who cuts quite a figure (hourglass) on the floor, wanders in lackadaisical fashion through her repertory of ballads. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's thriving band contains almost more maracas, gourds, and other Latin toys than he, as conductor, can shake a stick at, and so the mighty Café Rouge sometimes suggests a West Indian hurricane. The boys blow intermittently for both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The three McGuire Sisters, who sing for their dinner and supper in the Empire Room, come fresh and untouched from television, but their direct and earnest approach to their work is probably enough to ease them past this handicap. The thunder of Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keeps the customers on the move in between. Closed Sundays. ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the eminent Cy Walter, now in charge of a trio, and a crew led by Jozsi Ribari plunk down genuine handmade New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most cooperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. ¶ **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Night owls feathering their nest with gags, gossip, and possibly a dash of gibberish. The professional part of the roundelay is *sous-cloche* jazz in the ancient-and-honorable groove by Jack Banan, on piano, and Irv Manning, on bass. This starts at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. ¶ **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at six. Closed Mondays. ¶ **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. ¶ **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his complex piano études have the place of honor on the supper menu (ten o'clock until one-thirty or two). Lights out on Sundays. ¶ **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Eternal Rome, city of musicians, city of chefs. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuît*) is Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, plus a vocalist or two after the

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23	24	25	26	27	28	1

theatre. Closed Sundays. ¶ **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays. ¶ **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. ¶ **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. ¶ **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Period-piece décor runs riot, but everything else is on the q.t., even the music (stringed) and the soprano. All this is available every evening but Sunday. ¶ **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A venerable institution revived in a nice new colonnade. The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. ¶ **CHAR-DAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, basses, violins, zimbals, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ¶ **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A fine part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. There's rambling piano by a lady who likes to be known simply as Mariana; she's around from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. ¶ **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. ¶ **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 MacDougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. ¶ **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands every evening but Sunday, from five to eleven, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. ¶ **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000):

The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters fooling around at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

CHATEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The needle in this haystack is Carmen Amaya, a hard-to-find compendium of the Spanish dance in its wild native state. She is surrounded by a passel of singers, musicians, and prancers. The windup for all of them is Wednesday, Feb. 26. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean is home again, with first-hand accounts of life in Vermont, Harvard, the planet Mars, and other frontiers of civilization. He's in good company; to wit: Bobby Short, his holocaust piano, and his paeans to the dawn's early light; Phyllis Diller, whose uneasy life is just one damn dither after another; and Will Holt, a young man with a guitar and a sardonic way with folk songs. The latter-day Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background. ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., Mr. Short does a repeat, and the Lyons trio really rolls. ¶ **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portman-teau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. ¶ **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, offering, amid some prankish décor, a fairly steady diet of piano—new-school by Francis Thorne, who has given up Wall Street and Yale for a higher calling, and romantic by Warren Vaughn. Danny Kent's bull fiddle gives Mr. Thorne a solid bass to build on. Closed Sundays. ¶ **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey meets Shakespeare, Irwin Corey gets Shakespeare—and right between the eyes. This exercise in exploding syntax goes on every night but Monday, and at 4.30 P.M. on Sundays, too. The music conceived by the duo of Charlie Mingus and Phineas Newborn, Jr., who've just entered into collaboration, proves that quality can count just as much as quantity in the production of modern sound effects. ¶ **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Saturday, Feb. 22, will be the last stand of Tony and Eddie, who clown to the century's most vehement collection of recordings, and of Morgana King, who produces her own head tones, which are whispered jazz in effect. They will leave behind them Jorie Remus, a *disease* who could drive any complaint department out of its mind; the Three Flames, musicians specializing in all-out extroversion; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. Sunday, Feb. 23, there'll be two check-ins—Sylvia Syms, dean of women (blues division), and Phil Leeds, a wit advantageously located halfway between shyness and slyness. The place is closed Mondays. ¶ **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As so often happens, the small bar is again a pedestal for Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of roustabout humorists. Evelyn Ward, who sings, is a newcomer. They lay off Sundays; she lays off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. ¶ **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): A new little forum reserved for youngsters who really have something to say for themselves. The present speakers of the house are Milt Kamen, an idea man with a freewheeling gift for self-expression; Mike Nichols and Elaine





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May, two acorns from which mighty funny one-act plays grow; and Jo March, a girl with a few folk songs. Mickey Leonard's trio provides precisely the right backdrop. Both décor and demeanor are exemplary. Closed Sundays. ... **THE BAO ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The headquarters of the wholly improbable Midtown Café, and looking like nothing so much as a Chinese ice-cream parlor. In one corner, Janice Mars sings, in a straightforward manner that conceals a considerable skill and an errant spirit of *vive le sport*, big-city songs of delight and despair, and Baldwin Bergerson, at the piano, plays his own show tunes and an eclectic collection of others. No action Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): After twenty years, Eddie Condon is back in the Fifties, but the East Fifties this time. Arrayed on the bandstand of his new and handsome place of business are Rex Stewart (another notable recent absentee), Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads a trio into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Tuesdays, the squad plays a team of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Sinton, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Bernard Peiffer, owner and operator of one of the sportiest trios in town. His new running mate, just arrived, is Tal Farlow, an eminent scientist in the field of electronics, with particular attention to the guitar. He, too, owns a trio, in which Eddie Costa plays piano. Both groups are exponents of the music of tomorrow. The Farlows take Sunday off, and the Peiffers are away on Monday. Both these evenings, Jutta Hipp helps out as lone ranger of the pianoforte, and every day but Saturdays she also plays from six to nine. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinders are Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which is occasionally given to barely suppressed screams, and the Bud Powell trio, an unpredictable group that can be very, very good when it wants to. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, a girl capable of expressing herself in up-to-the-minute patois, has the local piano under her thumbs at the moment, but she'll relax her hold on Friday, Feb. 28, when she and her trio bow out. Don Shirley's new group, now a trio, comes in the day after. The music begins at nine-thirty. No music Mondays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are

Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reville is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. ... **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Barbara Carroll's piano—the daydreams and the play hours of these modern times—makes its last appearance, along with her trio, on Friday, Feb. 28. On Saturday, Marian McPartland's threesome will drop anchor. Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Musicians dedicated to living in the past gather weekends to review the state of the world. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, the conferees should include Wild Bill Davison, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not everyone comes here to stop talking and listen, so down front is the best (in fact, the only) vantage point. The rewards are the trios of two renowned musicians—Oscar Peterson, who has the forbearance to play progressive piano without reducing his Steinway to sawdust, and Jo Jones, who is not only the Mephistopheles of the tympany section but a powerful driving force. Sunday nights are devoted to guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. ... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers are keeping the place cool and that Bobby Scott's solo piano is filling in the chinks. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A few nonconformists, headed by Lee Konitz, are in agreement on one point—that progress is all-important. The Sunday hours are four to ten; other nights are later. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils and gouaches by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, March 1. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

KENNETH ARMITAGE—New and not so new bronzes by one of the leading British sculptors; through Saturday, March 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

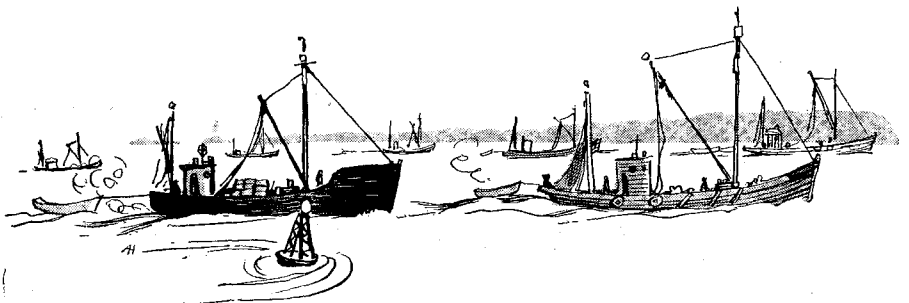
WILLIAM BAZIOTES—Abstract oils; through March 8. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

VICTOR BRAUNER—Stiffly stylized paintings, mingling archaic touches with modern abstractionism; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

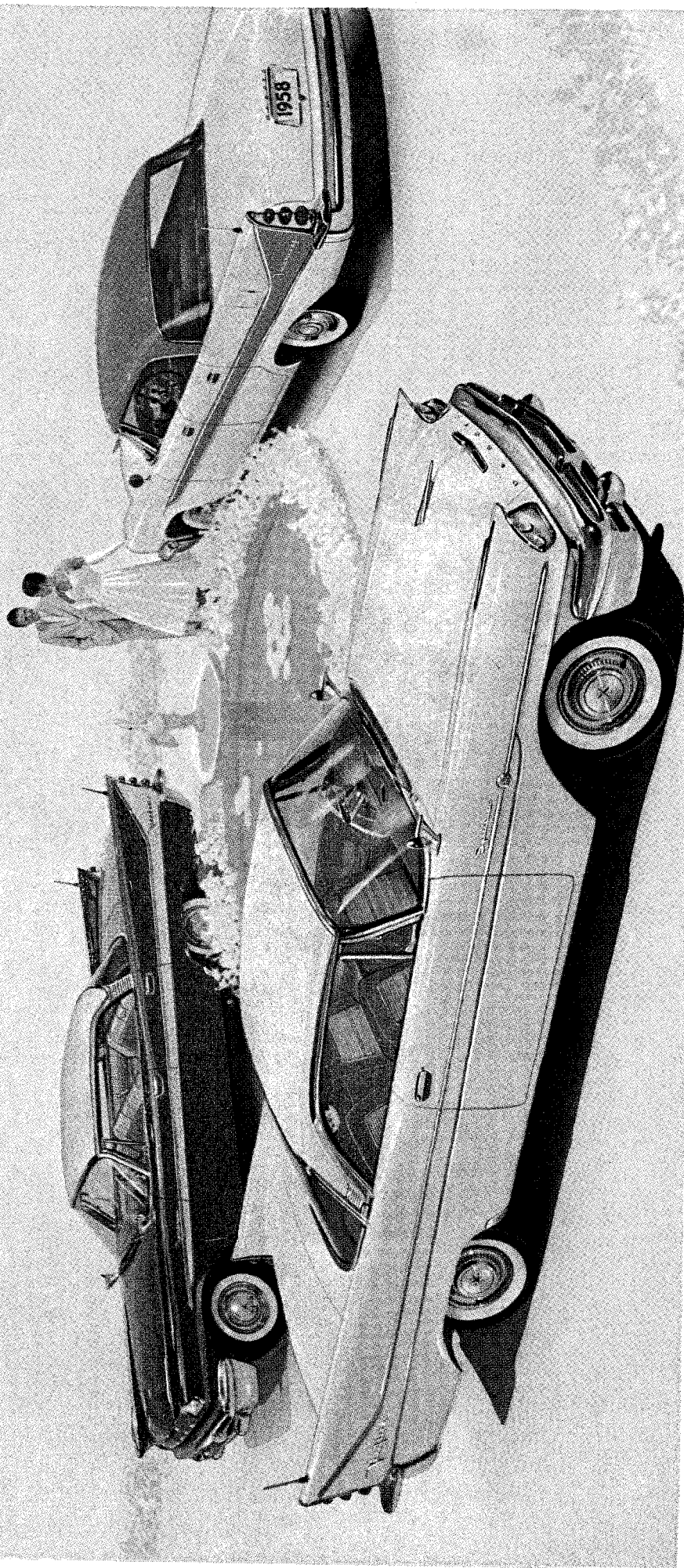
PAUL BURLIN—Recent abstractions, many with somewhat playful undertones; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

LAWRENCE CALCAGNO—Abstract oils and water colors, dealing for the most part with landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Six very large stabiles, along with a group of new wall mobiles; through



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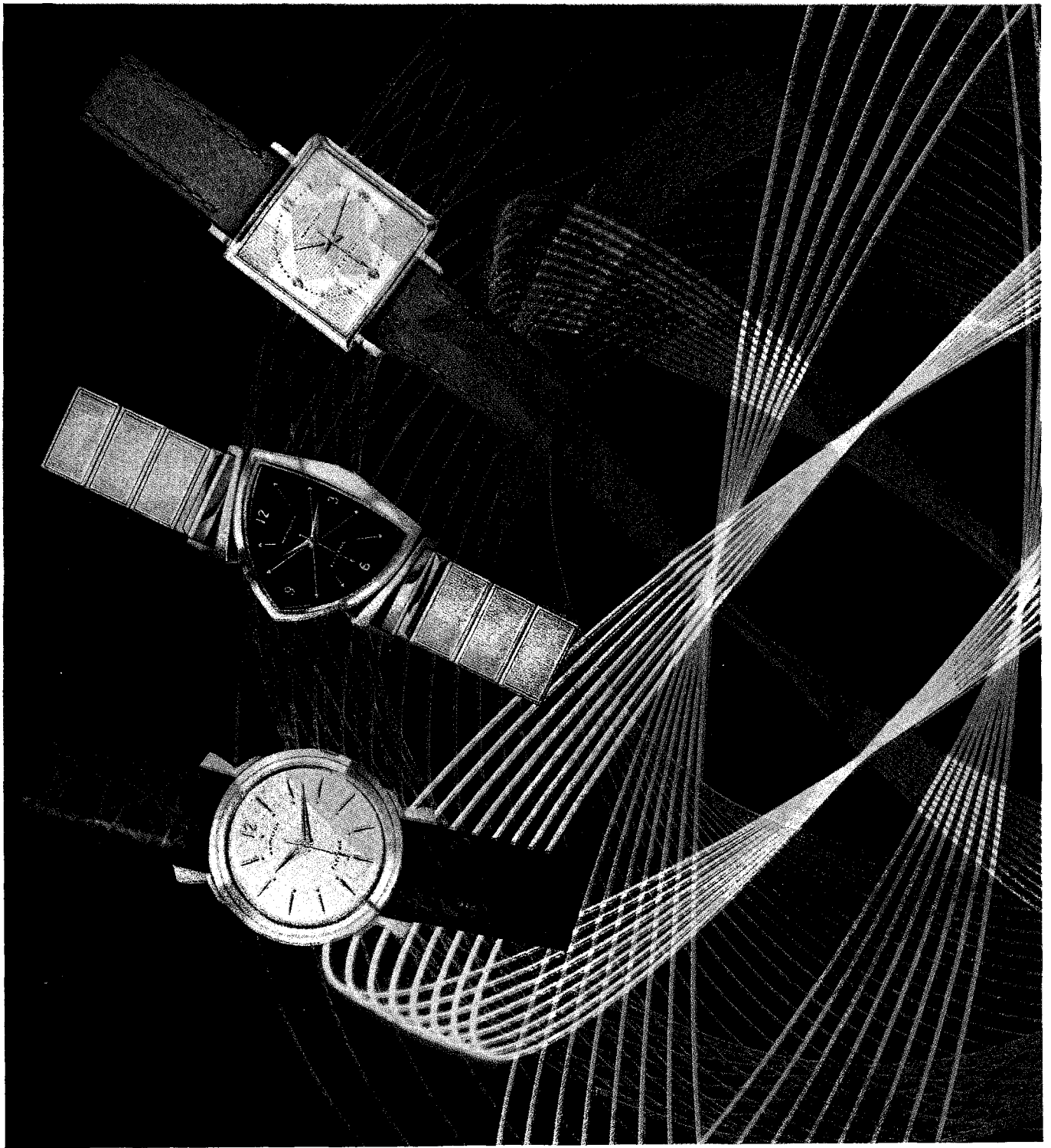
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

- March 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- CARROLL CLOAR**—Realist paintings in tempera, all relating to his native Arkansas; through Saturday, March 1. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- HARRY CROWLEY**—Pleasantly misty abstractions, mainly on landscape motifs; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)
- SALVADOR DALI**—A thirteen-by-ten-foot religious painting, "Santiago el Grande," along with preliminary drawings and water colors; through March 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- JEAN DUBUFFET**—Abstract oils, collages, and other works by a Paris modern; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)
- PAUL FEELEY**—Large abstract oils; through March 8. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)
- CHILDE HASSAM**—Impressionist paintings of Long Island; through March 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- GEOFFREY HOLDER**—People and landscapes of Trinidad, in oil; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)
- JOHN KOCH**—Still-lives, landscapes, and interiors; through March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)
- HENRY KOERNER**—Realist oils and drawings; through March 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- BENJAMIN KOPMAN**—Oils, water colors, and drawings by a veteran American Expressionist; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- MANTRA**—Neatly patterned small abstractions. First one-man show in New York; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)
- RANDALL MORGAN**—Landscapes of New York and Italy; through March 8. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
- RICHARD POUSSETTE-DART**—Abstract paintings; through March 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- C. S. PRICE**—Abstract oils by a Western artist, largely self-taught, who died in 1950; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)
- MARK ROTHKO**—Large, somberly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
- SARAI SHERMAN**—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)
- EDWARD JOHN STEVENS**—A new series of his gouaches; through March 8. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)
- STANLEY TWARDOWICZ**—Abstractions, done in flowing washes of thin, bright color; through Saturday, March 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)
- RUSSELL TWIGGS**—Paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- ESTEBAN VICENTE**—Recent collages; through March 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- FRITZ WINTER**—Abstract oils by a German contemporary; through Saturday, March 1. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)
- NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising over three hundred paintings, sculptures, and prints, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 6.)
- THE EIGHT**—Exhibitions commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the first showing, at the old Macbeth Gallery, by the Eight (Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan)—At the JAMES GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Shinn and Davies; through Friday, Feb. 28. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A retrospective of some fifty oils by Henri, leader of the group; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Closed Washington's Birthday.) . . . **WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY**, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: A collection of previously unex-
- hibited drawings and water colors by Luks; through Saturday, March 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 32 E. 65th St.: Twenty oils, water colors, etchings, and lithographs by Davies, plus a few works by the seven others; through Saturday, March 1.
- AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW**—A display of oils done by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through March 8. (Argent, 236 E. 60th St.)
- EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, and Wilhelm Lehmbruck are among the artists represented in a showing of German Expressionist paintings, prints, and sculptures; through March 15. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Part II of an exhibition of paintings and drawings by fourteen twentieth-century artists, among them Nicolas de Staël, Kurt Schwitters, and Alfred Manessier; through Saturday, March 1. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Five European painters and sculptors—Afro, Peter Lanyon, Alan Davie, Mirko, and Luciano Minguzzi—and one American sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal; through Saturday, March 1. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)
- PRE-COLUMBIAN SCULPTURES**—A small but handsome show of examples from the Latin-American cultures; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)
- AFRICAN ART**—Sculptures from West and Central Africa; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 2 to 5:30.)
- SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Anton Refregier; starting Monday, Feb. 24. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Joseph Meierhans; starting Monday, Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Georgia O'Keeffe; starting Tuesday, Feb. 25. . . . **IOLAS**, 123 E. 55th St.: Matta; starting Monday, Feb. 24. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 60th St.: Lee Krasner; starting Tuesday, Feb. 25. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Philip Guston; starting Monday, Feb. 24. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Ernst Wilhelm Nay; starting Saturday, March 1. . . . **MI CHOU**, 36 W. 56th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **POINDESTER**, 21 W. 56th St.: Richard Diebenkorn; starting Monday, Feb. 24. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Feb. 25.

MUSEUMS

- METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, and paintings, ranging in date from 200 B.C. to the twentieth century. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)
- MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Three painters as printmakers—Georges Braque (prints, sculptures, and paintings), Joan Miró (lithographs and etchings), and Giorgio Morandi (black-and-white still-life and landscape etchings); through March 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)
- BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)
- SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 7 E. 72nd St.—Eduardo Chillida, Etienne Hajdu, Shindo Tsuji, and four other artists are participants in a sculpture-and-drawing exhibit that is international in scope; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)
- MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—A showing of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrite glass window, Favrite bowls and plates, and vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; through April 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)
- MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of textiles, featherwork, gold, and sculptures; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)
- RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Paintings, sculptures, and mobiles by fourteen contemporary New Orleans artists, including George Dunbar, Lin Emery, and George Rickey. After Sunday, Feb. 23, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, March 2, when there will be a new show. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—“Nature in Abstraction,” consisting of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, and Leo Amino; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:15: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Maria Meneghini Callas, Thelma Votipka, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: “Vanessa,” with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: “La Traviata,” with Victoria de los Angeles, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Robert Merrill. . . . Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: “Carmen,” with Blanche Thebom, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . Monday, Feb. 24, at 8: “Aida,” with Antonietta Stella, Blanche Thebom, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and William Wilderman. . . . Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:15: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Maria Meneghini Callas, Thelma Votipka, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Sereni. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: “Der Rosenkavalier,” with Risë Stevens, Eleanor Steber, Laurel Hurley, Otto Edelmann, and Nicolai Gedda. . . . Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: “Otello,” with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: “Tosca,” with Maria Meneghini Callas, Richard Tucker, Walter Cassel, and Norman Scott. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Saturday, March 1, at 1:30: “Tristan und Isolde,” with Margaret Harshaw, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: “Gianni Schicchi,” with Laurel Hurley, Fernando Corena, and Charles Anthony; and “Salome,” with Inge Borkh, Regina Resnik, Mack Harrell, Norman Kelley, and William Lewis.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 (both with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola). . . . Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:45 (with Claudette Sorel, piano). . . . Rafael Kubelik conducting on Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3 (with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola). . . . Bruno Walter conducting on Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 (both with Gold and Fildale, duo piano); and Saturday, March 1, at 8:45 (with Jacques Abram, piano).

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Raya Garbousova, cello. The second in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins conducting the second in a series of three concerts of eighteenth-century music, with Harry Shulman, oboe; Robert Cole, bassoon; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Monteverdi's “The Coronation of Poppea,” in concert form, with

Leontyne Price and Sarah Fleming, sopranos; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:45.) . . .

¶ A preview (for which all seats have been sold; only standing room is left) will be held at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (TR 9-5512), on Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.

RECITALS

PAUL BADURA-SKODA AND ERICA MORINI—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—A program by the Academy Piano Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

PATRICIA NEWAY AND ROBERT COLSTON—Soprano and piano, in the first in a series of three programs of contemporary music. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:40.)

LEONID KOGAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO DI ROMA—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

GUOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Quartetto di Roma will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 25, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 21: Nino Valdes vs. Alex Miteff, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . Friday, Feb. 28: Carlos Ortiz vs. Tommy Tibbs, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

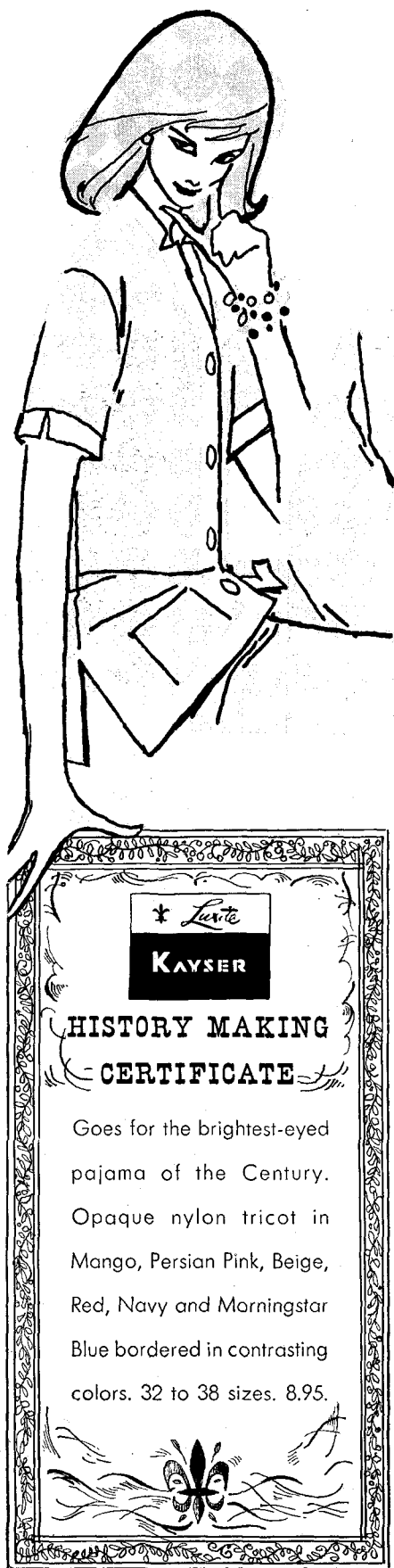
INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: Knicks vs. Syracuse. Saturday, March 1, at 9: Knicks vs. Detroit. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.) . . . St. Louis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 29.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championship, singles and doubles—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 20-21, at 6; Saturday, Feb. 22 (semifinals), at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 23 (finals), at 2. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—



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Saturday, Feb. 22, at 7: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

TRAPSHOOTING—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 10.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Aline MacMahon, narrator, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

MUSICAL PLAY—The Theatre for Young People presenting "Dame Wiggins's Dilemma." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 1, at 11.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and pushbutton displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Dusk to Dawn," depicts the skies of the long winter night, reviews the important celestial events of 1957, and forecasts things to come in 1958; through March 3. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"White Mane," a short French film; "Stormy the Thoroughbred," with M. R. Valdez; and two Walt Disney cartoons. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. GR 5-1660. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 10:30.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—At KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A.: Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8:40.) . . .

DONNELL REGIONAL BRANCH, New York Public Library: A group of actors, headed by Basil Langton, reading poetry from Europe and Asia. (20 W. 53rd St. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1:45: Chinese art, including jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings and early-dynastic bronzes and pottery, together with a group of Tibetan and other bronze and wood sculptures; from the Honolulu Academy of Art and from other sources. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 1:45: French furniture, Dresden and other cabinet porcelains, German faience tankards, table porcelains, silver and glassware, paintings and drawings, and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them Mrs. Patrick R. Patrick.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Washington's Birthday at 10:15 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS—René Clair's humane and hilarious description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris—in particular, of a likable loafer and a melancholy artist, and of a fugitive whom they befriend. Pierre Brasseur is superb as the loafer, and Georges Brassens and Henri Vidal are effective as the artist and the fugitive, respectively. Dany Carrel contributes a nice portrayal of a girl for whom the gentlemen all set their caps. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Feb. 26, tentative.)

GERVAISE—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast that includes Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 26, tentative. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 23-25, tentative.)

OPERATION MAD BALL—An eminently satisfactory excursion into the droller aspects of military life. The soldiers on view are attached to a medical unit in France after the Second World War, and their methods of distracting themselves—mostly with the unit's nurses—are consistently amusing. Heading up a splendid cast are Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Feb. 25, tentative. . . . Trans-Lux



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23	24	25	26			

Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Feb. 23-25, tentative.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which goes on for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, whose interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, but on the other hand he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE (1955)—Juvenile delinquency in an urban high school. Glenn Ford is an idealistic teacher trying to cope with the hooligans. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 23-24.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 20.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Feb. 26.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. Daily at 2:30 and 8:40. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

JOHNNY BELINDA (1948)—Jane Wyman, as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres, as a charitable young doctor. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 25.)

THE KILLERS (1946)—Hemingway's short story, here expanded. Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 23-24.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 21.)

THE RED BALLOON (1957)—A fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 25, tentative.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 25, tentative.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney classic. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 20.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 25.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 21.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years: A Retrospective of the Motion Pictures"—Through Feb. 22: Six short films including "Shootin' Mad" (1912), with Broncho Billy. . . . Feb. 23-26: "Conquest of the Pole" (1912), directed by Méliès; "Moment Musical" (1913); and "Queen Elizabeth" (1911), with Sarah Bernhardt. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Feb. 20: "Beautiful But Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman.
From Feb. 21: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
HENRY V, revival.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, Vittorio De Sica.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave, Claude Dauphin.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND
ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 26 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring, Maria Schell.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 25 (tentative): **OPERATION MAD BALL**.
From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Feb. 26 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GERVAISE (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 25 (tentative): **OPERATION MAD BALL**.
From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 26: "Don't Go Near the Water," Glenn Ford, Gia Scala.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Feb. 22 (tentative): "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
Feb. 23-25 (tentative): **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Woman of the River," Sophia Loren.
From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 22 (tentative): "Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.
Feb. 23-25 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French).
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

WEST SIDE

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 22: "Passionate Summer" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone; and "The French They Are a Funny Race," revival, Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan.
Feb. 23-24: "The Enemy Below," Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens; and "Brothers in Law," Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
Feb. 25-26: "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne

Cook; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 25 (tentative): **RICHARD III**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.
From Feb. 26 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 22: "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "Naughty Martine" (in French), revival, Dany Robin, Claude Dauphin.
Feb. 23-25: "The Glass Slipper," revival, Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding; and "Edge of the City," revival, John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier.
From Feb. 26: "Sins of Casanova" (in Italian), Gabriele Ferzetti, Corinne Calvet; and "Forbidden Desire" (in French; formerly called "Lover's Net"), Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gelin.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Feb. 20: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**, revival; and **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival.
Feb. 21-22: "Legend of the Lost," John Wayne, Sophia Loren; and "Gunsight Ridge," Joel McCrea, Mark Stevens.
Feb. 23-24: **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE**, revival; and **THE KILLERS**, revival.
Feb. 25: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival.
From Feb. 26: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:20; Saturdays at 10, 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:20; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 9:20.)

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 20: "The Patriot" (in French; formerly called "The Mad Emperor"), revival, Harry Baur; and "The Trial of Louis Pasteur" in French; (formerly called "Louis Pasteur"), revival, Sacha Guitry.
From Feb. 21: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 25: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
From Feb. 26: "The Mob," revival, Broderick Crawford; and "711 Ocean Drive," revival, Edmond O'Brien, Joanne Dru.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

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allergic
to
fashion

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 First Performance - February 15, 1958

MADAMA BUTTERFLY
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos - Staging by Gian-Carlo Menotti
 Sets and Costumes by Morohiko Nagasawa
 First Performance - February 15, 1958

OPOLITAN OPERA 1957-1958
 NEW PRODUCTIONS
CHAIKOVSKY EUGENE ONEGIN
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos - Staging by Peter Brech
 Costumes by Rolf Gerard - English Text by Henry Reed
 First Performance - October 26, 1957

ART DON GIOVANNI
 Conductor: Karl Böhm - Staging by Heinrich
 Sets and Costumes by Eugene Byrne
 First Performance - October 31, 1957

BARBER VANES
 Libretto and Staging by Gian-Carlo Menotti
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos - Sets and Costumes by Cecil Beaton
 WORLD PREMIERE

MADAMA BUTTERFLY
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos
 Sets and Costumes by Morohiko Nagasawa
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BARBER VANESSA
 Libretto and Staging by Gian-Carlo Menotti
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos - Sets and Costumes by Cecil Beaton
 WORLD PREMIERE - January 15, 1958

MADAMA BUTTERFLY
 Conductor: Dimitri Mitropoulos - Staging by Gian-Carlo Menotti
 Sets and Costumes by Morohiko Nagasawa
 First Performance - February 15, 1958

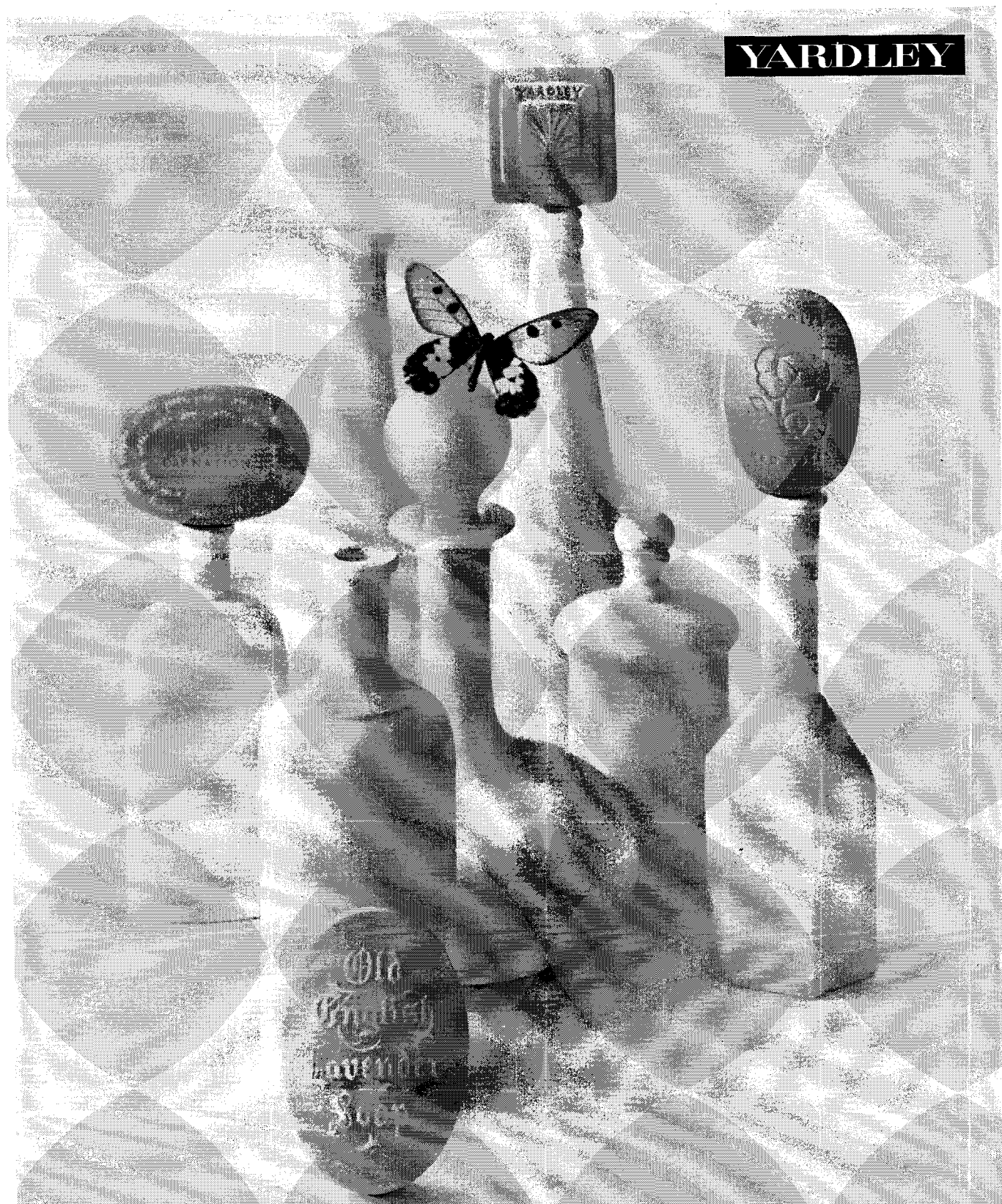
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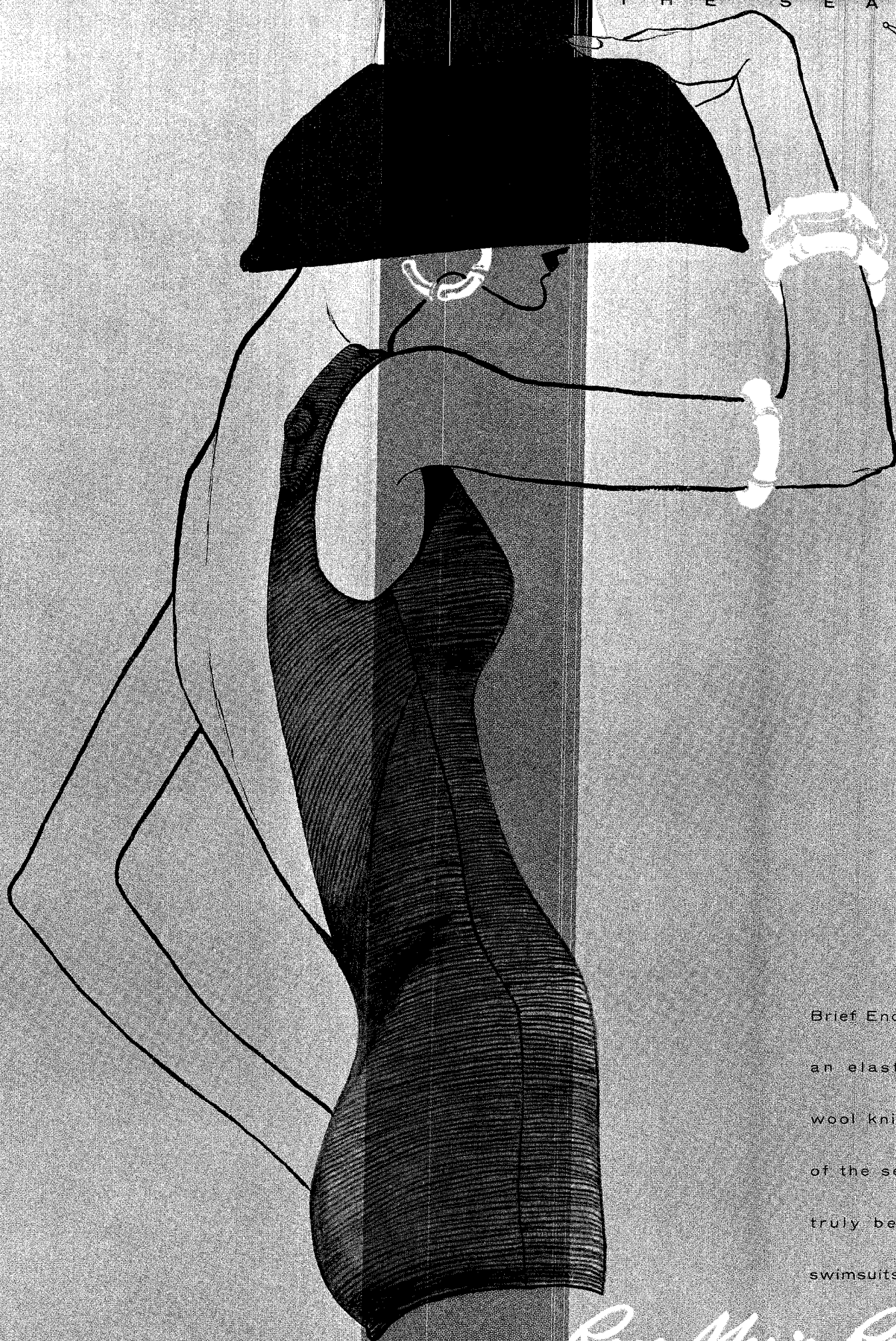
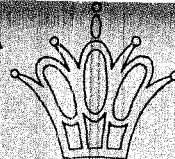
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and entertainment are yours whether you stay at one of Bermuda's famous hotels, or enjoy island living more intimately in a guest house or cottage colony.

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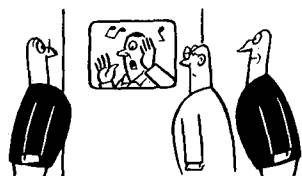
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THEY have been piping music into the chamber of the twenty-three-year-old airman (ten years *The New Yorker's* junior but already far more worldly, or at least otherworldly, than we'll ever be) who volunteered to sit inside a simulated space vehicle so that his reactions could be observed. We were delighted to hear that when the scientists in attendance started to regale him with hillbilly tunes—possibly as part of a controlled-torture experi-



ment—he begged them to turn the damn stuff off. He preferred making himself a comb and keeping a diary. “He takes very good notes,” remarked a hovering doctor identified in the papers as a “space physician.” A resourceful, well-groomed, discriminating young man who takes good notes is the kind of person we’d be happy to share our birthday cake with any year—and especially an awesome, bewildering, northern-lit year like this, when, on the one hand, our theoretical physicists are calmly telling Congress how someday they might roam out beyond our galactic bounds into a region filled with antimatter, and, on the other hand, our practical men of affairs seem to be having a terrible time locating a tugboat that roamed out into Long Island Sound and disappeared.

YOU have read, perhaps, that Senator Prescott Bush, of Connecticut, a Republican, has come out and agreed with Mayor Wagner, a Democrat, that American automobiles are too big, thereby making it bipartisan. The plain fact is that they have chosen

to condemn Detroit for the only real contribution that that city has ever made toward a solution of this city’s traffic problems. It should be obvious by now that the automobile is insatiable in its demands for more room. It will take whatever room is offered and call in swarms of vehicular relatives until the place is brimming at the curbs, then set up a clamorous honking for still more room. Appeasement, whether by widening an avenue or shortening a wheel base, is foredoomed to failure. What few square feet the city might gain by insisting upon little cars would be occupied at once by other little cars, each with a will of its own. If, however, the trend toward larger automobiles were encouraged to continue, the benefit to the city might well prove immeasurable. After all, the more room any one vehicle takes up, the less room it leaves for its fellows. The day may even come when American automobiles will crowd one another off the streets entirely.

THE city-bred motorist is a man who can cope with all sorts of situations. We are thinking of one motorist in particular, whom we saw on Lexington Avenue during a recent afternoon snowstorm. It was a perfect urban blizzard, with soot and snow descending in roughly equal measure, like salt and pepper, and filling the streets with slush and bad temper. And there in the middle of it all we saw the aforementioned motorist, whose windshield wiper had ceased to function. At every halt in the general movement—and the halts were many—he would leap from his machine to scrub at the glass with his mittens. Then he would return to the wheel, advance a few feet with the traffic, and pop out once more to repeat this desperate operation. A momentary vehicular surge carried him from view, but we came upon him again, near a drugstore in the next block, standing

beside his car and tearing brown paper off a ball of stout twine. He handed one end of the twine to an elderly gentleman in the back seat, and then threw a loop over the arm of his windshield wiper, after which he walked around the hood of his machine and handed the ball of twine to a young lady in the front seat. Back at the wheel, he turned to the elderly gentleman sitting behind him and said, “Pull.” The gentleman pulled, the wiper moved, the windshield cleared. With evident excitement, the motorist turned to the young lady beside him. “Pull,” he said. She pulled, the wiper returned, and once more the windshield was purified. We would have liked to watch longer, but we had an appointment that couldn’t wait, and were obliged to walk on, and so left them behind in the snow.

Gift of Tongues

WE’VE been up to the headquarters of the Berlitz Schools of Languages, at 630 Fifth Avenue, to talk with Charles Berlitz, vice-president of the schools and grandson of the founder, about the effect on his family enterprise of the prodigious increase in international travel since the war, especially on the part of businessmen. For it has come to our attention that businessmen of all nationalities are currently darting



about the globe in unprecedented numbers and striking bargains in an unprecedented variety of tongues. This not only augurs well for the future peace of the world (we assume that Dr. Johnson’s famous remark to the effect that there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in



getting money also applies to countries) but should provide a source of employment for countless Berlitzes yet unborn, it being of little use to go looking for foreign customers if you haven't been taught their language and can't even offer them ten per cent off for cash.

We learned from Mr. Berlitz that there are Berlitz schools in England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Morocco, Indonesia, Algeria, Turkey, Austria, Israel, Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Uruguay, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Puerto Rico, as well as here, and that other countries are being eyed. Germany has the most Berlitz schools—forty-eight—and we come second, with thirty. The total number of Berlitz schools is a hundred and sixty, and the total number of languages normally taught in them is fifty-five. Additional languages are taught if anyone requests them. At any given moment, there are upward of two hundred and fifty thousand Berlitz students chattering away, somewhere on earth, in almost any language from Amharic to Sindhi. "The reasons people want to learn foreign languages are as different as the languages themselves," Mr. Berlitz said. "We're teaching Amharic, for exam-

ple, to Americans who are going to be putting up buildings in Ethiopia, and Laotian to Americans who are heading for Laos to build roads. On the other hand, we're teaching Quechua, an Incan language, to archeologists on their way to Peru, and Sindhi, a minor language spoken in a small section of Pakistan, to a man who wishes to make a good impression on the parents of his Pakistani girl friend. In the past ten years, we've published sixty textbooks, tourist phrase books, and pocket dictionaries, and sold some thirty million of them. Now we've brought out a record series, for learning French, Spanish, Italian, and German at home."

A round-faced, soft-spoken man of forty-two, Mr. Berlitz is an admirable advertisement for the schools; he speaks twenty-three languages, twelve of them fluently. Though frequently taken for a foreigner, he was born on Fifty-ninth Street and lives in Locust Valley. "If I have any accent, I guess it's Berlitz," he said. "My grandfather, Maximilian Delphinus Berlitz, founded the first Berlitz school, in Providence, exactly eighty years ago. As an infant, I learned to talk in four languages, each one taught me by a different relative. My grandfather, who died in 1921, spoke to

me in German, my mother in French, my father in English, and a cousin in Spanish. I graduated from Yale in 1936. My wife is Australian. She signed up for some Spanish lessons at our school in Sydney but came to New York before finishing the course. She stopped in here to collect a refund. A fairly complicated transaction, and before it was over I'd gone and married her. She never *has* collected the refund. We have a seven-year-old daughter, Lin, who speaks excellent Spanish and English, and is taking French at the Berlitz school in Great Neck and Indonesian from me. We also have a two-year-old son, who can't speak anything yet. We wanted to name him after my grandfather, but Maximilian Delphinus seemed too much for any baby, so we settled for Marc Daniel instead. I go out to the Orient every ten months. For the past three years, we've been doing a job in Sumatra for Standard-Vacuum, teaching the American oil workers out there to speak Indonesian and the Indonesians to speak English. My Malay and Indonesian are pretty good. I've just learned Hindustani and Afrikaans, in order to write textbooks in them. I write or revise eight or ten textbooks a year—sometimes twelve.

I prefer to do them four at a time. You might think that the languages would get jumbled together inside my head, but somehow or other they don't."

OVERHEARD under the clock at the Biltmore: "Oh, this really isn't such a good tan. We had to come home early from Nassau, because our maid wanted to go to Bermuda."

Droplets

FOG is just about the hardest kind of weather to forecast. Meteorologists know what it takes to produce the stuff—a certain amount of moisture in the air, a certain amount of wind, and a certain disparity between the temperature of the air and that of the land or water beneath it—but since the ideal fog-making situation is apt to alter at any moment, even inside a very limited area, they can never be sure when fog will occur. Not quite enough wind, and the moisture in the air is precipitated as dew; a bit too much, and it evaporates.

Here in New York, fog has never been more than an occasional costly nuisance; we average only twenty heavy fogs a year, and their chief victims are travellers by air, water, or highway. A heavy fog is defined as one in which visibility is reduced to less than a quarter of a mile. The term "pea soup" has no standing among weathermen, but then most pea-soup fogs—the ones in London, for instance—aren't simply fogs but combinations of fog and smog, which means that they're loaded with foreign particles, mostly dust and soot. As far as doctors know, fog is a comparatively innocent threat to our health, but smog is often downright murderous. Two hundred and forty Londoners died as a result of a five-day smog in 1952; the worst smog disaster recorded in this country took place in Donora, Pennsylvania, in 1948,

when twenty people died and fifteen hundred others were made gravely ill.

Though the West Coast has a bad name for fogs, the foggiest places in this country are islands off the New England coast. Nantucket, for example, has an average of eighty-seven days of heavy fog a year, compared to twenty-six for Portland, Oregon. The farther up either coast you go, the more fogs; some of the heaviest fogs on earth form off Labrador, where the warm, moist air above the Gulf Stream collides with the cold air sweeping down out of the arctic. The least foggy spot in the United States is probably Phoenix, Arizona. If you don't want to go that far from New York but would like to count on a minimum of fog, choose a house about a third of the way up a gentle southerly slope that ends in a narrow ridge. In Manhattan, choose the highest possible penthouse and forget about gentle and southerly.

The foggy season here is midwinter. The figure of speech "to be in a fog" is psychologically sound; it has been shown that people are far less efficient in foggy weather than in fair. During one

fog, the Bank of England went so far as to lock up all its important files and restrict its clerks to routine chores until the thing lifted. Fog also renders delicate machinery less efficient; in foggy weather, telephone dialling systems tend to produce wrong numbers spontaneously and calculating machines get their sums wrong. Airports, being so often situated on low ground, have what appears to be a perverse attraction for fog, and no practical way of keeping them clear of it has yet been devised. Pellets of dry ice scattered from a plane will dissipate fog, but only if it's already supercooled, and *that* happens only when there is almost no wind. During the war, airfields were occasionally cleared of fog with the help of a complex system of perforated gas pipes; when the gas was turned on and lit, it simply burned the stuff away. This method, known as FIDO (Fog, Intensive, Dispersion of), costs from fifty to a hundred dollars per plane per landing, and has therefore never become popular.

Among the few good things we know about fog is that it helped Washington to escape from General Howe after the



"Don't worry. If it turns out tobacco is harmful, we can always quit."

Battle of Long Island, that it is terrific in mystery movies, and that it is good for the complexion. Car manufacturers used to think that yellow headlights penetrated fog better than conventional headlights could, but it turned out not to be true; they made a different-colored glare but didn't increase the visibility a smitch. A curious thing about fog is that it contains comparatively little moisture per cubic inch; a droplet of fog may be only one-thousandth the size of an ordinary raindrop. Fogs in March are supposed to bring on frosts in May, but we doubt it. Our favorite weather rhyme is "A winter fog will freeze a dog." Speaking of dogs, we'd better note that a fogdog is a bright spot seen in a fog bank. Then what is a fogbow? That's easy—it's a practically colorless rainbow.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE: In the town of Mullingar, County Westmeath, Ireland, there is a neon-signed bar called the Manhattan Joint.

Ciphers Everywhere

WE took advantage of a recent weekend in Washington to pay a call on two happily flabbergasted authors—Colonel William F. Friedman and his wife, Elizebeth S. Friedman, whose book "The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined" has been the subject of universally laudatory reviews and went into a sizable second printing a few weeks after publication, last fall. A charming, handsome couple in their middle sixties, living in an appropriately charming and handsome old house on Capitol Hill, the Friedmans are flabbergasted because, unlike most authors, they didn't expect their book to make much of a noise in the world. As they say in the preface, "For almost two hundred years the authorship of the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare has been disputed; and a good many writers, in contesting the attribution, have made specific claims for someone else as the author. Some of these writers have supported their claims with cryptographic proofs: that is, with evidence derived from the solution of ciphers or other cryptographic systems incorporated, they believe, in the writings themselves. . . . We have long intended to present a full-scale appraisal of the cryptographic arguments from the point of view of the professional cryptanalyst. . . . Whether the public is will-

ing to pay the . . . kind of attention needed to follow a careful examination of arguments is another matter—particularly if the examination leads to what might be called sedative results."

One reason the results have proved anything but sedative is that the Friedmans have obviously had such a good time writing their book. Though they are probably the most eminent cryptologists alive, they take their eminence lightly, are at once scholarly and high-spirited, and have managed to carry out the destruction of a dozen or so thoughtful amateur cryptologists and their hundreds of followers without derision. "We took pains not to make fun of anyone," the Colonel told us. "Our object was simple—to discover not whether ciphers could have been used in Shakespeare's works but whether, in fact, they *were* used. We concluded that the answer is no. If the answer is yes, we'd like to see the evidence. These amateur cryptologists are mostly wishful thinkers, who see ciphers everywhere, the way some people see ghosts. I suspect that if they didn't get their release in cryptology, their emotional tensions would show up in some far less pleasing form."

In an article on cryptology in the Encyclopædia Britannica that was written by Colonel Friedman, he notes that cryptanalysis requires, among other things, concentration, perseverance, and a vivid imagination, and then adds that these qualities "are of little avail without a special aptitude arising from extensive practical experience." Between them, the Friedmans have had many



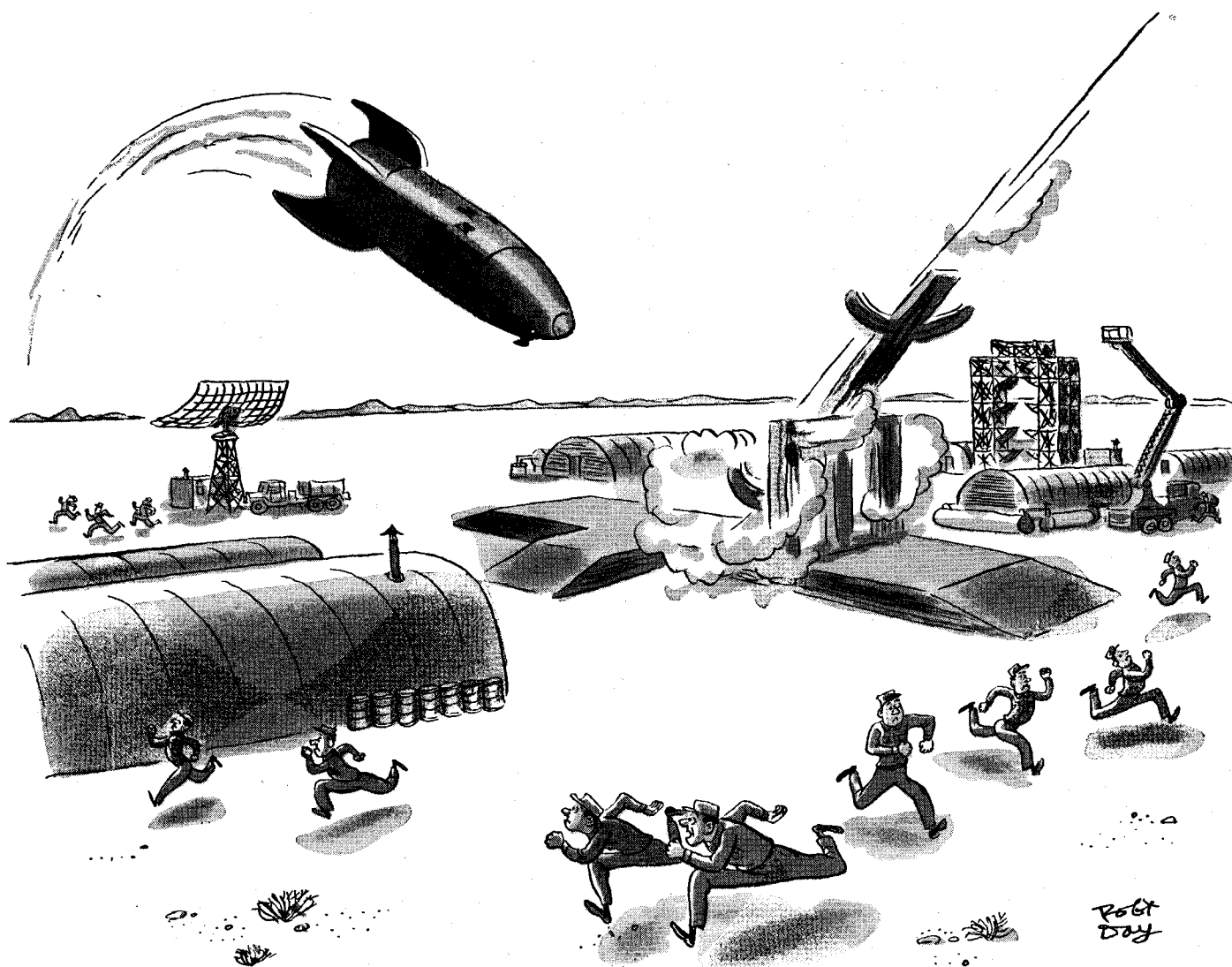
years of such experience, but, by its nature, most of it has been, and is, classified information. Nevertheless, this much is generally known about the Colonel's professional life: that, as head of the United States Army's Cryptanalytic Bureau, he was head of the team largely responsible for breaking the so-called purple code used by Japanese diplomats before and during the Second World War (an achievement that the joint Congressional committee investigating the attack on Pearl Harbor said "contributed enormously to the defeat of the enemy, greatly shortened the war, and saved many thousands of lives"); that in 1956 Congress passed a bill awarding the Colonel a hundred thousand dollars for his rights in certain inventions that, because of their importance to the national defense, couldn't be patented and marketed; and that he is the holder of two Presidential decora-

tions—the National Security Medal and the Medal for Merit, the citation for the latter hinting discreetly of "exceptional ingenuity in an extremely specialized field." As for Mrs. Friedman, at various times she has been employed as a cryptanalyst by the Treasury, the Army, the Navy, and the Canadian government; in the late nineteen-forties she was called on to devise a system of secret communication for the International Monetary Fund; and she once cracked a Chinese code without knowing Chinese.

"The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined" is the fruit of years of investigation. "We're among the very few people ever to look into this subject who have had absolutely no axe to grind," Mrs. Friedman said. "We were prepared to accept the fact that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon, or the Earl of Oxford, or Christopher Marlowe, or anyone else, if it could be proved cryptographically. Again and again, however, we found that the ciphers supposed to be concealed in the plays could be made to yield any message we wanted. For example, using a diagrammatic cipher that a man in England claimed to have come upon in the First Folio, we made a text of his choosing yield both 'No kidding, Francis Bacon. I wrote these plaies!—Shakespeare' and 'No kidding! I, Francis Bacon, wrote these Shakespeare plaies.'"

"In another cipher," the Colonel said, "an optimistic fellow named Booth found the signature 'Ben Jonson' in a certain passage from 'The Tempest.' Using a variant of Booth's method—a variant that he himself employed—my wife and I found in the same passage the names of Edmund Spenser, Francis Drake, Sir Edward Dyer, William Stanley, and Marlowe. Years ago, a Dr. Cunningham came to me with a cipher system that he swore I couldn't possibly find any fault with. I tried it out on a page of 'Julius Caesar' and made it reveal the fairly surprising news that Theodore Roosevelt had written the play, that Bacon had stolen the play from Roosevelt, and that I, Friedman, could prove it. The fact is, of course, that, language being limited by the number of letters in the alphabet, crude forms of ciphers can be plucked out of almost anything. Heaven help us the day the wishful thinkers stumble on 'Finnegans Wake'!"

We asked the Friedmans if they had been able to resist inserting a cipher in "The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined," and they confessed that they had not. "The strange thing is that only one



"One thing's for sure—it has a range of twenty-five thousand miles."

of our readers has discovered it so far," the Colonel said. "This is the first time we've told anyone that it's there. Why don't you find it?"

We said we'd look for it.

We're still looking.

Devaluation

A VISITOR from Nevada, where silver dollars are still in plentiful supply, reports that he stepped up to a Radio City Music Hall box office the other day, shoved a pair of the cart wheels across the counter, and requested a ticket. "Sorry," said the ticket-seller, shoving them back, "but we can accept only American money here."

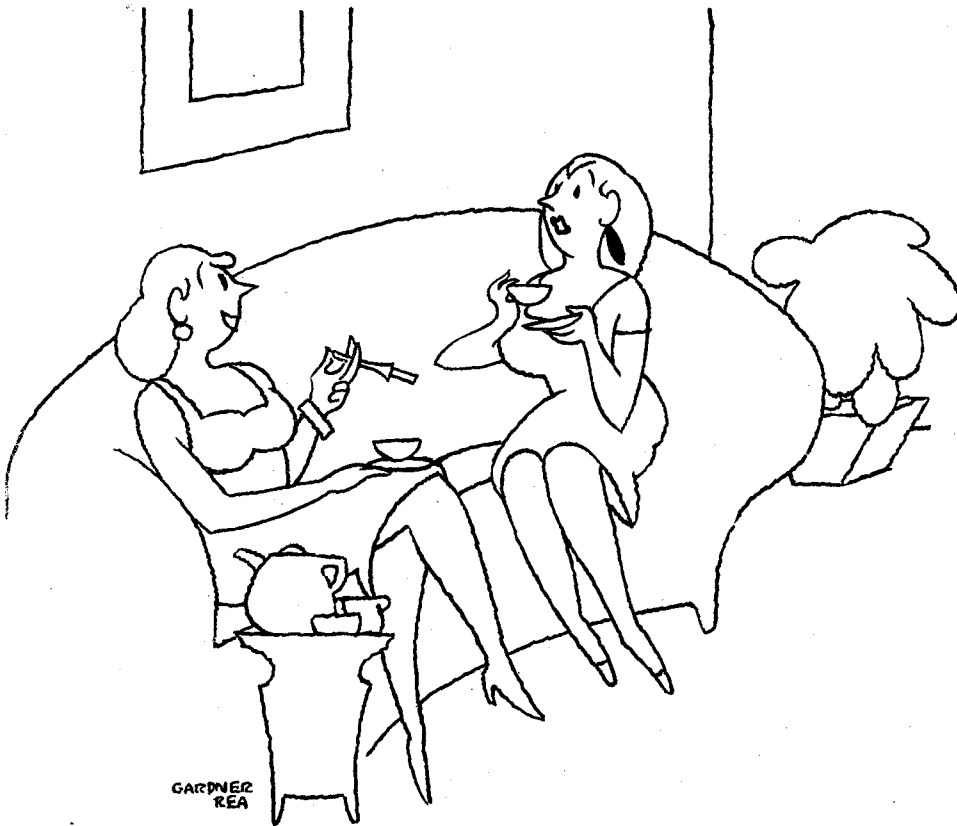
Hall on Cooking

"I WAS dismayed," says our old-timey operative Mr. Hall, in a long-hand report brought to us from his Murray Hill apartment by his cook-

butler-valet, "when your secretary telephoned me at 9 A.M. today to tell me that she had made an appointment for me at 10 A.M. with a Mr. Harve Hearl, a sales manager for the Continental Can Company, who was to demonstrate to me a new wrinkle in frozen-food cookery, by means of which veal scaloppine with white-wine sauce, roast turkey with giblet gravy, chicken with hot biscuits, charcoal-broiled filet of beef with mushroom sauce, smoked Virginia ham with champagne-and-raisin sauce, and Yankee pot roast with hot buttered noodles can be made ready for the table simply by dipping plastic bags, each containing one of the entrées, into a pot of boiling water for from five to eight minutes. It happened that at 8 A.M. I had consumed a superb breakfast, cooked for me in an earthenware casserole by my man, Hastings—fresh lamb kidneys and fresh mushrooms with old Madeira (after a recipe conveyed to me on my last trip to London by the

chef at Claridge's). This had been preceded by preserved whole apricots and accompanied by fresh toasted *brioche*, which Hastings had obtained at a little French bakery on lower Sixth Avenue, and I realized at once that to bring off this surprising—though, I must admit, alluring—assignment with my customary success would require the exercise on my part of a certain amount of strategy.

"It was extremely cold outside, though sunny. I donned my greatcoat, selected my infrequently used Herbert Johnson bowler, which is providentially equipped with velvet ear flaps, took up a good stout stick, and walked briskly down Park Avenue, thence over to Lexington, down to Twentieth Street, thrice around Gramercy Park, and back to my apartment. There I changed to more conventional headgear, and, leaving my stick, I proceeded, again by foot, to 551 Fifth Avenue, where, in the offices of the public-relations firm



"Then one day, when he came home cold sober, I discovered I was married to a louse."

of Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy, I was to meet Mr. Hearl. I permitted myself to be ten minutes late. Shown into a commodious kitchen that forms a part of the firm's offices, I was introduced to Mr. Hearl, who proved to be a tall man in his middle forties. When he wished to know whether I would like to witness his demonstrations and taste the results there and then or whether I would rather 'chat' first, I quickly expressed the opinion that if I were thoroughly 'briefed' as to the facts, along with the highlights of his commercial career, home life, hobbies, etc., I would be in a position to witness in a knowledgeable fashion the plastic-bag-frozen-food-cookery demonstration and to formulate well-thought-out judgments on it.

"Mr. Hearl, who was affable and loquacious, informed me that one of his hobbies is cooking and that his commercial career has been exclusively concerned with the packaging of food. He is, indeed, according to a card he handed me, 'Sales Manager—Frozen Food, Continental Can Company, Inc., Chicago 3, Illinois,' and is in this city to promote the plastic-bag-frozen-food-cookery idea because (1) the recipes are his own and (2) his firm wishes to sell

the plastic bags to meat packers. Drawing Mr. Hearl out by ingenious questioning, and absorbing a great many facts and a number of anecdotes that are, on the whole, extraneous to this report, I found that time flew with reasonable celerity. The demonstrations thus commenced at precisely 11:30 A.M. At this hour, I customarily partake of some light nourishment of one kind or another, and have consistently found that the practice in no way interferes with my appetite for my 1 P.M. luncheon.

"The plastic bags, I discovered, look not unlike enormous teabags and have strings attached to them, along with a small piece of foil that may be readily gripped between the thumb and forefinger, to aid the 'cook' in lowering the entrée into the boiling water and retrieving it after it has been submerged for the aforementioned five or (in the case of the filet) eight minutes. Unlike teabags, however, they are by no means porous. The plastic material, called Mylar-polyethylene, is able to withstand very high heat without allowing a particle of moisture to enter the bag or any of the contents of the bag to escape into the boiling water. 'Otherwise,' as Mr. Hearl pointed out

solemnly, 'you'd just have the entrée diluted and utterly spoiled in the pot of water.' To make plastic-bag-frozen-food cookery possible, Mr. Hearl continued, the entrée is first prepared, and then, depending upon its consistency, poured or stuffed into the bag. Next, all air is removed from the bag, so that upon being frozen and subsequently dipped into the boiling water it will submerge, rather than float. Mr. Hearl told me that at present he removes the air by sucking it out with one of his young son's discarded peashooters, but I daresay a less primitive method will be worked out by the big meat packers when the time comes for them to do the preparing. The bag is sealed before freezing, and after the bag is removed from the boiling water, the seal may be readily broken with a sharp knife and the entrée poured or scraped onto the dinner plate. Each bag contains an individual portion, which will enable each member of, say, a family of five to consume a dish according to his or her preference—all without dirtying a pot or a pan,' as Mr. Hearl put it, in a most persuasive manner. Of the entrées sampled, I preferred the smoked Virginia ham with champagne-and-raisin sauce, although, I must say, every entrée seemed to me to be exceedingly tasty. Mr. Hearl pressed a second set of entrées, still frozen, on me when I shook hands with him and took my leave, but thus far I have made no progress in my efforts to persuade Hastings that here, in the plastic bags I carried home to him, is an idea not without merit. 'We do not boil scalloppine of veal with white-wine sauce, sir,' he has been saying ever since I returned to my apartment. But time will tell, as the saying goes."

Transplanted

WE have sometimes wondered how those big film executives from Hollywood live when they are transferred to the New York office, and now we know. Soon after getting settled at his new desk, such a one recently received a telephone call from his wife, who was speaking from the house they had taken in the East Sixties. The gist of her message was that promptly at three o'clock that afternoon the Cadillac and the chauffeur must call for their son at the private school in which he had just been enrolled. It happened that the mogul needed the car himself at that hour, so he said decisively, "Let him go home in a taxi, like the other kids."

WHEN YOUR HONEY'S ON THE TELEPHONE

WELL, now, that's a nice sentimental title, isn't it? So—are we all ready for a glowing story about this darling girl, and how she calls you up on the telephone, and an hour later, dripping darlingness, you hang up in a blaze of glucose, and your whole day is made, and everything is absolutely wonderful from then on?

All right. Now, do you want the facts? The facts are that I am very fond of honey, and I have it for breakfast now and then, and the telephone often rings while I'm eating it—my number is quite a lot like that of Mt. Sinai Hospital, and a voice generally says, "Give me the maternity ward"—and while I am taking the phone off the cradle, the wire dangles over the honey saucer just close enough to pick up the merest daub of honey, and from then on everything is not exactly wonderful at all. In fact, it's plain hell.

What follows is not wasteful so far as honey is concerned, because a microscopic amount of honey is enough to do it all. Once a speck of honey gets on the telephone wire, it does the work of a whole bevy of bees, if bees and beves go together.

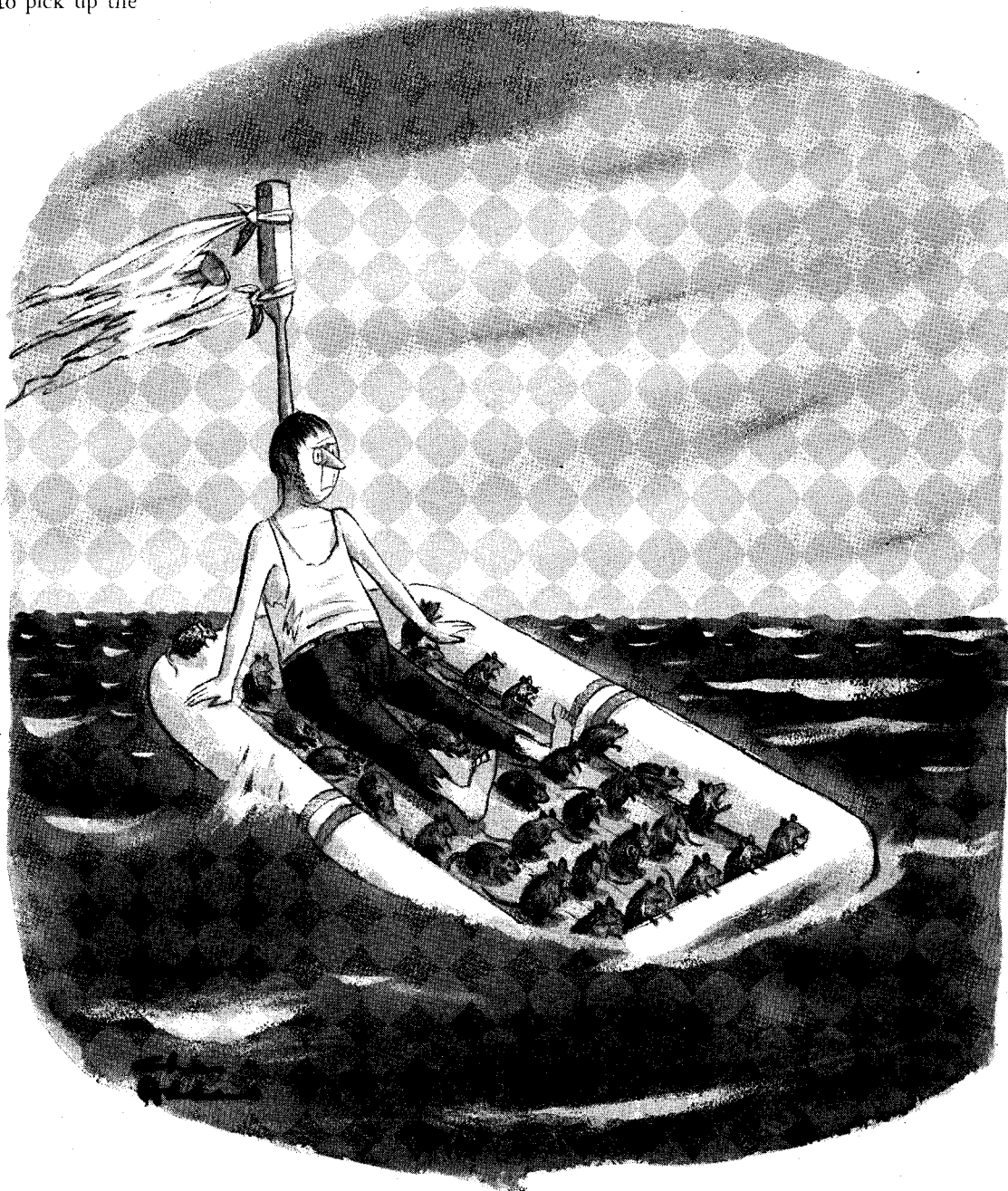
One morning in my early and innocent days, I made a quick effort to wipe the honey off the wire, but that was a great mistake. An infinitesimal amount of honey—hardly any, mind you—having thus got on my fingers, it quickly transferred itself to the telephone instrument, and from then on there was no way out. Dialling a number a few minutes later, I managed to get just the merest bit of honey—almost none at all, really—into most of those little dial holes, thus rendering the telephone useless for the next eight or ten years, or until they invent something to supersede the dial. Then, taking

up a fork to finish my eggs, I transferred the merest molecule of honey to the fork. Picking up my coffee cup, I got a very little bit on the cup handle. At this point, I went into the bathroom and washed my hands, first getting just the smallest speck of honey on the bathroom doorknob. When I came back and took up the fork again, there was the honey, on my fingers. I now had the whole breakfast tray taken away and a new breakfast prepared, with new forks and coffee cups and everything. Then I washed my hands, and started all over. But the telephone rang again—they wanted Rupert's Brewery this time—and I took up the receiver and there was still just

the smallest amount of honey on it, and so I got it on the fork again, and when I started to drink my coffee it got on the cup handle again, so I decided there was no use eating breakfast at all that morning. So I began to get dressed, and just the smallest amount of honey got on my trouser belt, so I undressed and took a bath, and when I came out, all clean, I closed the door of the bathroom after me, and there was just this little bit of honey on the doorknob. . . .

Well, you get the idea. There was only one thing to do. I had the telephone taken out, and I moved to a new apartment. So nowadays, if I have honey for breakfast, I save time by just moving to a new apartment right away.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN





"I ran into the pipeline."

LETTER FROM THE EAST

WORMWOOD,
JANUARY 30

MARGARET MITCHELL once made a remark I have treasured. Someone asked her what she was "doing," and she replied, "Doing? It's a full-time job to be the author of 'Gone with the Wind.'" I remembered this cheerful statement this morning as I lay in bed, before daylight, marshalling in my head the problems and projects and arrangements of the day and wondering when I would again get a chance to "do" something—like sit at a typewriter. I felt a kinship with Miss Mitchell and comforted myself with the pleasing thought that just to live in New England in winter is a full-time job; you don't have to "do" anything. The idle pursuit of making-a-living is pushed to one side, where it belongs, in favor of living itself, a task of such immediacy, variety, beauty, and excitement that one is powerless to resist its wild embrace.

Right this minute I am making a brief show of resistance; I have resolved to keep the wolf from the door. But what I'm really trying to keep from my door is the fox—a very different proposition. A loaded gun is at my side, and my typewriter is placed strategically at a window that commands a view of the strip of woods from which the fox usually emerges. He has been thrice in our dooryard within the week. Thrice have I muffed him. He came first during a snow squall, and carried off a little Buff Cochin Bantam hen who was outdoors trying her snowshoes. I witnessed the murder from an upstairs window, feeling as helpless as I'd felt on a day years ago when I stood at a window in St. Luke's Hospital overlooking Morningside Park and watched a thief beat up a woman. Yesterday I got a shot at the fox, but I hurried the shot (in anger) and he ran off into the woods grinning.

One of the most time-consuming things is to have an enemy. The fox is mine. He wants to destroy my form of society—a society of free geese, of Ban-

tams unconfined. So I react in the natural way, building up my defenses, improving my weapons and my aim, spending more and more time on the problem of supremacy. This morning the wolf and the fox compete for my attention; I am a hunter divided against himself. Either animal could slip easily through my guard while I am thinking about the other. When I realize what a vast amount of time the world would have for useful and sensible tasks if each country could take its mind off "the enemy," I am appalled. I shot a fox last fall—a long, lucky shot with a .22 as he drank at the pond. It was cold murder. All he wanted at that moment was a drink of water, but the list of his crimes against me was a long one, and so I shot him dead, and he fell backward and sank slowly into the mud.

The war between me and the fox is as senseless as all wars. There is no way to rationalize it. The fox is not even the biggest and meanest killer here—I hold that distinction myself. I think nothing of sending half a dozen broilers to the guillotine. Come June, heads will be rolling behind my barn. Even the

fact that foxes are now carrying a disease called hardpad is insufficient reason for shooting a fox. My puppy, I presume, could pick up hardpad from sniffing around in the dooryard, and then I would have a dachshund that was not only hard-headed but hard-footed, too, which would try my patience. But if you were to solve the problem of disease by shooting the sick, you'd have to shoot Aunt Mollie when she got the flu. I have plenty of convictions but no real courage, and I find it hard to live in the country without slipping into the role of murderer. From where I sit I can see a piece of suet hanging on a crab-apple tree. A hairy woodpecker is digging away at it contentedly. The suet is from a steer we killed last fall—I gave the order for the hatchet job. Imagine killing a steer to feed a woodpecker! (We also got three hundred and sixty-seven pounds of beef for our freezer, but I can't see that that changes the matter any. The fox and I are up to the same mischief; we differ only in technique.)

HUNTERS in this state killed forty thousand one hundred and forty-two deer during the 1957 season. It was the third-highest kill on record. Maine is a bit touchy about its deerslaying and prefers to break the record each year. In 1951 the hunters tagged 41,730 deer, and that figure still stands as the one to beat. I don't know why people feel unhappy when the curve of a graph fails to keep going up, but they do. Even when we find something we'd like to reduce, such as highway fatalities, it doesn't always sound as though we had our heart in it. On the eve of every holiday, the National Safety Council broadcasts its prediction that such-and-such a number of motorists are "expected" to die over the weekend, almost as though it were a man's duty to go out and get killed in order to make the estimate come out right. I didn't shoot a deer, but someone brought me a hindquarter and it was good. A moose came to town right in the middle of the battle, and somebody shot him and cut his head



off, leaving the meat to spoil. Everybody was stirred up about the incident of the moose: there is a heavy fine for killing a moose nowadays, but there is an even heavier resentment against anyone's wasting good meat.

Shortly after the close of the deer season, there was a lead editorial in the paper complaining that there had been a drop in out-of-state hunting licenses and urging that Maine get busy and appropriate more money for development, to attract hunters to the state. The theory is that if you shoot forty thousand deer one year you aren't getting ahead unless you shoot fifty thousand the next, but I suspect there comes a point where you have shot just exactly the right number of deer. Our whole economy hangs precariously on the assumption that the higher you go the better off you are, and that unless more stuff is produced in 1958 than was produced in 1957, more deer killed, more automatic dishwashers installed, more out-of-staters coming into the state, more heads aching so they can get the fast fast fast relief from a pill, more automobiles sold, you are headed for trouble, living in danger and maybe in squalor. If that theory is sound, Maine won't be in a solid position until we kill at least forty million deer and with a good prospect of making it fifty million the following year. But that would be the end of the wilderness, and without its wilderness Maine would feel awfully naked.

The editorial pointed to Florida as an example of a state that had sense enough to spend large sums on promotion. "Florida ads all but smother Maine's," said the editorial. I guess this is true. Another thing that is true is that Florida recently "developed" the beach where I used to swim, and as a result I no longer care about going there. Some fellow with strong promotional instincts put a bulldozer to work on the beach and levelled the sand dunes in order to improve the parking facilities and make a place for a hot-dog stand. Formerly it was very pleasant to prop yourself against a sand dune and look out at the beautiful sea, but now you have to lie perfectly flat and look out at the beautiful candy wrappers swirling in the eddies of the wind. The last time I gazed at the scene, I realized that I had lost interest in that particular strip of beach. (And if the surf hath lost its savor, wherewith shall we be surfeited?) So I am lingering in Maine this winter, to fight wolves and foxes. The sun here is less strong than Flori-

da's, but so is the spirit of development, and I can stare at the sea without peering through the wire mesh of a trash basket. Of course, it is conceivable that Florida will get along nicely without me. But if the various state development programs are to work properly a man would have to be in all forty-eight states at the same time.

THE urge to solve a problem with a bulldozer or some other piece of heavy machinery is strong. I succumbed to it last fall when I hired a man to scoop out my pasture pond with a device called a back hoe. What I was trying to do was restore the pond to the condition it was in when I first laid eyes on it, many years ago. So far, all I have accomplished is to stir the pond up. The banks look like a place where enormous children have been making enormous mud pies. The pond has a clay bottom, and when this got agitated by the back hoe the water became cloudy. On certain days, when the light is right, it looks as though someone had poured milk into the pond. Every morning, I look out to see if the pond has cleared during the night, but it stays milky. When it froze, it made cloudy ice—which is just as good for skating as clear ice, but that is no solace, because for the first time in thirty-five years I can't find my shoe hockeys. Everything points to the conclusion that when thieves entered our apartment in New York last summer they were so sore at me for not having stocked the place with mink coats they took my skates to get even.

The winter has been mild so far, and excessively wet. Snow lies on the ground today, but for the most part we have had rain and wind. Everybody says he can't remember any winter like it in all his life, but that's what you always hear, no matter what the weather is like. The rains have been almost continuous; water stands everywhere. The barnyard is the consistency of oatmeal gruel, and my two Hereford heifers slide around like a couple of otters. The geese do not have to walk clear down to the pond; they just go as far as the bottom of the lane, where a pool has formed deep enough for their carnivals, which at this season include dalliance.



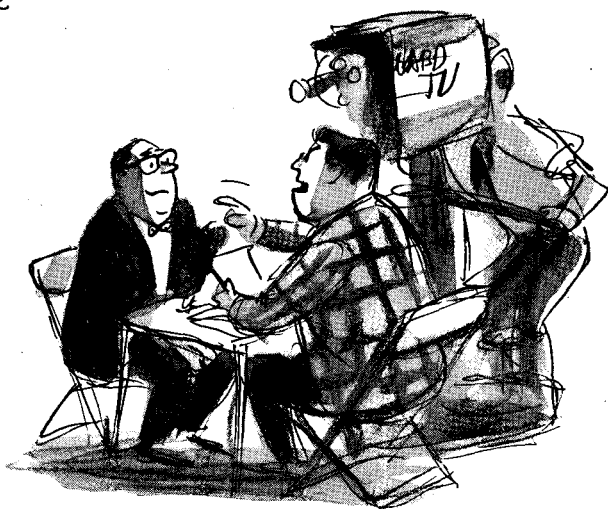
Work is not plentiful here in town this winter. The Christmas-greens business, however, hit an all-time high last month. A good many people—men, women, and children—earn their Christmas-shopping money by cutting brush (spruce and fir) to be trucked to Boston for use in wreaths and other decorations. My best information is that the take was around nine thousand dollars.

Scalloping was poor in December—too much wind. Lately it has improved a bit; there have been days when the sea was quiet enough for the boats to go out. Winter fishing, even under good conditions, is hazardous, and our town has just lost a man to the sea. He fell overboard last night from the slippery deck of a dragger tied up in Rockland and was drowned. Like many a fisherman, he couldn't swim a stroke.

I heard yesterday that the school-lunch program, which has been a fixture for a number of years, had been abruptly discontinued; no two people agree on what the reason is, but it seems to be partly a lessening of government support, partly a rise in the price of food. In a nearby town, the lunch program received a tremendous shot in the arm last fall when a couple of deer were run over by motorists. The alert school board soon had venison on the menu two or three times a week, at the going rate—twenty-five cents a meal.

Until yesterday's snowfall the woods had been bare. We got out our year's supply of firewood on wheels—two old wire wheels off a Model A Ford. Years ago, people depended on sleds for bringing wood out from the wood lots, but very few do it that way any more. They use scoots, which are a sort of drag,

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or they use a two-wheel trailer drawn by a tractor. My tractor is quite old now, and has faded to a pretty color—zinnia pink, like a red-shirt that has been much washed. When I bought it, it was fire-engine red, but now it can slink away into the woods and go out of sight as quickly as a little animal. An hour or so later it reappears, dragging a load of wood to add to the pile. Arthur Cole arrived one blustery afternoon after work, trailing his sawing machine behind his coupé, and sawed almost all of our six and a half cords before dark. Arthur is seventy-six and dearly loves to saw wood. He still has all ten fingers. He is working on his twenty-three-thousandth cord, having been at it—mostly at odd moments, before or after work—for forty-nine years. He has a record of every stick of wood that has been through his machine, and can show it to you, in cords and in dollars—the plain accounting of a man who has

never been able to leave work alone. When he started sawing, forty-nine years ago, he used to get fifty cents a cord. Now he gets two dollars. "You handle a lot of big money now," he said as I handed him thirteen dollars, "but you're no better off." He has had many accidents, and on a couple of occasions has had to be sewn together, so that he could be out early the next morning to saw more wood. Once, the saw threw a stick at him and caught his upper plate, driving it into his jaw. Dry wood is more treacherous than green

"Thank you, novelist Hayward Grimes. Friends, whether or not you admire his writing, whether or not you accept his views, I think you will agree that Hayward Grimes, witty, outspoken, controversial, is above all a good sport."

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wood, and sometimes Arthur wears a catcher's mask when he finds the saw throwing knucklers at him. He does not always take money for his work—just swings in with his machine at the house of someone who is disabled, and starts sawing.

At this season of the year, darkness is a more insistent thing than cold. The days are short as any dream. A new house has been built about twenty miles from here by a man who has plenty of money to spend, and he has equipped it with an automatic light-boosting system, so that as soon as the sun begins losing its strength in the afternoon, electric lights come on all through the place, maintaining an even intensity of illumination at all times. I wouldn't care for that one bit. I like to come in from chores and find the early dark in the rooms, when the only gleam is a single lamp over an amaryllis bulb on which my wife is practicing some sort of deception. I like groping my way into the barn cellar at six, where my two whiteface heifers are feeding at the rack, their great white heads visible, their dark bodies invisible—just two heads suspended in air, as neatly as John the Baptist's. I should think a house in which the light never varies would be as dull as a woman in whom the emotions were always the same. I am reasonably sure, however, that the trick lighting system will go on the blink every once in a while, and that the owner will creep around with a flashlight, the way all the rest of us do, to find the seat of darkness.

IT'S been fifteen years since we last wintered in this house. Settling in again to live steadily right around the year, as we used to do, has been full of excitement and the sense of our changed condition. (Anybody who is fifteen years older is in a changed condition, no matter what his condition.) There is no schoolboy in the house now to keep the air stirred up. The room he once occupied now contains a television set; we sit there in stupefaction, listening to "April Love" and learning how to set our hair. Other gadgets have crept in, notably an automatic dishwasher in the back kitchen. This popular machine, for which I have not yet received the bill, washes our dishes pretty well, but it also leaves a hot smell of detergent in the wake of its toil, so that when you pass it on your way out to the woodshed the air in the room tickles the inside of your nose.

The days ahead unroll in the mind,

NO CONFORMITY TO ENORMITY!

OR, THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER I FALL

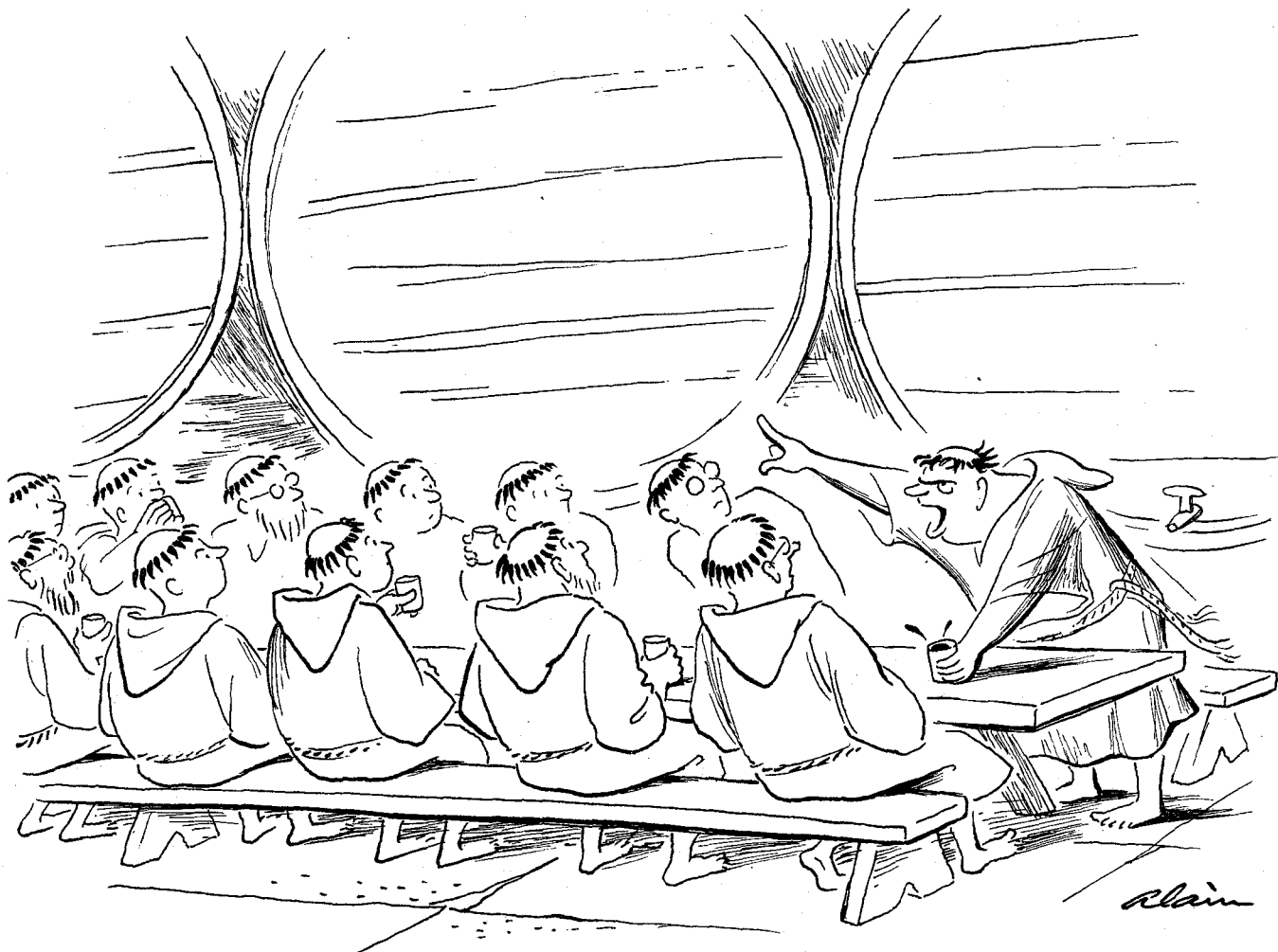
It has been regularly reported by every reporter
That cars are getting longer and parking spaces are getting shorter.
Our curbs are double-lined with automobiles snugger than bugs in a rug,
The result of the obvious fact that you can't get five quarts into a one-gallon jug.
Yes, the traffic situation has reached a pretty dim pass,
But I wish to speak of a similar and equally frustrating impasse.
For this impasse, I know to what we owe our thanks:
We owe them to collusion between the Post Office Department and the banks.
For example, the Mercantile Seamen's Safe Deposit & Trust Company merges
with the Patent Attorneys & Corn Chandlers Guaranty Company
of Lower Manhattan, and does the idea of an abbreviated title occur
to them?
No, the new institution becomes (the initials are my own short cut) the M.S.S.D.
& T. Co.-P.A. & C.C.G. Co. of L.M.
A person who can take one envelope and get that all in—
Well, they could engrave "War and Peace" on the head of a pin.
But that's only half an impasse, so the Post Office Department rushes into the
breach;
Whenever two banks merge, it chooses that moment to issue a new batch of
stamps honoring Johnny Appleseed or National Brush Our Teeth
Week, all of which are the size of a postcard from Miami Beach,
So now part of the address runs over onto the desk pad, but it doesn't really
matter, because the part on the envelope is covered by the stamp.
But I have no intention of contracting writer's cramp:
I now reply to all reproachful letters from my bank in an envelope with no
stamps and no address,
And if anybody wants to know who to deliver it to, just let them guess.

—OGDEN NASH

a scroll of blessed events in garden and in barn. Wherever you look, you see something that advertises the future: in the heifer's sagging sides you see the calf, in the cock's shrill crow you hear the pipping egg, in the cache of warm topsoil down cellar next the furnace you see the seedling, and even on the darkest day the seed catalogue gives off a gleam from some tomato of the first magnitude. The brightness of the dream is exceeded only by its complexity. Farming, even my kind, is infinitely complex, and it grows more so with

every year. A few days after I had mailed my order for fifty day-old Silver Cross chicks, I received a long letter from the hatcheryman. (My order amounted to \$9.50—nineteen cents a chick—and must have been one of the smallest orders received by that hatchery, so there was no obligation to write anything but a postcard of acknowledgment.) The letter said my chicks would be shipped on Monday, March 31st, and would probably arrive the following morning. Then it went on: "As you perhaps know, our Silver Cross is made by top-crossing a Rhode Island Red female with a Schoonmaker White Rock male which is pure for Silver and Restricted Black. The reciprocal of this cross breed is the Golden (or Buff) Sex Link, which looks not unlike the Rhode Island Red. Of the two, the Buff lays the larger egg. Cock-erel chicks in both crosses are identical in color (Columbian). For what it is worth we have developed a Silver Rhode Island Red from four generations of backcrosses to the Rhode Island Red. Bird looks like a Silver Cross, but breeds true for its plumage pattern. We also have a Canadian Columbian Rock (a yellow-skinned Sussex segregate), which pro-





"I can outforgive anybody in the house!"

duces a remarkably pure Columbian pattern in crosses with the Rhode Island Red female. The alleles of Silver and Gold fascinate the geneticist, for any number of multiple crosses can be made, using the linkage of color and sex. We are, for example, testing three three-way crosses, made from top-crossing a 'synthetic' Rhode Island Red (unrelated to our own strain) with different Silver cockerels. We then top-cross the Silver Cross females (derived from this original two-way cross) with Parmenter Red cockerels. All females come Gold (or Buff) like the sire. We expect considerable hybrid vigor, probably expressed as good livability. . . ."

This struck me as a real chatty letter. It is clear from its contents that to run a hatchery these days a man must know something more than how to carry a pail of water to a thirsty hen. Even though I got lost in the tangle of those backcrosses, I liked getting the letter. Livability is what I am after: I greatly admire a live bird. But my program is

to simplify, and I am not much interested in the space-hen, which will probably be the next cross. The other day I read a piece in the *New England Homestead* saying that of Cornell's two hundred and sixty-eight agricultural graduates last year only twenty-five went into farming. Young people, the article said, hesitate to go into farming because of the low income. I think some of them may be more worried about the high complexity than the low income.

In one respect my henpen in the barn is ahead of the most modern egg-producing plant: from it come eggs that are ninety-eight per cent clean-shelled, with no trace of dirt. Today many commercial egg raisers have quit worrying about dirty eggs; they simply install a washing machine and run every egg through. I stood in the laundry room of a large egg factory not long ago and watched the eggs come off the assembly line by the hundred. Each wire basket of eggs (clean and dirty mixed) was

immediately placed in the washing machine that was standing there throbbing its heart out. Here, in a detergent bath at a temperature of 120 degrees, the eggs remained for three minutes. When they were removed from their hot tub, the shells had the fine patina of a cheap plastic toy. If that's an egg, I'm a rabbit.

—E. B. WHITE

Producer Wald talks of the audience at sneaks as "a many-eyed, many-headed monster," to whose unkind mercies are exposed "an uncharted and unknown product called 'the movie.'" He maintains that for the producer sweating out audience reaction, the sneak is the most fiendish torture since "the Chinese water drop."

"During World War II," he recalls, "I attended a sneak out in Burbank. Half way through the picture, almost the entire audience got up and walked out. This is something not even the hardest of men can endure." After the picture was over, the theatre manager told him it was the Lockheed swing shift leaving for work.—*The Wall Street Journal*.

Did he fall for that one?

GETAWAY

MERRILL BROWNE was driving east on a winding mountain road in southwestern Pennsylvania; he was on his first day out from Cincinnati, and it was just at the onset of evening—the time when headlights often do more to blur the view than to clear it—when it happened. It happened with such shattering suddenness that afterward Merrill couldn't be sure what he'd seen and what he'd imagined. This is what he remembered:

He had just passed through a little village (no more than a store and an inn and a cluster of houses at a crossroads, really) and was rounding a curve on the inside lane, with a scattering of trees on either side that made the light even more deceptive, when he heard a thud and felt a shock to the car and—from nowhere, seemingly—what looked like a great grayish bird flailing ghostly wings lurched above his right front fender and resolved itself instantly into a human body, the body of a man, and one, too, that he now remembered seeing, without quite seeing, as a shape at the edge of the road, just outside the range of his headlights, as he'd swung into the curve.

It rose, pitching awkwardly forward and sidewise; even as Merrill braked and swerved the car in a wrenching frenzy of belated action, it still seemed to hang there, and he, his perceptions quickened by the awful urgency of the

crisis, saw it almost as if in slow motion: a man, his coat flipped up over his arms, and his arms flapping, his legs sprawling, his face seen only partly as his head was jerked sidewise by the impact—a man in gray or light-brown pants, the light shining mostly on the stretched seat of them grotesquely as he spun, hung, and, finally, fell.

THE man was out of sight and the car, still moving, was just past him when he hit the ground, but Merrill heard the thump distinctly. Then the car was stopped, and so, too, for a while, was everything else—the trees, the countryside in the deepening darkness, the winding, lonely road. Except for the faint, steady tick and tremble—now somehow comforting—of the car's engine turning over, there was no sound anywhere, not even a moan, and Merrill Browne just sat there for a second or two, not even thinking, in the heavy silence. Then, slowly, he backed a little, just enough to catch a glimpse of the flung, ungainly, unmoving, flat figure. An instant later, he had the car in forward gear and was away.

At first, it was not so much a flight as it was an erasure. It was as if by simply leaving the scene he could abolish it—all the suddenness, the surprise and the horror. If he could only get far enough away from it (after all, it had happened in an instant), he could

do away with it. It would be something that had simply not happened—or, at any rate, not happened to him.

But already a kind of cunning was beginning to take charge of his actions. The road was empty now, but it wouldn't always remain so. In fact, earlier, he had noticed a sudden dropping off in the traffic, and he'd concluded that it was probably the hour for dinner—or “supper,” as they would call it in these parts. But that would end soon, and then there would be people driving out to the movies, or maybe just visiting; and as soon as the first car's headlights fell on that man... Though he tried not to let it, Merrill's mind was already forming a picture of the man: a coal miner, possibly, or more likely a farmer; drunk, certainly, or he wouldn't have lurched out into the road like that—and he *had* lurched, he must have, and now he lay there. As soon as the first car's headlights fell on the man, the event would be known, the chase started. Suddenly, the night world behind him swarmed with pursuers; at the first turnoff—a dirt road—Merrill swung into it.

It was a byroad, and narrow, and it climbed so steeply that Merrill felt the slight yank and surge as the car shifted down into second, and then again as it dropped into low. But the road must lead somewhere, he thought, and he went on. As he did so, the road worsened. When he came to a house and passed it—just a lamplit shack on the left, with a couple of outbuildings, and a man, who looked up curiously as he passed, puttering in the yard outside—it narrowed still more. Grown-in at the sides and grassed in the middle, it dwindled to little more than a wagon track; well before he reached the end of it, at a barway leading into an open field, Merrill knew it was a dead end.

This was the first of his disappointments, and it shocked him out of all proportion to its actual importance. He had gone astray; he had done the wrong thing again—that was what, confusedly, he was thinking. The road didn't lead somewhere, after all. It led nowhere, and he sat for some moments staring down the chill flare of his headlights as they cut across the empty field, while a dull premonition of further disasters stirred within him. But he had to turn and he did—rather awkwardly, in the scant space he had—and sure enough, when he repassed the house farther back, the man was out near the roadside, waiting for him.

Merrill had been tempted to just



“You know something, George? You’re not happy.”

wave and drive on, but at the last he decided against it. For one thing, how was he to know that a backwoodsman like this—a hillbilly, really—wouldn't just up and take a shot at him? He meant, though, to make the stop, if he had to stop completely, as brief as possible.

"Does Ed Hokins live up this way?" he called, letting the car drift along slowly. Again, though, he was thwarted.

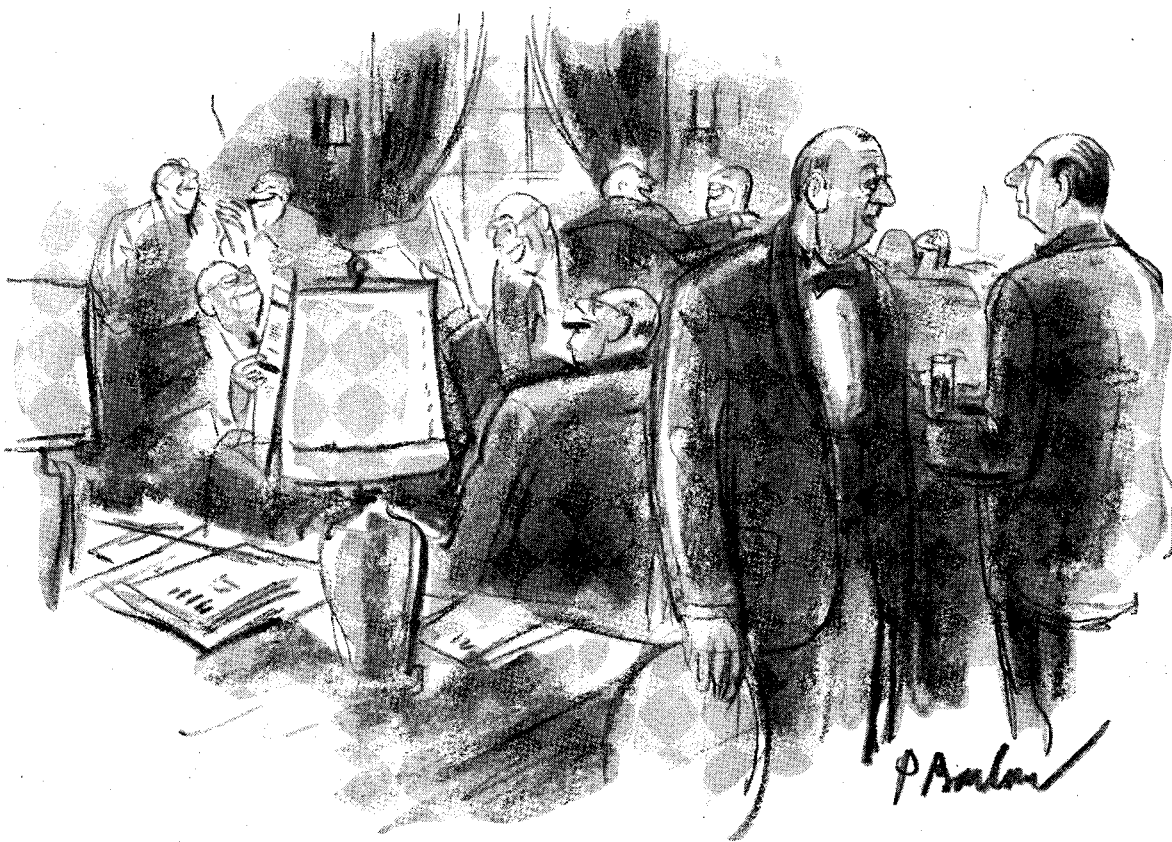
"Who?" the man called back, and when Merrill stopped the car and repeated the name, he just shook his head puzzledly and began pacing unhurriedly toward the car. As he passed in front of it, in the glare of the headlights, there was an instant when—dark, indiscriminate jacket, light grayish-brown pants, and all—he looked the twin of the man lying down there on the road.

And was he really the twin, or the brother—a relative? Merrill couldn't help asking himself. Had he somehow been brought right up to the man's very door? *"I've got to get out of here! I've got to!"* he told himself urgently, as the man made his slow way around the car, and aloud he said, "Never mind. I guess I took the wrong turning, or something. I've got to get on."

But by then a long, stubble-bearded face, deeply lined, was peering in at him through the car window; and it was clear that its owner had different, more leisurely intentions. "I'm a little hard of hearing," the face said. "What name'd you say, Mister?"

"Hokins. Ed Hokins. But I guess—" Merrill raced the motor impatiently. He was wasting time here, and he saw no reason to conceal it.

The man, though, paid no attention. He was holding the car's window sill with one large, grained hand, and, hillbilly though he might be, he seemed far from unfriendly. "They's a Hawkins down in the village," he stated, and then meditated. "But his name ain't Ed," he brought out. "It's Orville. You said Hokins?"



"It's amazing what a one-point rise will do around here."

"That's right." This time Merrill spelled it out. "H-o-k-i-n-s. Ed Hokins. But if you don't know him..." And he raced the motor again. How could it be possible for any human being to be so slow? But the man still pondered.

"Don't rightly know any Hokinses around here," he said. "It's a name you'd remember, too." Suddenly, unexpectedly, he was looking straight into Merrill's eyes. "He an Easterner, too?" he asked.

Merrill knew, of course, what was in the man's mind. He had noted the car's New York license; probably he was still merely trying to put two and two together, and relate this strange, happenstance passerby to someone in his village. But by now Merrill's patience was coming to an end, and the way the man looked at him, too, out of those hollow eyes, was disconcerting. There was too much happening, that was the truth of it. Here he was, the night swarming with menaces ahead of him, and time passing; and here he stayed, waiting on this simple farmer's palaver-ing. It was more than he could put up with.

"No," he said, and he didn't care now whether what he was saying made sense or not. Later, he was to find him-

self postponing, or even shirking, decisions. But now his mind was quick and clear, or it seemed so; and if there were problems ahead, all he wanted to do was to get on to them and resolve them. Deliberately, he made his voice sound cool and disdainful. "I was just passing through, and I thought I'd ask about him. I thought he lived up this way. But apparently... Now, if you don't mind, I'm rather in a hurry."

The man stepped back, but slowly still, and with a certain dignity, the rough hand, the long face, the lank body withdrawing. "Scuse me, Mister. I was just hoping to be helpful," he said, and doubtless he went on to say more. But Merrill didn't wait to hear it, for by then, with a scratching of tires on gravel, he was gone. He was on his way. He was off—or was he?

Had he left a memory behind—himself, as a memento? But he held that thought in abeyance, carefully, and he had to do so, too; he had to pay attention to his driving as, skittering fast, he went down the hillside road to the highway again. Then, at the junction, he stopped. The road was dark now, and still empty of traffic. And he didn't know why, but he had to, he didn't even think—without hesitation he turned

not east but west, not away from but toward the scene; and before he knew it, almost, he was at the curve and swinging through it, but in the opposite lane now, and his lights flashing on it and past it.

A thought had occurred to him—a hope—but as soon as he reached the spot, it was shattered. He'd had some idea, maybe—he couldn't be sure—that he had to prove it, to make certain that it was all real, and not some wild imagining. Or that he hadn't exaggerated, and the man hadn't merely been stunned, and hadn't come to and walked away. But he hadn't. The figure was there, all right—sprawled, lumpy, dead. Merrill didn't stop. He let the car drift on. He went a half mile or so; then, like something rushing up behind him out of the night, the fact itself caught up with him and engulfed him.

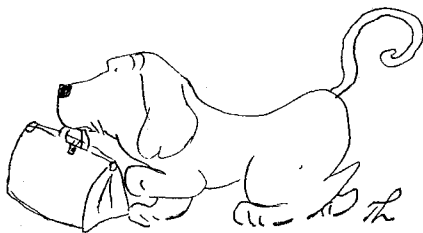
He had killed a man, a man lying even now back there, and he began shaking so hard that he had to stop. When he stopped, he got out and leaned against the car and—not caring about anything; if they found him, they found him—just waited for a while. He had been afraid he was going to be sick when he got out, but he wasn't; his mouth, instead, felt dry as a bone, and soon the shaking, too, subsided. From then on, things got a little confused, a little phantasmagorical.

HE was off again, and this time it was for good. Driving up, he had had a crazy, fleeting notion that he might even "find" the figure, if the figure was still there. Being in the opposite lane from it, he'd be obviously only a passerby, and he might stop and wait there, doing nothing until another car came, maybe, and then they'd find it together. The whole mess might be cleared up for good. But he knew now that he could never have gone through with it, never. He'd seen it once, and he'd seen it twice, and now he was dissociated from it forever. No power on earth could ever get him near *it* again; that was too much to ask of any man.

And it had all been so needless, so purposeless, he thought as he put the car in gear—or was that later? Anyway, he was off, through the village and on; he didn't fail to note, either, that just before entering it he passed first one car and then another, heading out on a jaunt and—though they didn't yet know it—toward a discovery. But still, he felt, he was safe; even when they found the figure, they'd assume that he, whoever he was, had gone on

in the same direction. Or would they?

Wouldn't they maybe decide that the first thing he'd do would be to turn around and light out—in the same direction he was now going? And in that case, would they follow? And suddenly it came over him—Lord! What was the matter with him? Was he getting so he couldn't even think properly?—seeing him pass as he did, between them and the scene itself, they would know, they *must* know, as soon as they found the figure, that he had seen it, too!



NEWS FROM THE ISLANDS

Night of a sudden walks out of the sea;
A zephyr from Grand Cayman sighs;
The Governor's lady pours high tea;
Mama spoons up her peas and rice.

A carriage lamp is lighted, and at last
The market women shroud their stalls;
The coral islands, fortunate and blessed,
Sing like wind-fumbled shells

As hummingbird and curled-up scorpion
Cling lightly to blood-purple flowers
And in the warm footprint of the sun
Limelight climbs the pirate's tower.

One palm tree, like a rotted windmill, creaks;
The night grows insect-deep and balmy;
Through screens and peeling shutters leaks
Calypso music from Miami.

Perfumed by bougainvillaea and rum,
The dollar-laden trade winds blow
As the shakers shake and the wires hum
For Dirty Dick and Sloppy Joe.

Rain-pocked, perhaps amused, Victoria
Wipes moonlight from her granite knees;
"Sic transit gloria,"
She says, "from Whitehall to the Caribbees."

On the childish face of the post-office clock,
Time burns; the dawn winds sigh and sway;
A crab scuds from a dripping rock;
The Dog Star swims away

As the late moon, afloat on a blue reef,
Silters the gatherers of shells,
And the world's conspicuously rich sleep safe
In their big peppermint hotels.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

So, in a way, he was marked, even now. And then what could he say, if they followed? That he hadn't noticed? Been too busy driving? He'd seen something lying there, but hadn't dreamed it was what it was?

Well, he thought, he'd think of something. Now, blessedly—and it was an alternation that was to occur again and again in the time that followed; perhaps the mind has its own ways of measuring, and limiting, the demands on its endurance—calm succeeded panic.

All they'd seen, after all, was a car, and a car in the night was no more than a pair of headlights and a dark, indeterminate shape skimming along behind them. A car, in the night, was anonymous. For a while, quite content to repose, relaxed, in his anonymity, Merrill Browne just sat there and drove. He turned right—north, he judged—at the



"I'll say this for old Sanderson, he certainly doesn't worship money for its own sake."

first paved intersection beyond the village, drove on (ten miles? fifteen?), and again turned right, on a road that took him up, up, on a long, winding grade, and then down. When it started uphill again, it annoyed him.

Another wave of panic, of restlessness, was coming over him. It was all right to dodge and turn, but he was beginning to feel trapped in these endless hills; he should at least know where he was going, and it struck him that at the last two turnings he hadn't even looked for a route marker or a directional sign. He didn't really know where he was at all; and—now suddenly watchful—he drove on till he came to a route marker ("188," it said), and he stopped by the roadside and reached for the glove compartment to get out his map—and then gave that up and drove on again, for in the rearview mirror he'd seen a car's headlights coming up behind him.

The car passed in a flare and a whiz and a flash of tail-lights dimming away down the road—someone going somewhere, free and easy, and fast—and Merrill stopped again, found the road on the map, and made a guess at his

place on it. It was taking him east, all right, which was where he wanted to go, toward where home was. And the roads themselves—the vast network of them that he was travelling, unravelling—they made a kind of anonymity, too. If he could just get far enough, fast enough . . .

And he'd do it, too; he'd manage. He had just put the car in gear, and already he was picturing himself driving on through the night, an anonymous figure, surely, and seen, if seen at all by the people he passed, in the driver's seat of the car, hands firm on the wheel as a good driver's should be, eyes gazing straight ahead, when—and Lord! Lord! Lord! What was the matter with him? Why hadn't he thought of it before?—on a sudden impulse, he stopped again and got out with his flashlight to inspect the front of the car.

It was damaged, all right, though not too badly—the fender bashed in a little, and a part of the grille crumpled. It was the headlight, though, that really stopped him. For it was smashed, or the glass was; and now, thinking back (and it seemed away back, now), he recalled that as he'd passed the figure he had

noticed a number of tiny sparkles around it—bits of stone, he had thought, if he'd thought at all, glittering in the light, but now, he knew, bits of his own headlight, and bits, too, that, pieced together, could identify him as surely as a fingerprint.

And if he'd stopped, as he'd thought of doing, if he'd gone through with that crazy notion of "finding" the figure! It would have cooked my goose, all right, he thought, and he added, It still can. As he drove off, his mind was already whirling with the problems of this new predicament.

SO it went—confidence giving way to uncertainty, calmness lapsing into panic—in alternations so violent that they began to be physically wearing. Oddly—oddly even to him—he rarely thought about the man himself, or the accident, except as it was reflected in his own problems. Though there was a feeling deep, deep inside him that there would be time enough for that, time and more time, later on; and though there had been a quick, sick moment back there when he first looked at the damage, the bent fender, the head-

light—a moment that had almost engulfed him—for the most part, he closed his mind to that side of things. For the most part, what he felt, and mounting, as of wave piling on wave, was the senselessness and the horror—and not only the horror and the senselessness but the wrongness, the real *stupidity*—of the situation.

What he felt, what he made himself feel, was exasperation. "The damned fool!" he cried once, aloud; he was alone and—why not?—he let his thoughts speak. It seemed to give more weight to them. "Drunk, and stumbling along on that dark road at night!" For the man *had* been drunk, he was sure of that now, and he *had* lurched out in front of the car; there was no other way the thing could have happened. "Without a flashlight, too! Without anything!"

In a way, it occurred to him suddenly, it was he who had been the victim, not the other.

And, a few minutes later: "It was an accident, pure and simple. It could have happened to anyone."

But then, why, why, why—and this came in bitterness and anguish—*why* had it happened to him?

There he'd been, one minute, driving along a country road, and not too fast, either, for he never drove fast or carelessly ("A good driver," he muttered to the palely lit dashboard before him. "I'll back my handling of a car against anyone")—he, a decent, responsible citizen, on his way home to his wife and family—and then a lunatic bumped out in front of him. The next instant, he was a hunted criminal. "It just doesn't make sense," he told himself.

Why, he'd have won the case hands down if it had ever come to a trial, and for a moment he saw a lawyer hurrying around, gathering evidence about the number of drinks the man had had, at the town tavern or wherever, and his condition

when he had left, his general reputation as a drunkard. But it was too late now. Merrill Browne had run, he had left the scene of an accident, and that in itself was punishable. And anyway, if it came down to that, these mountaineers would probably gang up together against the Easterner, the Yankee; they'd lie their heads off, if necessary, in the hope that one of their own would get some money. So what good would it have done to risk his whole life and reputation on a gamble like that? What harm had he done in leaving?

"I was tired, I guess," he admitted, for he had driven fairly far that day—and then, spreading out from that, came the palliations, the hopeless might-have-beens. If only he hadn't fallen for that gas-station attendant's putting him on a "short cut." If he'd stuck to the main highways, he wouldn't even have been on that cursed road at all! Or if he had stopped at that motel, less than half an hour back, as he'd been tempted to do... But he had decided it was a

little too early, and besides the place didn't look entirely clean; after all, didn't a man have a right to some comfort on a journey?

Or if the fellow himself—for he, too, was involved in the circumstance—if the man had stayed for just one drink more, and had passed out, perhaps, and someone had driven him home... Merrill heard a car's horn blowing furiously, and looked up to realize that he was driving right down the main street of a little town and hadn't known it, and there was a car that he just brushed past halfway out from a side street; apparently, he had almost rammed it. He drove on, of course, but it scared him a little; he'd better quit this senseless worrying and buckle down to his driving, or he might have new problems on his hands.

Past the town, though, and out in the empty dark of the countryside, his mind again started roving. For a while, disconcertingly, it was flooded with pictures, the more vivid because they came on him so unexpectedly—of the man stumbling, crashing, and then looping



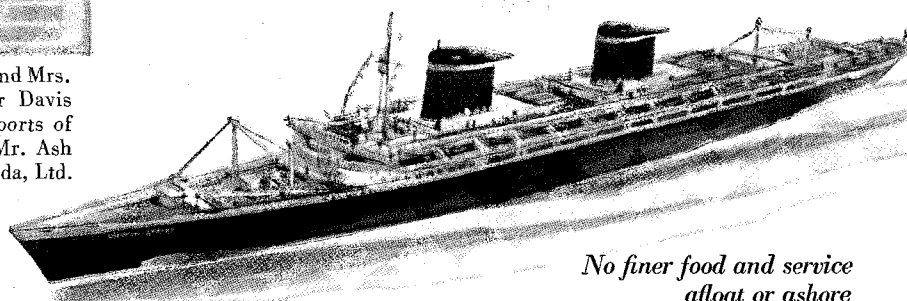
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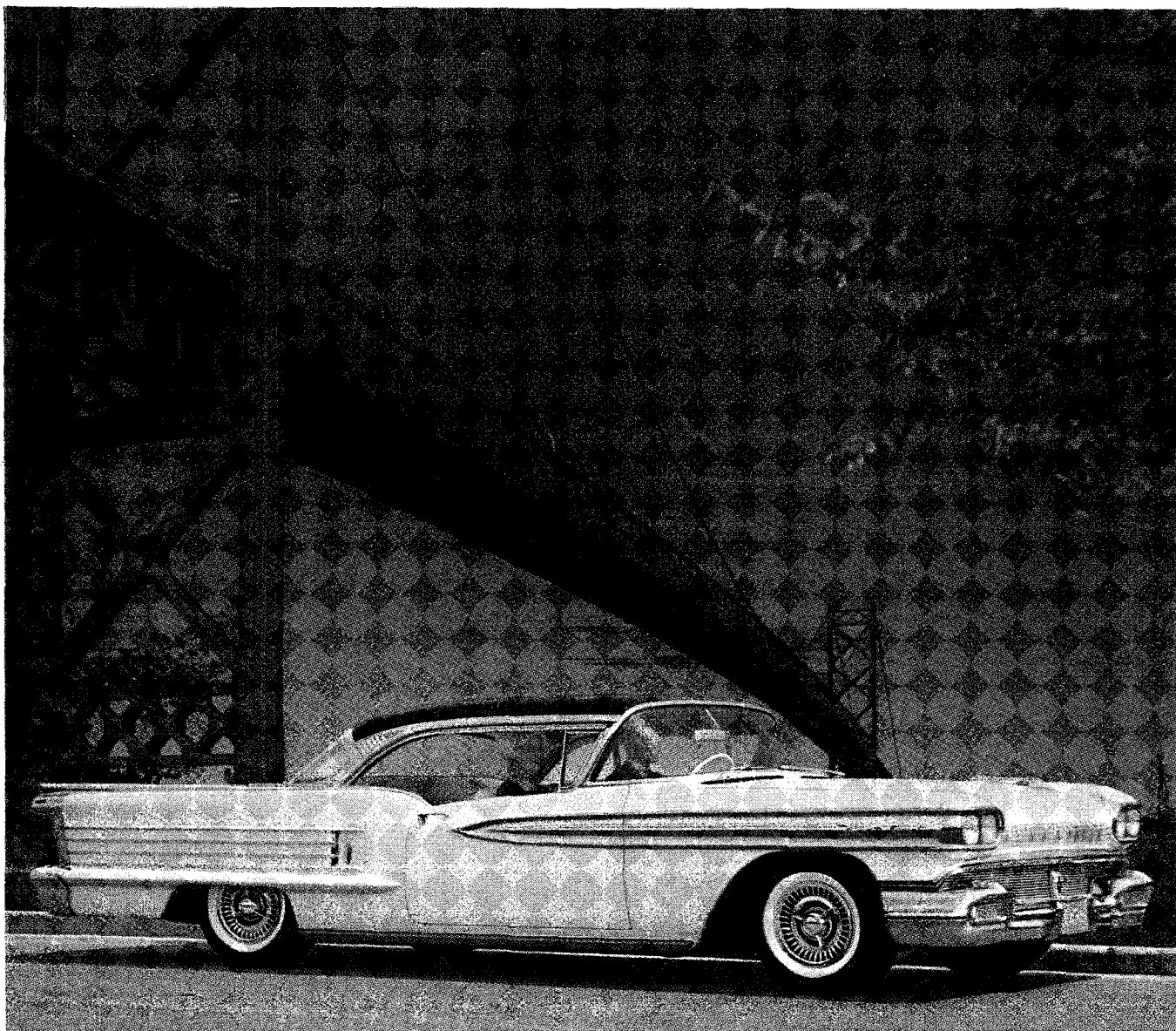
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FORWARD FROM FIFTY . . . INTO THE ROCKET AGE 

up in the headlights; of the body lying where it had been lying when he re-passed it. Once, too, he had a sudden vision of that sad farm on the side road, and a room inside it, the kitchen—and the man he'd spoken to sitting alone at an oilcloth-covered table with a vacant chair across from him, waiting. The picture was so clear that he was sure the two must have been brothers, and lived there. And once, feeling himself, like the man, on a road alone at night, he heard the car's rush and saw the headlights bearing down on him; and then saw—felt, almost—the body spinning up and out grotesquely, and falling.

But it was too horrible, and he closed his mind against it. And what good would it have done, even if he had stayed? "Dusk," he said aloud; he'd read somewhere that that was when most accidents happened. And he *had* been tired—who wouldn't be? And the road so narrow, so dark and winding. Or if, possibly, the man *hadn't* been dead, and if he'd stopped he might have been able to save him. But he was sure, sure, *sure*. . . . Though he realized that these were arguments to be presented to God, not to man and the law, he went doggedly on with them, recalling his skill as a driver, his years without any accident; and then he forced himself to quit, perhaps because, indirectly, they made him feel his own guilt mounting.

But still, and always, why? "Why? For God's sake, why?" he shouted once to the empty night. There were still times when his whole being seemed to shrink in helpless anguish from the fact itself—when it seemed that there must be some way, surely, for it just not to have happened at all.

THE next day—or what was to remain of it to Merrill Browne—was a mixture of fear, calm, panic, rage, and anxiety, and a good deal of the time was spent in an attempt to locate himself in the situation, to find a direction. He woke with the car nosed half into a bare, scraggly field on a side road and himself lying cramped across the front seat, and it was dawn—pre-dawn, really; just the first light showing—and grim, the air chill and a white, wintry mist lying thinly among the weeds and scrub shrubbery that dotted the field; it took him a minute or more to figure out, first, where he was, and then why.

Then it all came back to him in a rush, wave on wave, as it had the night before, and with it came his first real feeling, directly, of guilt. He had killed a man. There was no more avoiding the fact; that *was* the fact. A man was lying



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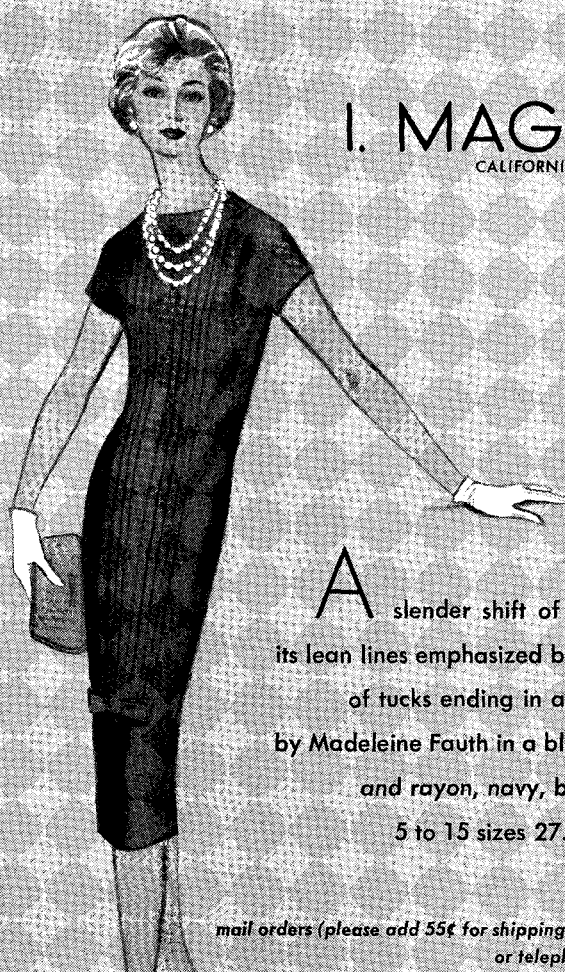
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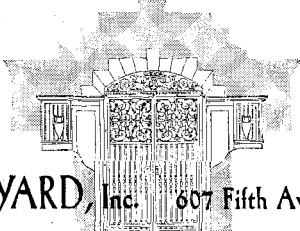
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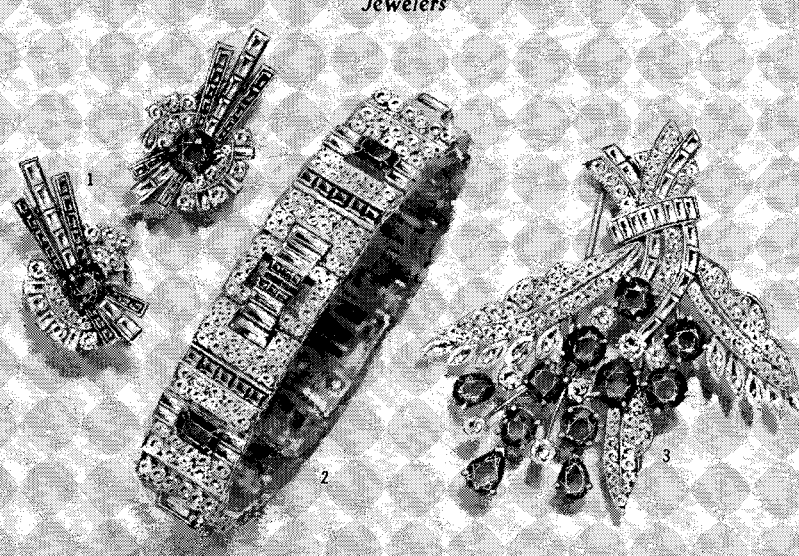
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back somewhere there dead, and it was he who had killed him. For a while, after those first few minutes of waking, he sat staring out the windshield as unseeingly as if the scene before him had been a blank white wall with the word "death" written on it.

And yet, even as his realization deepened, his own preoccupations rose up to obscure it. The man was dead, it was true, but it was equally true that the whole thing had been an accident; the tragic thing still was that it had had to happen to him. For a while, too, with infinite sadness—with tears, even, at times, or the pricklings of them—he contemplated himself as he had been before this awful thing happened.

There he was, then, Merrill Browne. John Merrill Browne, thirty-nine years old, a man of good appearance, well dressed, substantial; married, and happily; the father of two children, Doris Ann, aged fifteen, and John Merrill, Jr., twelve; a good man, a man respected, even admired, with a good job—vice-president of Chance Textiles, and a sizable block of stock in the company besides; a home, too, with a decent acreage around it, in the West Park section outside Kingston. . . . As he went on, he could see, like a kind of visual embroidery around the description, little pictures that illustrated it: Miss Burleigh, his secretary, glancing up with a "Good morning, Mr. Browne" as he came into the plant of a morning; Charlie Hickman—fat, cheerful Charlie—saying (and, as a real-estate man, he should certainly know), "You know, pal, I could get you twenty-five thou' for this dump at the drop of a hat. Any time you wanted to sell." And he, meaning it, too: "I wouldn't sell this house for any price;" Doris Ann running toward him across the lawn. . . . But apart from all questions of profit and place, a good man, no wanderer, no philanderer; a man whose wife (dear Helen, dear Helen) could meet him calmly, confidently, when he came home at the end of the business day.

And yet here he was, cut off from them all in this godforsaken region, and for no real fault of his own. He could weep, and he did weep finally, when he thought of it. For he *was* cut off—that, too, was a fact of it, and it had come to him on the final great wave of realization that he'd had last night; it was the main thing that had made him hole up till the morning to think it over. He had realized that if they were really after him—if one person, maybe walking along the road as the man had been, had noticed his license number—then home



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was the worst place of all for him to be. It would be the final trap; and ever since then he had had recurrent pictures—each one clear but still somehow jumbled—of him entering the house and Helen meeting him in the hall, perhaps, and embracing him; and then, right behind him, the tramp of feet on the porch and the heavy, authoritative hammering on the door.

What they'd say, of course, was that he had run. But who hadn't, at one time or another? And who were they, who had never been involved in such a predicament, to pass judgment on him for one moment—one brief, brief moment—of panic? How could they know, either, what one paid in anguish afterward? And the man had been dead, dead, dead; Merrill had even gone back to make sure of that!

"Don't forget, I had my family to consider," he told himself, and them. "Not to mention my own position." Wouldn't common sense tell you, tell anyone, that there was nothing to be gained, and everything to be lost, by staying?

But then, here he was, embarked on the same old round of questions and answers, and he decided, once and for all, to forget it. He was in a fix, no question of that, but he'd get out of it. He was no young, crazy, hot-rodding, hit-run driver. He was a grown man, a businessman, used to meeting and solving problems; in the end, he'd solve this one, too.

THE thing was to get out of the region, get distance, and then sound out a garage, some small garage, about getting the headlight and fender fixed, and maybe telegraph Helen that he was delayed. And, meantime, the day was dawning, and a good day, too—the sun spiking its rays through the trees on his left, that evil mist rising. Well, he thought, feeling calm at last. He'd just reached in his jacket pocket for a cigarette, found instead a handful of candy bars, and recognized them as the ones he'd bought at a diner last night, and had realized—almost with mortification, for it seemed, somehow, inappropriate—that he was hungry, when a car went past.

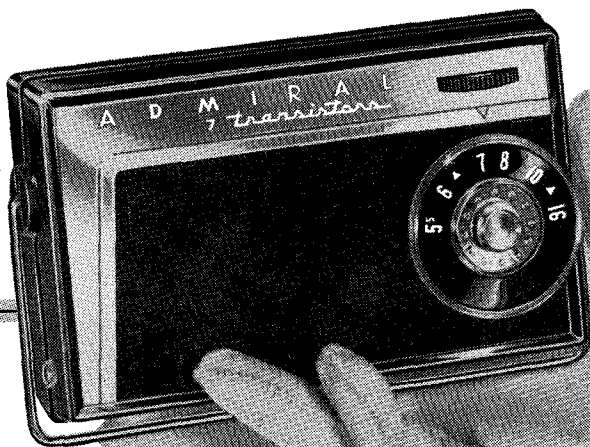
That was always the trouble; things happened too fast. It was a truck, not a car, he discovered as he jerked his head around—a green-painted, slab-sided old farm truck, jolting down on its way, no doubt, to market. It was the face, though, that bothered him. For the face—lean, lank-haired, long-jawed—that peered out at him as it



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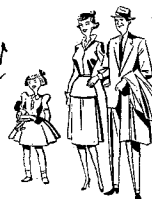
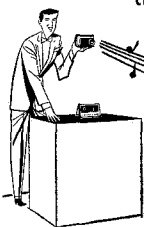
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went by was the face, for the moment at least, of that sad farmer, back on his hillside farm. He, too, had probably driven a similar truck down a similar road a thousand times. It galvanized Merrill. The truck had hardly passed before he had the engine started and the car in gear; he was half a mile up the road—up, he went, because the truck had gone down—before he realized that he shouldn't have done it.

How did he know where the road went, or how it ended? For all he knew, it might be a dead end, like the other. "God! God, please make it not be!" he prayed, and—oh, blessedly!—it wasn't. It went up and went down, and it wandered, but in the end, down a slope so steep the car slithered in the gravel, it came out on a well-paved highway.

He turned right on it, at a venture—for he didn't know, now, which way he was heading—and then stopped by the roadside; he had to, for he was shaking. "That was panic, sheer panic," he told himself, and it had been, and it scared him. It was getting so now that he couldn't even depend on himself, and he sat there for quite a while, first to calm himself, and then, craftily, watching the side road to see if anyone came down it after him, and then, finally—well, just sitting.

There were things he should do, he knew that; it was time, it was past time he got himself organized. He ought to get word to Helen: wire her, phone her—something—so she wouldn't be worried. Reason told him, too, that he ought to get off the road, hole up somewhere, and get the damned fender and headlight fixed. Maybe phone someone—someone like Charlie Hickman, maybe—to come out here and help him. And above all, above all, get *distance*!

Yet a strange sort of lethargy held him; it was as if one side of him argued with the other, and the other, the stubborn side, resisted. And as for talking to anyone, even to Charlie, and telling him about it, it was all too new, too raw for that; he just couldn't do it. What did happen in a case like this, he wondered, almost idly. Teletypes, bulletins, he supposed, and radios in patrol cars; maybe word sent out to garages, service stations, and so on. For a moment, the air around him chattered and sang, inaudibly, with the rattle of typewriter keys and the hum of conversations. If they were after him, he thought, he would be the last to know. But the idea failed to move him, somehow. He was content to just sit there, and meantime the day was opening up around him, the

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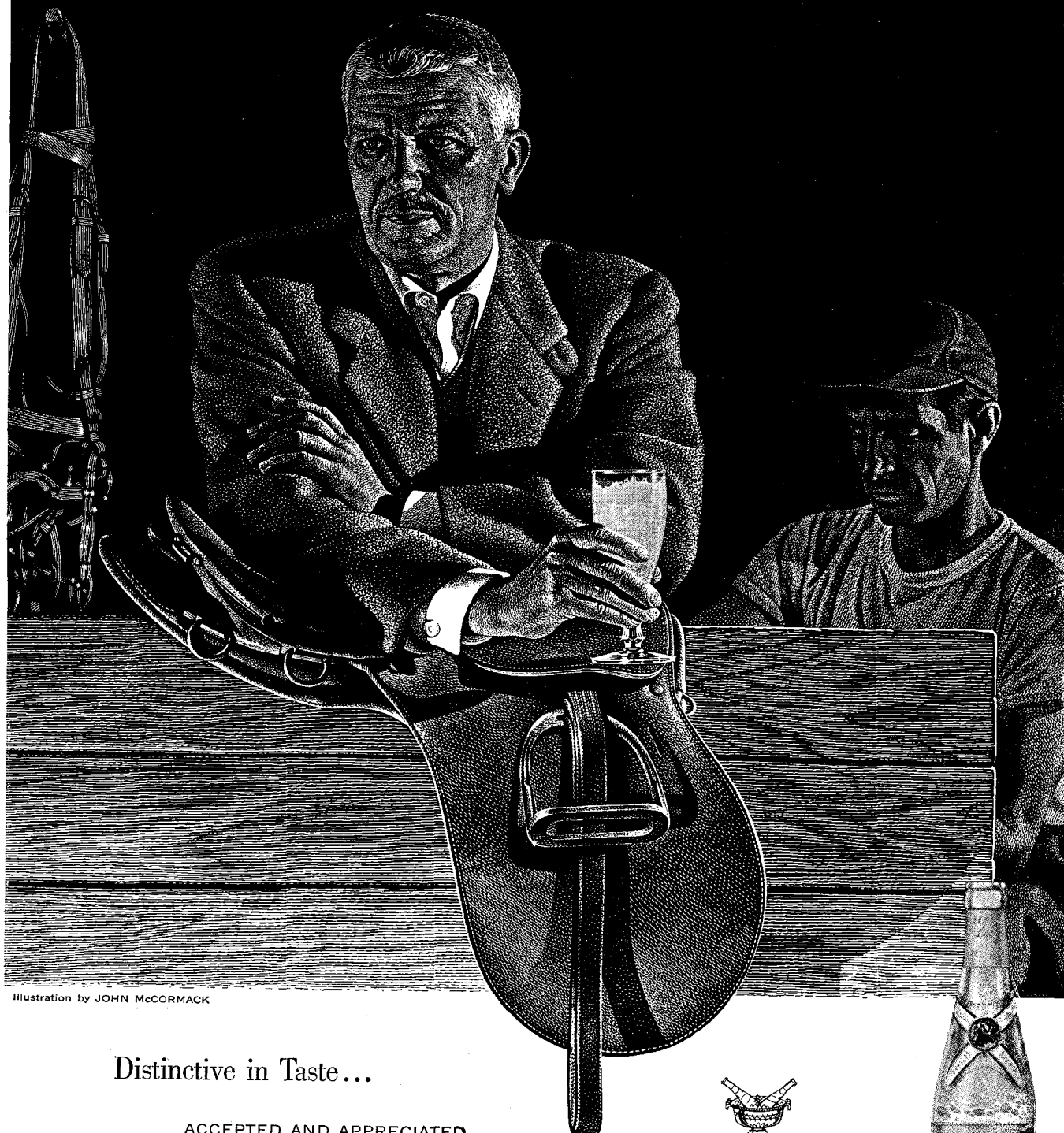
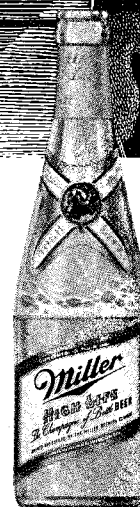


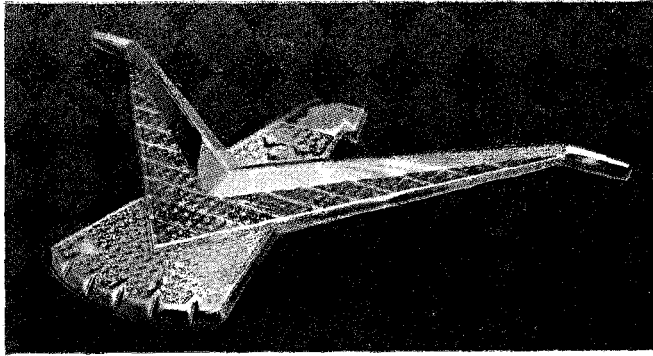
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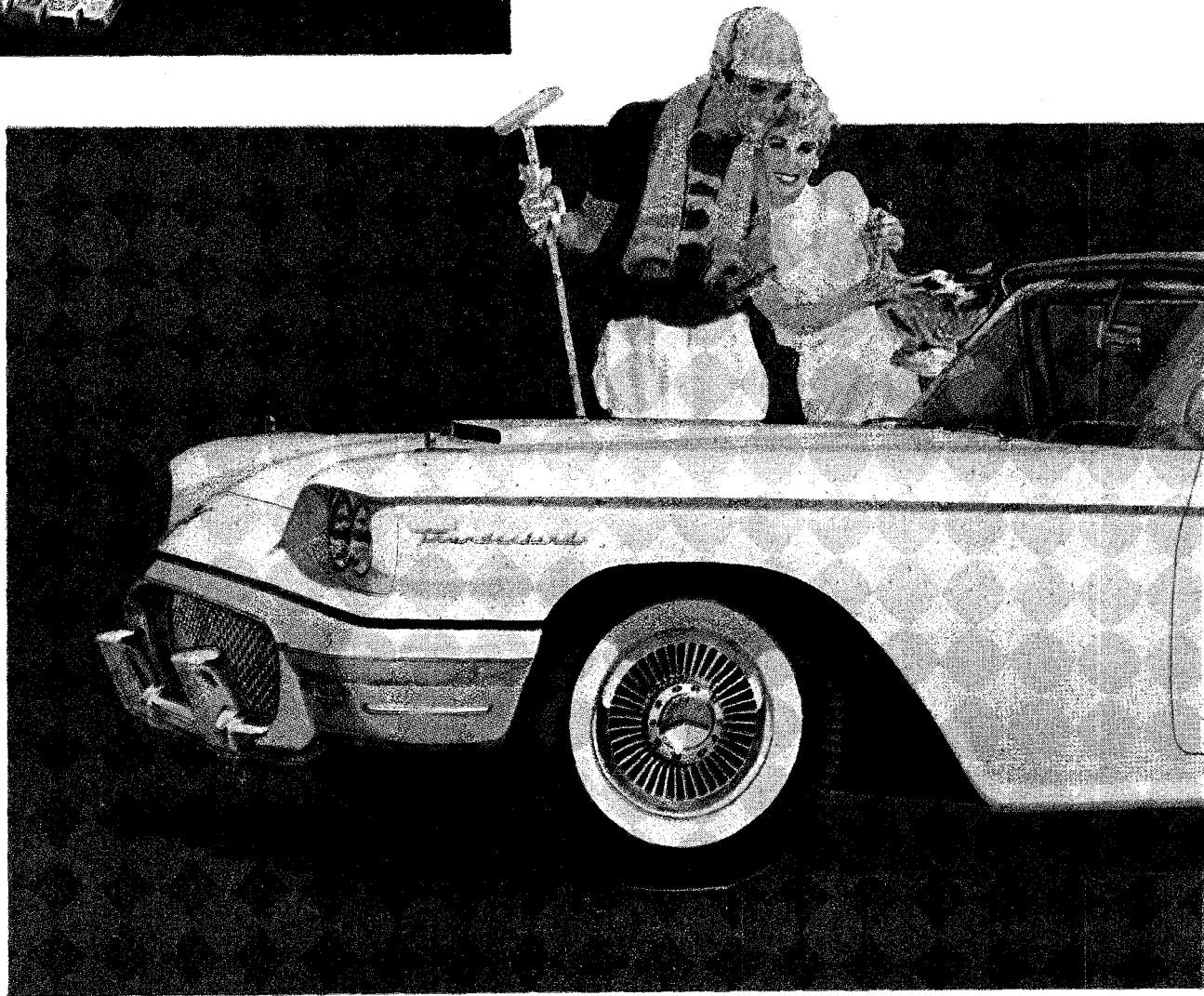
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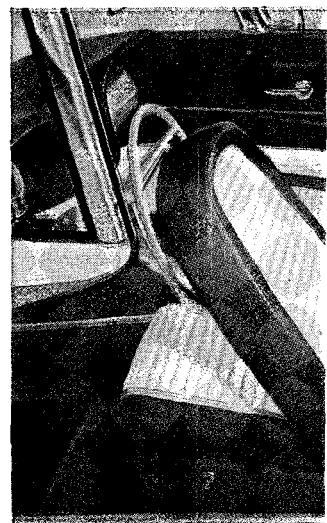


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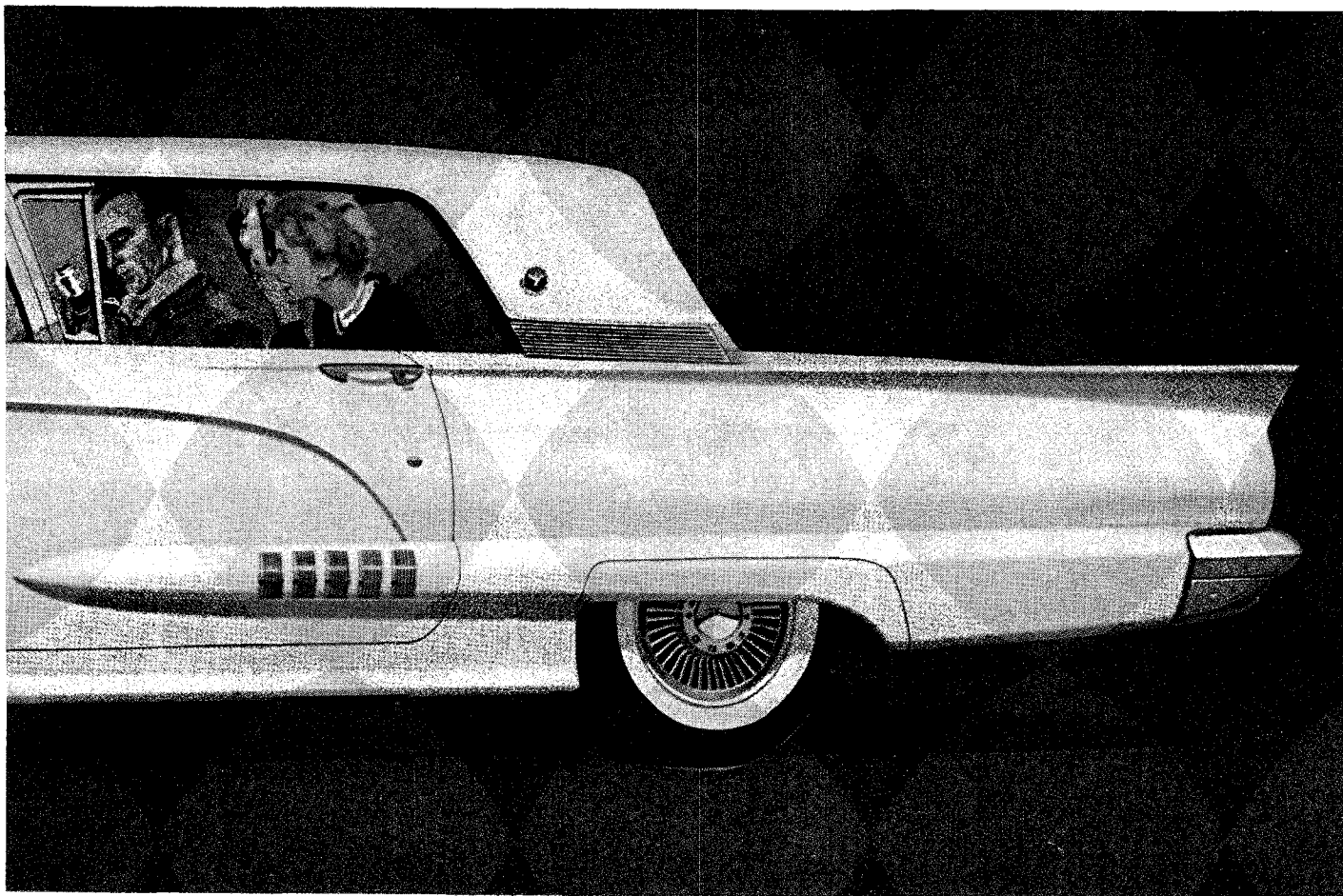


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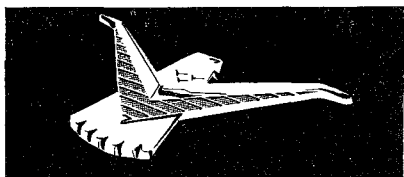


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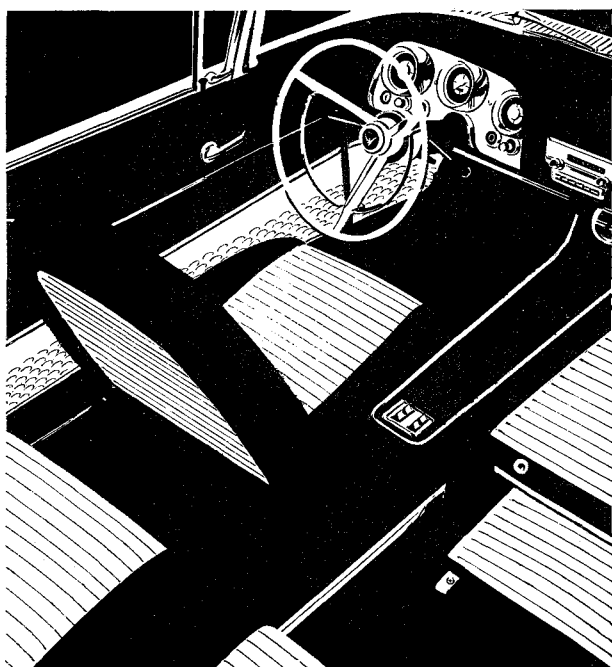


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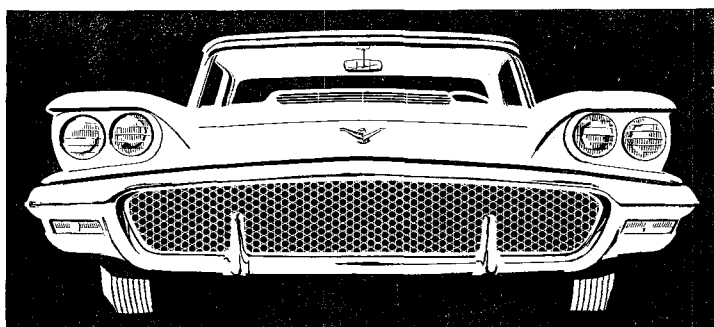
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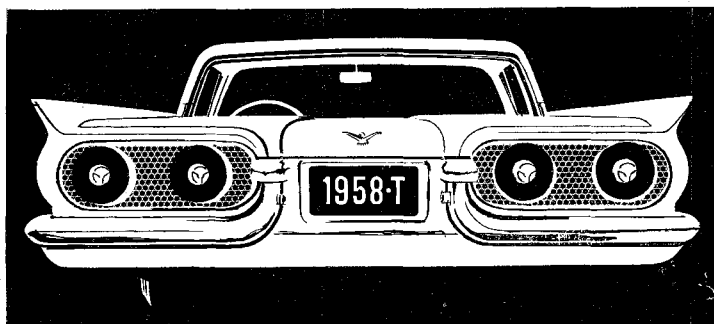
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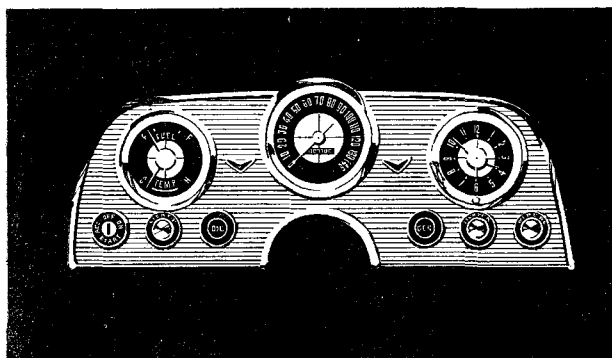
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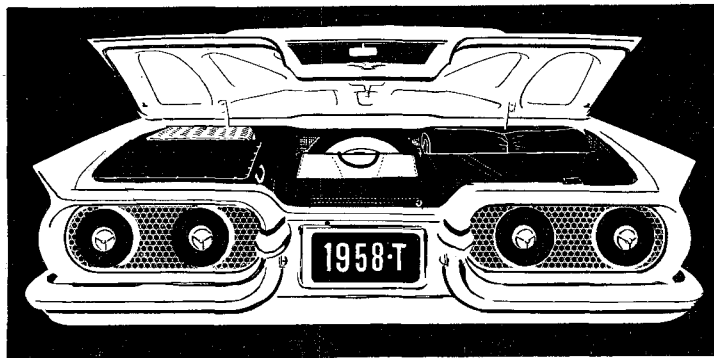
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sun golden now, and making the rough, rocky fields and the bare, scattered trees almost beautiful in its cool, pure, wonderfully clean, clear light; the road just beginning to take up its burden of the daily traffic. . . . A big trailer truck came toiling up the slight grade facing him, and a red pickup truck skipped past it just before both passed where he was sitting; cars and more cars came, each with one man in it, alone, intent at the wheel, heading maybe for a job or for an early business appointment—or, for all he or any of them knew, for a pile-up at the next crossing. Down the road, at the foot of the grade, was a farmhouse, set among trees, but small and shabby, with, across from it, a big, newly painted red barn and silo. Barns, he'd noticed—here, as in many other farm communities—were kept in better shape than the houses were. It was a moment clear and complete in itself, and one that hung so in his memory afterward, pure as a pearl. For the time, he was content just to sit there and enjoy it.

Mostly, though, things overlapped and went scatteredly. "I left them a clear trail, all right," he said to himself. He was driving by then—on his way again, but with no sure sense of direction—and remembering the night before; and at the same time he was nibbling a candy bar, for beneath everything else there had been the real feel of hunger.

But the diner, for instance; he'd be remembered there as the man who had ordered and then not eaten—and then stocked up, inexplicably, on candy bars before leaving. The girl at the cash register had even commented. "Was anything wrong, sir?" she'd asked. And he—stupidly, for at the moment he couldn't eat; he just *couldn't*—he'd shaken his head and said, "No, no. Everything fine. It's just, I've got a long way to go."

Or the service station, earlier, and the big, heavy-bellied, slouch-hatted and overalled man who had filled up the tank for him—and God sakes, how different these mountain characters were from the tight-lipped, taciturn types they were always supposed to be; this one was positively garrulous. Travelled far? From New York State? Or going? Which way, east or west? And then, noticing the damaged front end: "Lordy me, man, you did get a bang there, didn't you? Better fix it, too. I hear the troopers've been checking on headlights lately."

But by that time Merrill's patience had been at its limit. "I'll take care of



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it in my own good time," he'd said slowly, evenly, and had seen the man's lips tighten, hurt, as he spoke. He'd be remembered there.

Or—by now it was noon and past noon—at one time he'd pulled into a field road somewhere, again, and slept. He had had to, and it had done him good, too, even though his sleep had been restless and fitful. And he'd been on and off a turnpike or a thruway of sorts; here, again, he would be remembered. For he'd barely got on the thing before he saw a patrol car passing and was frightened (wasn't this, too, maybe, a trap?) and had got off at the next exit, only nine or ten miles farther on. Again, the man, the man tending the booth at the exit, had been talkative.

"Well, you didn't stay with us long, did you?" he'd said jovially, as he collected the—what? Thirty-five cents? Anyway, the toll Merrill owed him. And this time it had really been too much for Merrill. He'd been badgered enough, and besides, time, worry, fatigue had all taken their toll. "What's it to you?" he had demanded, in a voice so tough, so unlike himself, that it surprised even him.

It surprised the man too, and at first it disconcerted him, for he stepped back. And then, suddenly, he had noticed the telltale fender, and some official feeling must have stirred in him. He stepped forward and laid his hands on the car's window sill. "Just a minute, Mister," he said. "Did you have any trouble along the way back there?"

"Trouble?" Merrill stared at him.

"Yes, trouble. You got a bang in the fender there. Where'd it happen?"

"Oh, that. That happened yesterday," said Merrill. He hadn't meant to say "yesterday;" it had come out without his thinking, and he hesitated. "Away out in Ohio," he added, he felt



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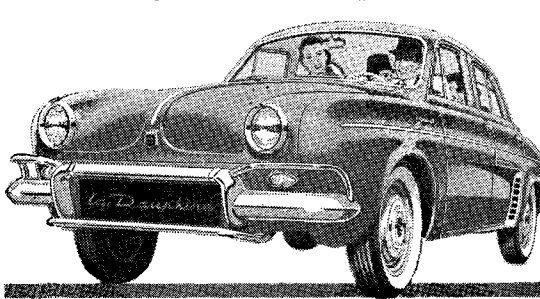
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unconvincingly, but apparently it satisfied the man; he let him go.

Now he was off again. He felt guilt and sorrow for the man he had killed, but it had happened so suddenly, so completely without intention... He felt sorrow for himself, as well, and both sorrows grew. Most of all, in a way, he felt sorrow for the brother—for by now he was sure it was the brother—waiting on that hillside farm. There were times when Merrill seemed to himself to travel in a world of sorrow. It may have been that the very weight of his emotion played a part in the change that came over him. At any rate, sometime along the way, logic gave way to illogic in his mind, sanity to at least partial insanity. At the start of the process, even Merrill himself could feel it happening.

HE was losing control, control even of himself. It began, perhaps, when he sent the telegram to Helen. He stopped in one of those dozing little brick-fronted, broad-sidewalked Pennsylvania towns—and by now, God, how he hated them!—stopped where he saw a Western Union sign, and in the close, warm-smelling office wrote his message. "Been delayed. Don't worry. Love" was all he could think of to say, and after he'd put down his own and Helen's address, he rubbed that out and sent it in care of Charlie Hickman. It was not until much later, when he was on the road again, that he realized how puzzling that might be to both of them. And in the office, of course, he'd be remembered as the man who had changed his address...

Or his watch—maybe that was another symptom. Earlier in the day, even before he got on the turnpike, he had looked at his watch and it had said ten-thirty. And yet, later on, after he was off the turnpike, miles off it, he'd looked at the watch and it had still said ten-thirty. It was stopped. He had forgotten to wind it the night before, and it had stopped; he was in a fever, almost, till he passed through a town that had a clock tower and he got the right time—twelve-fourteen. It was only then that, reassured, he had stopped and slept for a while; he couldn't have done it otherwise...

It was a little while later that he discovered he was going in the wrong direction. That came gradually, in a piling up of little landmarks and other indications—a house here that looked familiar, and then a certain curve of the hills; a town; another town; and then the marker, Route 188. Like the wan-

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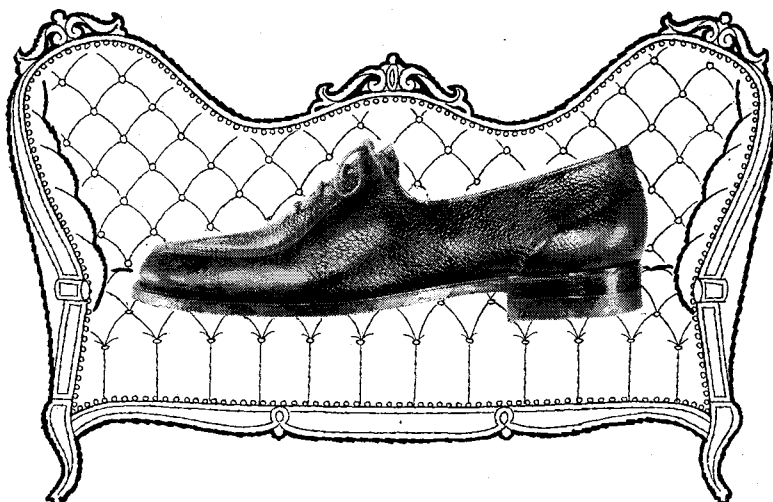


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derer in the Arctic, like the lost hunter in the fields, he had come full circle. He was heading right back where he had started from.

But by that time it didn't matter. By that time, in the state he was in, it even figured; and certainly the plan he evolved from the circumstance seemed to him to be rationality itself. He would go on to the town and through, to the curve and the side road beyond it. He would drive up to the farm, quite casually, and—well, when he got there he'd think of something. After all, Fate had taken him there in the first place, and now that Fate seemed bent on taking him there again he had only to follow Fate's direction.

He might laugh and say, "My God! Did I take the same wrong turning again? These roads of yours are certainly confusing!"

Or, since this was really what was on his mind, he might ask directly, "How's your brother? Is he all right?"

He might even find some way of apologizing for his brusqueness the night before. And, in any case, he might get an inkling...

He was going around a curve, not worrying (like a man in the eye of a hurricane, he was now in an area of calmness, and he was really not worrying at all; it seemed to him that at last he was reaching a solution), when a police car whipped out and around and past him. He had no idea why it did so, and he never did know. Actually, he'd been driving a little carelessly, first fast and then slow and then fast again, and they'd been following him for a while, to check on him. And then, concluding that he was probably all right, just an erratic driver, they'd decided to leave him.

But it startled him, just the same. Indeed, it woke all the panic in him, and when, looking in their rearview mirror, the two troopers in the patrol car saw him brake his car suddenly, yank it back and forth in a crazy turning maneuver, and start off full speed in the opposite direction, it startled them.

"God Amighty, what now?" said the driver. "And here we're due in at the barracks."

"I know. But still..." said the other, and they hesitated only a moment or so before turning, too. Merrill, though, by that time had his own problem—if an event so swift, so decisive, and so brutally abrupt in its unrolling as the one that faced him can even be called a problem—and it is doubtful whether he even heard the sound of the siren as it picked up volume behind him. For he was already going too fast, by far—and,

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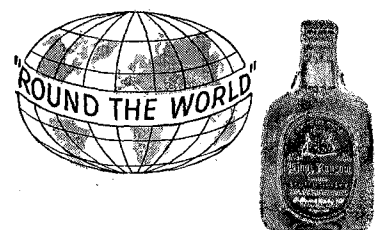
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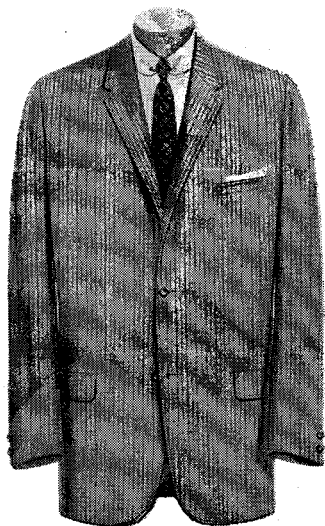
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vaguely, knew it—and then the road curved suddenly where he hadn't expected it to, and then dipped and swung into another curve so sharp that he lost sight of the road entirely. All he saw was a white fence leaping at him, and a slash of trees and branches, then he heard a splintering, and felt as well as heard the long, thumping, thundering roll to oblivion.—ROBERT M. COATES

HOW NOT TO GET INTO THE NEW YORKER

We hate to do this to the *New Yorker Magazine*, but since they did it to a good friend of ours, the *NEA Journal*, we feel justified.

What the *New Yorker* did was to catch the *NEA Journal* with one of those "Shouts We Doubt Ever Got Shouted." The *New Yorker* picked up an item from the *NEA Journal* which read: "One child... dashed into the classroom after laying off a triangular flower bed and shouted, 'What do you think? I measured the slanting side of that triangle down there in the yard and squared it. Then I squared the other two sides and added them, and the sum was the same as the square of the slanting side.'"

Now, what we're going to do to the *New Yorker* is tell educational editors how to avoid such little traps and thus deprive that doubting magazine of a source of copy. Ready, editors?

The first thing to remember is that people don't shout in long and stately sentences. They shout in exclamations. Therefore, any word following the verb "shouted" should be an exclamation, such as "Halloo, whatho, gadzooks, Meingott, voila," and so on. Having presented your exclamatory word, then simply add: "And in a more calm voice, the shouter continued..."

That NEA item would have never been picked up by the *New Yorker* if it had been edited as follows: "One child... dashed into the classroom... and shouted: 'Halloo and eureka!' Then, having caught his breath, the child continued in a more calm voice: 'I measured the slanting side of that triangle down there in the yard...'"—Newsletter from the Educational Press Association of America.

We wouldn't count on that.

WHICH VISITING LECTURER IN FRESNO D'YA LISTEN TO?

The Russians are proud of their technological achievements, he continued, and one of the questions they ask Americans who visit the University of Moscow is:

"What do you think of our high speed elevators in the university?"—Daniel Schorr, quoted in the *Fresno (Calif.) Bee*, January 15th issue.

He said that Russia is pressing the education of its gifted students. He described the 32 story Moscow University.

"It has no elevators," he said. "The students who want to learn climb the stairs."—John Morley, quoted in the same issue, same page.



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THE DIMMEST VIEW

IN "The Entertainer," at the Royale, John Osborne, who might conceivably be described as Her Majesty's sorest subject, has accomplished the unusual feat of writing an extremely distressing but at the same time almost totally meaningless tragedy. The hero, for lack of a better word, is a cheap music-hall performer named Archie Rice, and the story is concerned with the final stages of this man's disintegration, which, by strong, practically bludgeoning implication, are identical with those of his unhappy country. Somewhere in the course of the play, Archie's daughter, striving to capture the full flavor of her father's personality, calls him "a bastard on wheels," and this, considering all the facts, would appear to be a remarkably temperate judgment. A horror on the stage, where his lack of talent is perfectly matched by the offensiveness of his material, Archie is nevertheless far more appalling in the bosom of his family. He is a tireless boaster about his sexual prowess and, in order to marry a young girl, proposes to divorce his elderly wife, whom his ferocious contempt has reduced to hopeless alcoholism. He is almost literally a murderer, since, in the hope of saving his dreadful act, he drags his old father, who once had a great name in the profession, back to the theatre and certain death. And, in his less criminal but just as odious moments, he is an interminable, whining bore, full of political opinions that often have the air of being venomous parodies of those held by Mr. Osborne himself; consumed with scorn for the past, hatred of the present, and despair for the future; and sick about equally with self-pity and gin, which, indeed, seems to be the only retreat any of them have left from intolerable reality.

In an attempt to enlist some sympathy for Archie, or at least to make him endurable to watch and listen to, Mr. Osborne suggests from time to time that he is not wholly despicable. He is not self-deluded, in that his contempt for the world extends to himself, and he has a kind of desperate gallantry, since in the end, offered the chance of a new life in Canada, he still prefers to stay where he is and carry on a struggle that he knows is doomed. There is

something affecting in this refusal to accept life on any terms other than his own, but I'm afraid it isn't enough to redeem Archie for me. I could put up with the bastard in him, as I was happy to do in the case of the hero of Mr. Osborne's previous play, "Look Back in Anger," but the sheer mindless vulgarity is just too much. It is one thing to attack the state of the world, with particular reference to the British Isles, through the medium of a character whose speech has the bite of authentic wit and style; it is quite another to do so through one who is manifestly a semi-literate clown and whose opinions about anything, when they are coherent at all, must be regarded with intense suspicion. The basic trouble with "The Entertainer" may easily lie right there. The ideas it expresses are likely to drive a

good many people straight back to the collected works of Rudyard Kipling, while the manner in which they are stated has a grating, jeering monotony guaranteed to exhaust nearly everybody.

None of these remarks, of course, is intended to reflect on the extraordinary range and brilliance of Laurence Olivier's performance as Archie. The play presents its central character alternately as a music-hall performer of a singularly repellent sort (it would be hard to say whether the jokes are more atrocious than the songs, or whether the dancing is more dismaying than either) and as a domestic catastrophe of imposing dimensions. In both these impersonations, Mr. Olivier is magnificent, capturing with amazing skill the bland, measureless vulgarity of the entertainer and the half-deliberate, half-unconscious cruelty of the family man. It all seems to me art applied to a fairly paltry purpose, but it is still art of a very high order. His principal associates—Brenda de Banzie, as his wife; George Relph, as his father; Joan Plowright, as his daughter; and Richard Pasco, as a surviving son (the assassination of another at Suez is announced during the



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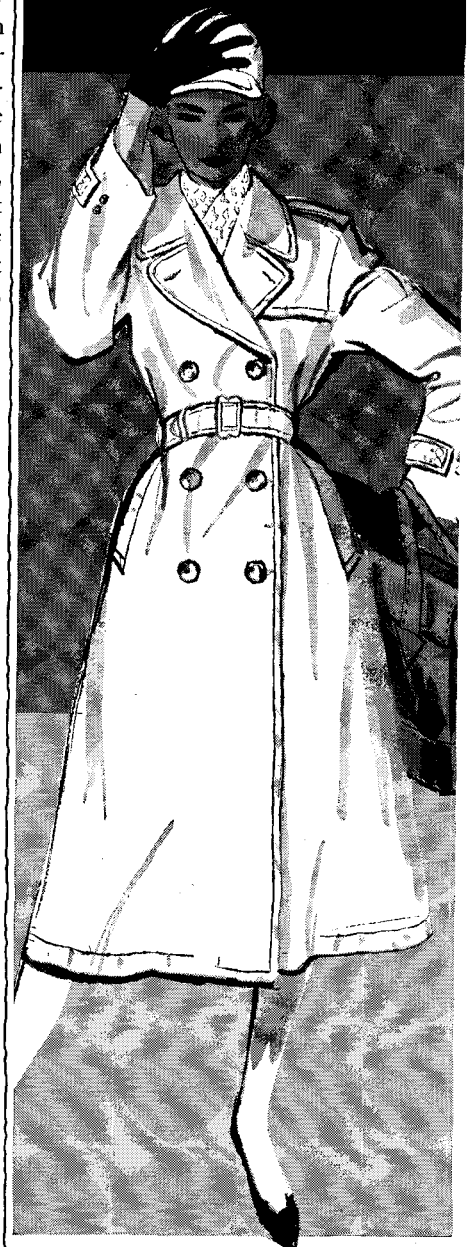
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play)—are also completely admirable, and Guy Spaul, Peter Donat, and Jeri Archer, portraying, respectively, two symbols of the solid worth that Archie loathes and the kind of nude that he has always found irresistible, make interesting and valuable contributions, too. Tony Richardson's direction of the difficult, episodic script is impressive; Alan Tagg's sets, featuring a backdrop of incomparable tastelessness, are exceptionally ingenious; and the occasional music provided by John Addison is hideously appropriate.

ONLY a critic suffering dangerously from delusions of persecution could assume that anybody would bother to sit down and write a play for the specific purpose of unhinging his (the critic's) mind, so I will refrain from bringing this charge against Max Wilk, whose "Cloud 7" opened last week at the John Golden Theatre, and assume that Mr. Wilk achieved this effect merely by accident. Whatever its author's motives may have been, however, I suspect that the emotions aroused in me by the comedy were largely those of an elderly man of rather sombre disposition who has been dragooned somehow into a party composed otherwise of admirers of Elvis Presley—incomprehension, distaste, and boredom verging very closely on insanity. The plot of "Cloud 7" can be stated briefly, though not necessarily coherently. The thirty-nine-year-old hero, originally a trumpet player in a jazz band, is at the opening of the play a rising executive in a firm that manufactures and dispenses dehydrated foods. In his opinion, this is an ignoble and foolish occupation, and, appalled at the prospect of dedicating his life to it, he resigns. We meet him next in the suburban Connecticut home that he shares with his wife and their teen-age daughter, and, naturally, we are plunged at once into the problem of what is to become of them all, since he apparently plans to devote his future exclusively to constructing modern furniture in his machine shop, in the cellar. The principal dilemma is financial, and it is serious and immediate, owing to the local custom of suspending credit the minute word gets around that a man is no longer employed, but the social aspect has to be considered, too, since by Connecticut standards there is little to choose between a non-commuting adult male and a lunatic in the attic. Threatened thus simultaneously with starvation and ostracism, the hero's resolve wavers momentarily and he goes back to his office to discuss the possibility of turning out a product that will taste

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at least dimly like food. As you might expect, his superiors want no part of so visionary a project, and he resigns again, this time permanently. The dream, however, is not lost, because in the end he is planning to start a company of his own, whose wares, by some process yet to be evolved, will retain both the flavor and the durability. Informed of this decision, along with the probability of some temporary reduction in their scale of living, the loyal ladies of his household nuzzle him admiringly.

This unlikely story is liberally garnished with both humor and sex. The former is produced partly by the abundant use of topical reference (it seems to me that there was one joke that managed to work the names "Gristede" and "Bennett Cerf" into the same sentence, but I may be mistaken) and partly by the introduction of such comic personalities as a member of the P.-T.A.; an authoress busy with what promises to be an uncorseted biography of Molly Pitcher; a typically teen-age admirer of the daughter; and a food manufacturer suffering from dyspepsia. The latter is achieved by causing the hero and his wife to make love every ten minutes or so with a dogged enthusiasm that reaches a peak of something or other when he zips her right out of her skirt. I can express my feelings about all these goings on best by saying that when the lovemaking was in progress, I wished that somebody would turn up with a couple of jokes but that when the jokes duly arrived ("Never underestimate the power of a bosom" will do as a sample), I could hardly wait to have the grapplers back again.

The leading performers in this melancholy waste of everybody's time are Ralph Meeker and Martha Scott, who play the anti-dehydration man and his mate with unconquerable vivacity, if no particular distinction. They are assisted chiefly by Anne Helm, who looks very fetching as their daughter, though somewhat handicapped by a ponytail and blue jeans, and John McGiver, who miraculously manages to extract some humor from the role of the food king. They were directed by Jed Horner; and Albert Johnson, a man who knows how to get the most out of a couple of turntables, designed the sets.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

The \$500 fee for a court-appointed lawyer is a plum, although a rather withered one, of Democratic Party patronage; and Judge Davidson... appears to have milked it to its maximum.—*Murray Kempton in the Post.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Great Expectations



WELL, the favorites breezed through the big races in fine style last weekend, and what remains to be seen is how they will do in the really big, hundred-thousand-dollar races coming up early next month. Round Table equalled the world's record for a mile and a furlong in winning the San Antonio Handicap at Santa Anita (the time was 1:46 $\frac{4}{5}$), and the other horses who have made it are Noor, Alidon, Swaps, and Gen. Duke), and Tim Tam took the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah with the greatest of ease. No doubt about it, Round Table is by far the best horse running in California this winter. Although he carried a hundred and thirty pounds in the San Antonio—from twelve to twenty-two pounds more than any of the eight other runners—he dominated the scene from beginning to end, coming in more than three lengths ahead of Mystic Eye, a one-eyed gelding from Arizona. The victory augurs well for Round Table's chances in the Santa Anita Handicap a week from Saturday. He'll be meeting much the same lot of horses that he has met—and beaten—in his four starts this winter, and I don't imagine he'll be troubled by the fact that the field will be larger than he's been used to. The distance will be longer—a mile and a quarter—and that should be to his advantage.

There isn't much to say about the Everglades Stakes. Calumet Farm ran one, two, with Tim Tam finishing well in front of his stablemate Kentucky Pride, and Maine Chance Farm's Liberty Ruler half a dozen lengths behind. In the circumstances, it would have been surprising if Tim Tam hadn't won; he carried light weight, and he didn't have anybody much to beat. For Tim Tam, the race was a good preliminary gallop for the Flamingo Stakes a week from Saturday. As it happens, though, horse watchers are all stirred up about the prospects of Nadir, who didn't run in the Everglades but probably will run in the Flamingo. The other afternoon, in his first appearance under colors since he won the Garden State Stakes last October, Nadir romped off with the St. Valentine Purse at Hialeah. Even his staunchest followers admit that he is still

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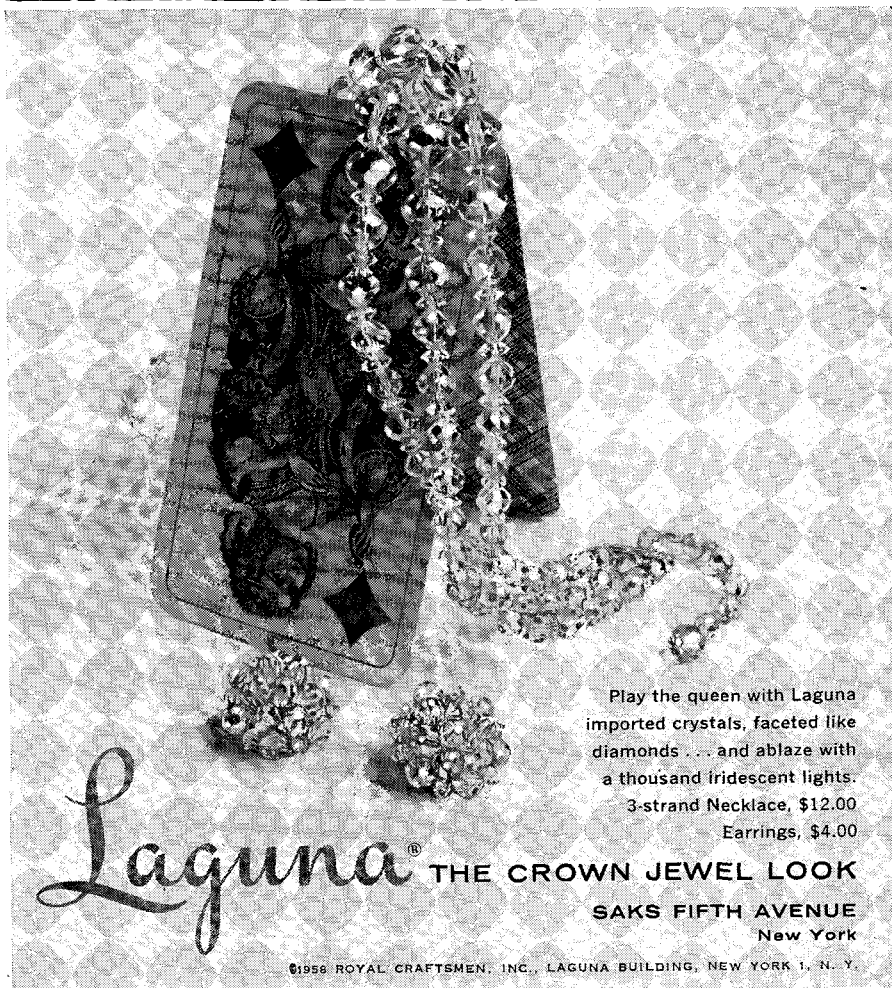
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a bit clumsy and slow to get going, but there's no denying that he finishes fast. By the way, Arthur Hancock, who owns the colt, is willing to sell him for exactly a million dollars, and Colonel Martingale wonders who is going to lay the money on the line.

FOR the first time anyone I know remembers, racing at New Orleans was called off one afternoon last week because of snow, and the management will be running ten races on Saturdays and holidays to make up for it. Snow finally proved too much for Bowie, too, just a few days ago, but all last week, though the weather there could easily have held its own with Spitsbergen's, the proceedings kept rolling merrily along. A crowd of ten thousand turned up on Wednesday afternoon to watch Sand Boy win the Abraham Lincoln Stakes, and a crowd of thirteen thousand stomped in the snow on the weekend while Movitave won the Miss Maryland Stakes from Milady Dares, Sew It Up, and seven other three-year-old fillies. The racing was fun, but getting out of Bowie was not. So many horseplayers were stranded when their cars bogged down on the roads from the track that the Pennsylvania Railroad had to send out a couple of rescue trains to bring them back to Baltimore.

TO turn to two-year-olds for a moment, there are a couple of them at Bowie whose sire is Uncle Miltie. Remember him? And the most talked about two-year-old at Hialeah is a colt by Native Dancer. His name is East Indian, he is a bay, he is owned by Circle M Ranch, and he may or may not start at the meeting. All told, fifteen sons and daughters of Native Dancer have come to the races, and Alfred Vanderbilt owns five of them: Native Quarter, a brown colt; Native Talent, a black colt; Dance All Night, a gray filly; Sit This Out, a roan filly; and (the name I like best) Missionary Stew, a black filly.

Incidentally, the first foal by Nashua, a colt, arrived on February 1st at Mereworth Farm, in Kentucky, and the first foal by Swaps, another colt, arrived at the nearby Darby Dan Farms eleven days later. With a certain satisfaction, Nashua's supporters point out that he finished first again. —AUDAX MINOR

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE THIS AND THAT

THE bridal path this spring will, in accordance with seemingly immutable custom, be not prim-rose but pale as the driven snow. Rosette Pennington, which has an alcove dedicated to women with wedlock in mind, has collected a large crop of organdie wedding dresses as fresh and white as whipped cream. One of the briefest exhibits is decorated along the low round neck with Valenciennes-type lace insertions through which is threaded blue velvet baby ribbon tied in bows and streamers fore and aft; the odd touch is the harem skirt, which barely hides the knees. (*Harems for weddings?*) This East-meets-West thing is \$135, but it is possible to lay out as much as \$295 here for something to get married in. A floor-length white organdie draped into a harem hem (here we go again) at the sides and back is wreathed at the décolletage with pink and white organdie roses and buds on which white embroidery appears; eight blossoms stray over the voluminous skirt. An organdie for a very young bride is narrowly edged with eggshell Valenciennes lace, and it winds up in a short rippled train. An enormous organdie butterfly bow is at the waist. Horizontal bands of white silk brocade in a lily-of-the-valley pattern surround a gown of white silk organdie all the way down, and there are flat bows of the brocade in back. Green prevails among the bridesmaids' dresses, which are \$25 to \$50. A dress of white nylon organdie on which giant green-and-white print daisies recline floats over petticoats of green nylon net and rayon taffeta. The surplice bodice of a willow-green rayon taffeta covers the tips of the shoulders, and the lantern skirt is caught into a taffeta bow at the center-front hem. Somehow, amid this wearing of the green, a fitted sheath of coral silk-and-rayon has sneaked in. A broad gathered panel and a turned-under hem give it a sack back, or is it back sack? Both brides' and bridesmaids' dresses, sizes 8 to 16, arrive three weeks after the order is placed.

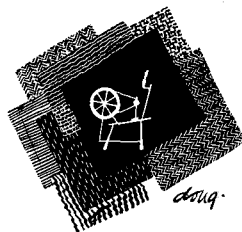
IN Bendel's bridal department, there's a wedding dress—imported white batiste over white organdie—that's made for a fairy-tale princess. The por-

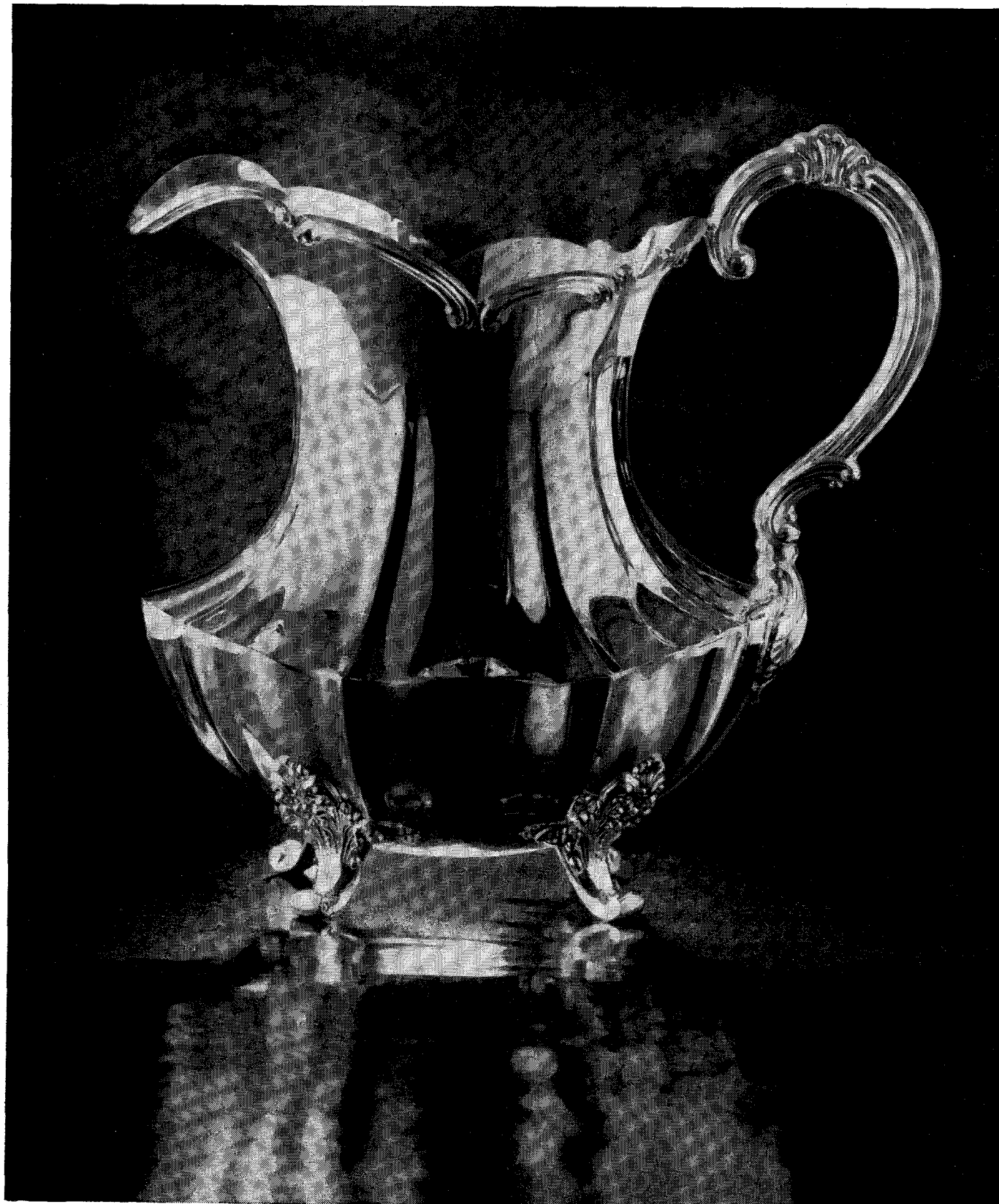
trait neck, the slender waist, the hips, and the short puffed sleeves are splashed with Belgian cotton lace. Cut off the train and it's ready to go on with the dance. White silk organza over pink silk organza makes a dress with three poufs that widen as they descend the back to the train. Crescents of white cotton organdie embroidered with

white wild roses and leaves hold them in place. The skirt of a romantic covered-up dress of white silk organza requires twenty-three tiers of swirled and petalled folds; \$575, which is about the top price here. The lowest is \$110. A stately dress of

blush-pink Italian faille, with a bell skirt breaking into sunburst pleats behind, is softened at the off-shoulder décolletage with ivory duchesse lace. Bits and pieces of the lace fill in the slit shirred sleeves. Sizes run from 7 to 16, and the waiting time runs from four to five weeks.

DON MARSHALL, at 18 East 53rd Street, who doesn't believe in weighty headgear, has other things in mind for brides and bridesmaids—in a word, veils. Shoulder or fingertip wedding veils of French illusion are twisted into coronets studded with white silk and starched-muslin bouvardia, narcissus, and rosebuds; illusion is worked into a vast bow, like a peasant headdress, and two wide streamers that hang from it form a circular veil. For bridesmaids, the thing is mesh bird-cage veils. One of moss green is piled, where the crown would be if there was one, with star-shaped flowers of white straw braid whose centers and tips are green moss (fake, naturally) and ivory beads; white French straw-cloth bows glisten like silver lamé above the forehead. White velvet rosettes on which pink-and-blue straw mushrooms nestle are massed at the sides of ice-blue bird cages that could join the Easter parade. Pink silk dogwood, pink silk sweet peas, white feather leaves, and a latticework of green stems are part and parcel of bird cages of neutral veiling. Mr. M. is also smart about bicycle clips (no veils on these) covered with flowers—full-blown pink silk roses, for example, and a twig of green leaves curling gently over the right temple. Wedding veils range from \$45 to





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SOME of the new raincoats at Bernath, 560 Madison Avenue (56th), cut very straight, are of iridescent English cotton gabardine in off-white, natural, or black, and they come as low as \$59 and as high as \$110. The most tailored ones are double-breasted and have broad, notched collars; others have sunburst darts suggesting yokes, rows of tucking on the tuxedo revers, the cuffs, and the patch pockets, or black capeskin piping the turnover collars, the flap pockets, and the storm straps across the wrists. Gabardine helmets extend into ascot scarves that loop at the throat. Water-repellent golf jackets are of two layers of cotton poplin in natural or black; the wool-knit sleeves and an insert at the hem in back allow plenty of room to make a hole in one. Slim slacks of cotton poplin buttoning at the ankles complete such outfits. The jackets are \$45, the slacks are \$35.

ALTMAN'S Studio 3, on the third floor, already looks like Decoration Day. One reason is the ascots of red, white, or blue silk organza. These are gathered at the nape of the neck and are bound all the way around and down the middle with very thin tricolor French grosgrain ribbon; \$8.95. Headbands of the ribbon are tied into sassy bows above the brows; rosettes of horse-show size can be pinned at the hips of dresses or on the lapels of suits. These are \$4.95 and \$5.95. Chiffon middy ties (that's what they call them), eight and a half feet long, a foot across, and in solid red, white, or blue, can triple as scarves, stoles, and sashes; \$9.95.

A short ride down on the escalator takes you to the main floor and the cocktail and evening stockings by Carven of France—closely knit combinations of beige or black nylon and gold metallic yarn that shimmer like coats of mail and are supposedly almost as sturdy; \$15 a pair.

RAYA DOVER, at 749 Madison Avenue (65th), specializes in good-looking ready-to-wear separates (sizes 8 to 20) produced on the premises, mostly out of imported scarves. Adaptations of a Vionnet overblouse are of gray Italian surah on which yellow birds and maroon lions roam, or of crêpe de Chine in just about any solid color. (No fagoting, even though the traditional Vionnet blouse was trimmed with fagoting.) More Italian surah, in a vivid Paisley pattern on black, is on hand for a hip-

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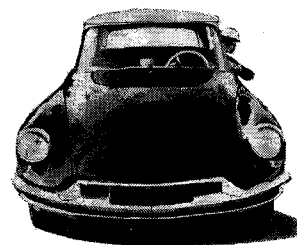


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*"to Togetherness"**

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**inspired by McCall's of course*

length cardigan that is slightly bloused across the back and fastens with tiny silk buttons. A Portuguese print—black wool challis with emerald poppies and fallen petals—makes a tuck-in blouse arranged so the black border descends from the collarless neck and continues around the armholes; \$39.95. The sleek companion skirt is overlaid in front with a two-tier pointed apron; \$35. For resorts or later on, there's an ensemble—a box-pleated skirt and a triangular shawl, both of white Italian cotton covered with royal-blue and aquamarine tropical flowers, and a halter of white Pima cotton. The skirt and a white muslin petticoat are \$29.95; the shawl and halter are \$15 apiece.

ALIIATA, a new shop, at 43 East 57th Street, supplies mannerly and sprightly shoes made for it in Italy. In general, they are long and slender, with pointed toes and four-inch heels that are as thin as icepicks. Pumps of Dubonnet-red kidskin have oval kid buckles that slope toward the outside of the foot; pumps of red and royal-blue kidskin or of black and taupe antelope have matching bows that conceal the instep straps. Evening ones in red-and-black brocade will add a little dash to black evening dresses. Stunning walking pumps of ginger or black llama taper toward the square toes, and the built-up leather heels are one and a quarter inches high. Printed gold scrolls and turquoise beads wind across flat white velvet lounging slippers lined with red linen. The gold metallic thread that joins their leather soles and their uppers imparts further life. The shoes average around \$45, but lizard can cost up to \$75; lounging slippers commence at \$14.95.

ANOTHER newcomer, Emilia Belini, of Florence and Milan and Rome and so on, has set up shop at 411 Park Avenue (55th), and all her goods are built for her in Europe. Of the handmade coats for children from birth to nine or ten months, the plainest, which belongs to a group composed of white piqué, is outlined with pale-blue scallop embroidery and ties in a bow under the chin. Some with Peter Pan collars get more complicated—appliqués of blue piqué geese whose beaks, feet, and neckties (that's right, neckties) are pink piqué, or else pink piqué wild roses, blue piqué leaves, and a scattering of embroidered pink bluebells; \$18. Less expensive but just as pleasurable are the coats of vertically striped (pink-and-white or blue-and-white) batiste that are touched with white



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smocking on the collarless necks and balloon sleeves; \$7.50.

ANNE GÉRARD, at 41 West 58th Street (second floor), uses strange and wonderful brews to bring wintered skins up to par. The facial treatments begin with a massage of the spine. When the relaxed state arrives, she cleanses the face with cherry-laurel tonic. (Cherry laurel is a shrub, not a new Howard Johnson flavor.) Next, a nourishing cream—oil-of-turtle, algae, and wheat germ—is massaged in, and extra hard around the jaw line, the corners of the mouth, and the throat. After this, a thin white masque of crushed roses and stuff is poured on. This is removed with lukewarm water, and more cherry-laurel tonic arrives. The restoration ends with a makeup, but you can usually pass up the rouge, because there are already cherries and roses in your cheeks. Single treatments of one hour are \$10; a set of ten is \$85.

WADLEY & SMYTHE, at 420 Park Avenue (55th), uses green, especially ivy, for weddings. Bridal bouquets of green lady's-slipper orchids are pierced by trailing sprays of stephanotis and variegated ivy; \$60. Small baskets, instead of bouquets, overflow with miniature ivy, mignonette, white bouvardia, and white roses; \$40. Going-away corsages of cymbidium orchids (char-treuse) tied to the handles add \$10. For bridesmaids, bouquets of stephanotis surrounded by waterfalls of miniature ivy leaves are \$17.50. Cluster bouquets of echeveria interspersed with bowknots of sanderiana leaves (slender, green, and edged with white) end in a comet tail of variegated ivy; \$25. Halos of ivy made by an ex-milliner (so they stay put) can be dotted with ribbon bows or posies to correspond or harmonize with the dresses and bouquets; from \$10. Candles entwined at the base with garlands of ivy leaves are to be carried by attendants who do not plan to wear flowing veils; \$15. —M. M.

Appearing before a Senate committee, he repeatedly mistook the late Sen. Eugene Millikin, (Rep., Colo.) for Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper, (Rep. Iowa), Millikin ignored this until he rose to leave. With great dignity he addressed the witness by name and commented sarcastically, "My name is Millikin. I spell it MILLIKIN. It has three i's and I use all three."

"hmm-nJ'eHiJlatntowt thSe,"
—Little Rock Arkansas Democrat.
He's not so late!

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FULL OF PROMISE!**



*This flower
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NEW KIND OF COFFEE!

Coffee flavor—deep, rich flavor—begins with a flower. *This* flower—born of selected seed and brought to blossom in the high slopes of the Andes, where the soil is incomparably rich and the climate immeasurably kind.

This is the beginning of the coffee that is called Brown Gold, from the golden brown soil of Colombia. All good coffee has *some* Colombian coffee. Brown Gold is *all* Colombian Coffee—the first time such coffee has been available.

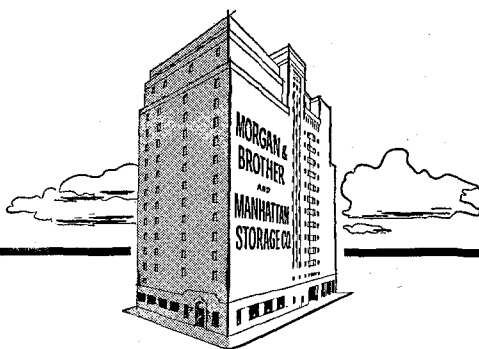
Shade grown from carefully selected seeds—each coffee bean is hand-picked for fullness, ripeness, flavor. Brown Gold is a rediscovery of coffee goodness, a wonderful new experience in coffee enjoyment.

Search out Brown Gold Coffee! Inhale the fragrance that lingers from the flower you see here! Enjoy that goodness that goes deep into the cup! Pay more for it—but don't miss it: Brown Gold—America's one and only All-Colombian Coffee.

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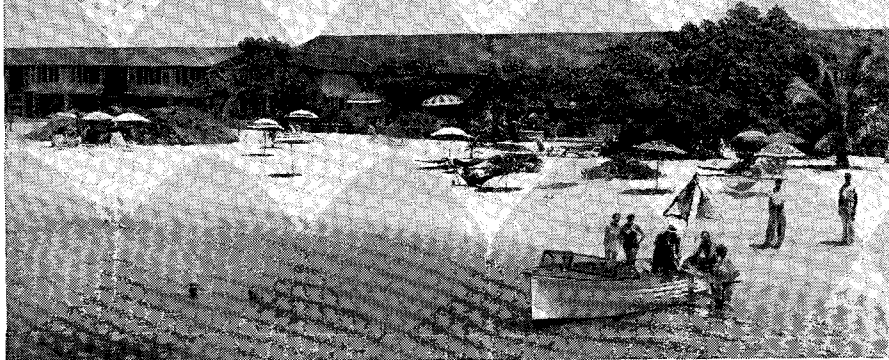
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tears, Idle Tears



WHILE the movie called "The Gift of Love" revolves around a dedicated astrophysicist, its purpose is presumably no more empyreal than to prove the therapeutic value of a good cry—not just a single hearty sob but all the gradations from low snuffling to lachrymal torrents. The picture, based on an adaptation by Luther Davis of a story by Nelia Gardner White and directed by Jean Negulesco, has to do with the astrophysicist himself (Robert Stack), his wife (Lauren Bacall), and an orphan they adopt when it becomes clear that no little blessing of their own will ever smudge up the wallpaper. Now, I shouldn't like to oversimplify the emotional vagaries of the principals involved in this Hollywood dowsing rod. Mr. Stack, who, as anyone can see, was made to play baseball with a small partner, wants a boy, and Miss Bacall wants anything at all in the way of a little one, but the orphan they eventually, and not altogether accountably, settle for is an eight-year-old girl (Evelyn Rudie), who plainly wants to be Shirley Temple. If it strikes you that the cream is already heavy enough, don't bank on it. Miss Bacall, it seems, is a cardiac case, and she takes on the Shirley Temple type to make sure her husband will have someone to love when she herself has gone into the Great Beyond. She does finally kick in, of course, and what does hubby do? Why, he sends wee Hitty (for that is Miss Rudie's name in the film) right back to the orphanage, evidently on the ground that she cannot handle a curve ball. The situation is pretty glum, but, you can be sure, it brightens before the film comes to an end. All this occurs near the West Coast, where Mr. Stack is allegedly a big wheel at an observatory. The scenery is nice around there.

THE Monégasques, so dear to us through a sort of consanguinity, are represented as a happy lot in "The Monte Carlo Story." But though their little homeland has an amiable air, and the incidental characters are relaxed and pleasant, I'm afraid that, all things considered, I haven't much to say for the film, in which Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica portray a couple of fast card-shufflers out to swindle

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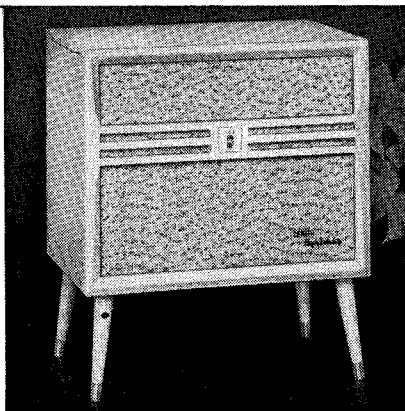
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visitors. Among the visitors are Arthur O'Connell, Natalie Trundy, Jane Rose, and Truman Smith, and they, as well as Miss Dietrich and Mr. De Sica, are fitfully entertaining, but the movie, which was written and directed by Samuel A. Taylor, is the sort of thing so often seen on television these days—a picture that won't upset your digestion if you happen to be one of those who dine on a tray while viewing.

ALTHOUGH you might, in a tolerant mood, leave "The Monte Carlo Story" on your television screen, "Darby's Rangers" is something that I'm sure you wouldn't allow in the house. This film, in which James Garner plays Colonel William Darby, is supposedly based on history. It is about some American Commandos who love girls, and who run through the Mediterranean theatre of war like a flame. They also get on your nerves.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

TO MAKE THE DESERT BLOOM

Boutagy has imported scores of pianos to radiate happiness unto famished souls. They are the perfect acme of perfection something superlative in every respect. Made by master craftsmen such as Britain is capable of producing they are ravishing in beauty, perfect in design, sturdy in workmanship and impart tantalising music such as make hearts palpitate. They are within the reach of everybody whatever station in life. Rental rates are reasonable and moderate and include maintenance. For thirty six dinars per annum you can rent a piano with option to purchase if you pay balance of valuation price agreed upon.

Boutagy has extensive warehouses at Tal Emile facing the Air Port where a galaxy of beauties in the piano world may be inspected any hour of the day or night as there is a caretaker on the site and Boutagy transports his pianos in his own fleet of vehicles to any address in the Jordan. Who in face of the above daresay that Boutagy is not struggling to make the desert bloom? who daresay that right in the heart of the Jordan there is an organisation whose mission in life is to afford the necessary facilities to tortured mankind to live comofrably and in peace.

Boutagy maintains a chain of stores throughout the Jordan Amman—Jerusalem—Nablus—Zerka—Hebron. Contact him and he will receive you with open arms. The mass exodus of the British has left a great vaccum in the Jordan piano world. Will their successors rise nobly to the occasion had extend their valuable support to Boutagy in his efforts to make the desert bloom. Let us hope so. God is merciful.

E. T. BOUTAGY
Managing Director

—Letter received by an American Foreign Service officer in Amman, Jordan.

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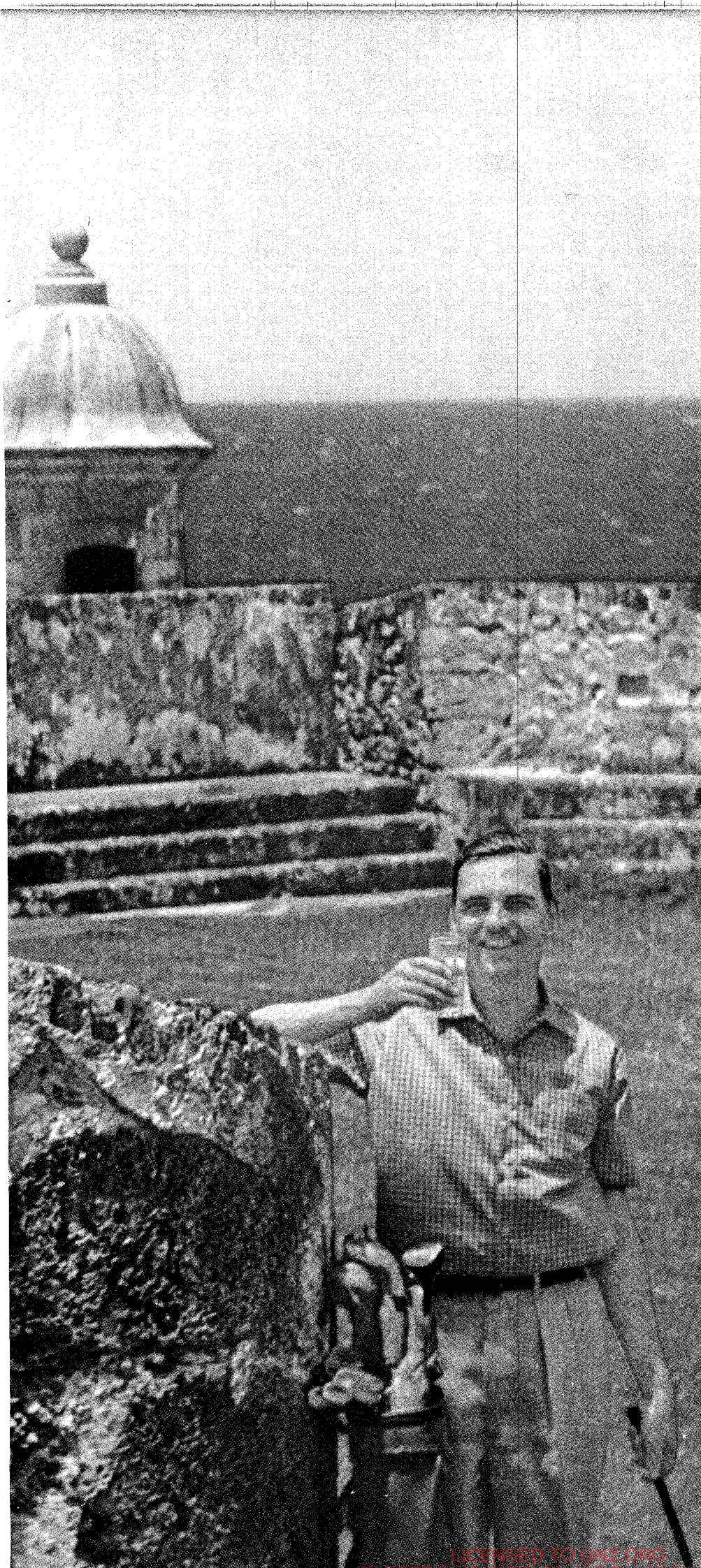
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*says Payson T. Lowell
of Boston, Massachusetts*

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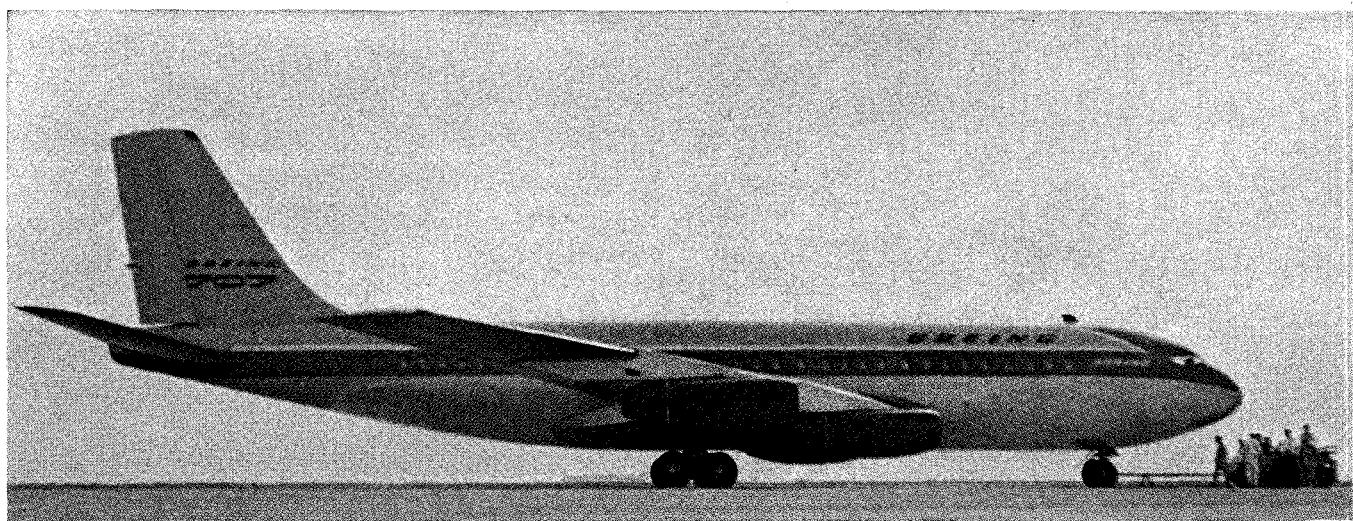
“The island itself is captivating. I never imagined myself making approach shots across the moat of an old Spanish fortress. My partner swears he heard ghostly laughter from that sentry box when I missed my putt.”

◀ Payson Lowell plays the amazing El Morro course in Old San Juan. Back home in Boston he reports, “Rum highballs have now become quite proper, when made with light Puerto Rican rum.”

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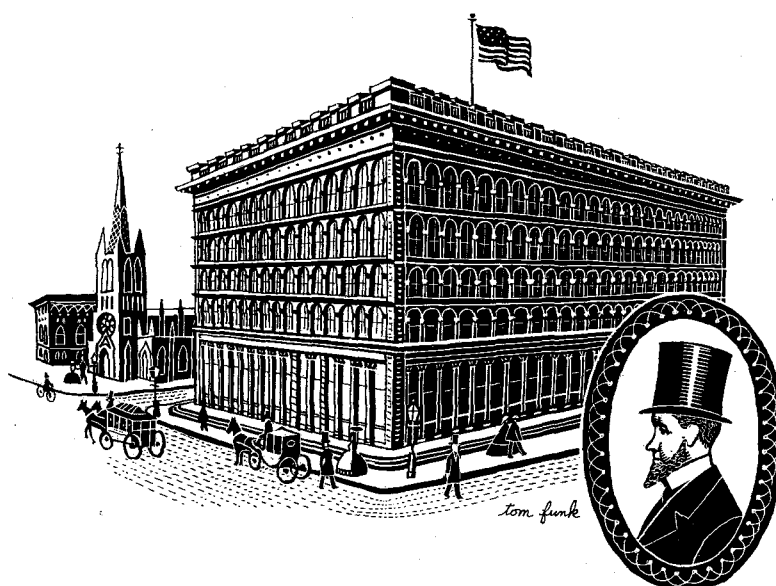
These airlines already have ordered models of the Boeing family of jetliners: AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN • B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • CUBANA • LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA • UNITED • VARIG

THAT WAS NEW YORK

DOUBLE DARKNESS AND WORST OF ALL

IN the front-page accounts of New York's most spectacular fire in two decades, which on the fourteenth and fifteenth of July, 1956, destroyed the vast, abandoned five-story department store at 780 Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth Streets, the newspapers quite properly referred to the ruined structure as "the old Wanamaker building." They thus distinguished it from the "new" Wanamaker building, a fourteen-story annex on the south side of Ninth Street, which was junior to the old one by forty-three years. A few of the papers mentioned on their inside pages that the old store had been built in 1862—some thirty years before Wanamaker took it over—by Alexander Turney Stewart, a prominent merchant of his day and the man who has been credited with originating the modern department store. None of them pointed out that of Stewart's three gigantic structural testimonials to his own fame and wealth that once weighed down the city only one was now left—a building, formerly his Marble Dry Goods Palace, that has stood since 1846 on the northeast corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, overlooking City Hall Park to the south.

In the *Times* of July 16th, the day after the fire, Stewart's name appeared just four times. Eighty years earlier, on April 11, 1876, the paper devoted six of its seven front-page columns to Stewart, who had died the previous afternoon, on his bed of solid rosewood inlaid with gold, in his marble mansion at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Stewart, the *Times* said, was "the richest merchant in the world," and his house, which was the third of his great buildings—the last to go up and the first to come down—was described as "the most costly and luxurious private residence on the continent." Three days after Stewart's death, with all the flags in the city flying at half-mast, spectators packed the sidewalks flanking the two-mile route from his house to his grave, at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie; a hundred and fifty carriages were in the cortege that accompanied his coffin



to the church. A few days later, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* brought out a special Stewart Funeral Edition, while the *New York Trade Reporter* declared, "What Newton was amongst scientists, Watt amongst inventors, such was Stewart amongst commercial men. He is doubtless destined to be a central figure in future histories of America, as being the first man who looms grandly up, Saul-like, from the level of the commercial age." Simultaneously, the architectural journals argued that Stewart would be even better remembered for the buildings he had put up, which, one of them noted, were "always on a stupendous scale [and] excited the admiration of some and the wonder of all." To the financial community, the most impressive thing was Stewart's estate of fifty million dollars—outranked only by the Astor and Vanderbilt millions as the greatest American fortune up to that time. Indeed, a London journalist figured out that it would have allowed Frederick the Great of Prussia to keep a million men under arms for a whole year.

"In point of fact, Mr. Stewart owned property all over the universe," Henry Hilton, the executor of the estate, informed the press on the day after the merchant's death. In point of fact, Stewart did not own property all over the universe, but he had done pretty well on the terrestrial globe. He held title to more New York City real estate than any man except William Astor; he owned the Globe Theatre, Niblo's Garden, and the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, the Grand Union Hotel, in Saratoga Springs, and ten thousand

acres—more than two-thirds the area of Manhattan—on western Long Island, where he built Garden City as a model town. His two stores—the Marble Dry Goods Palace and the precursor of Wanamaker—were fed by nine factories he owned in Europe. During the middle eighteen-hundreds, a tenth of the imports handled by the Port of New York were consigned to Stewart; despite the convenient circumstance that the Port's deputy collector was his brother-in-law,

the customs duties he paid made him by far the largest single contributor to the national treasury. In 1869, the Republican President Ulysses S. Grant proposed to make him, in effect, both taxpayer and tax collector; he sent Stewart's name to Congress for confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury. Confirmation did not come through, because Stewart, when confronted with the dilemma that more recently confronted Charles E. Wilson, declined to sell his business and comply with the law forbidding "any person who shall directly or indirectly be concerned in carrying on the business of trade or commerce" to take the post. Less than two years later, New York's Democratic Tweed Ring triumphantly announced Stewart as its candidate for Mayor, but in this case Stewart himself refused to confirm the appointment. He was important enough to be able to act like that. When he tripped on the front steps of his Fifth Avenue house on a spring afternoon in 1873, the *World* printed a front-page story to the effect that he had sprained an ankle. The next day, the *Times* ran a lead editorial roundly chiding its rival for sensationalism—not because it had overplayed the story but because it had caused the whole nation grave concern when, in fact, Stewart hadn't been hurt at all.

Hilton had reason for his space-ranging exuberance. Except for the widow, he was the only person who benefited substantially from Stewart's will—to the extent of a million dollars. ("Had hypnotism been as familiar in the seventies as it is now," the *Times* wrote at the time of Hilton's death,



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some twenty years later, "it might have been supposed that Stewart was living under a hypnotic spell.") Furthermore, three days after the funeral, he put his bequest to very guileful use: he transferred his claim on the estate to Mrs. Stewart in return for the Tenth Street store, its stock of goods, its factories and mills, and its good will.

Even during his lifetime, Stewart had not achieved much distinction as a philanthropist, his largess having been limited mostly to a few melodramatic gestures—a gift of fifty thousand dollars to Chicago, for example, on the day after that city's great fire, and a shipload of provisions to Ireland at the height of the famine. He built a six-story cast-iron hotel on Park Avenue for working women of cast-iron reputation, but the rentals charged these virtuous ladies were so high that the enterprise went broke. During his years of affluence, Stewart invested nearly a million dollars in art works, his taste running to outsize contemporary French paintings, and while few of them would be regarded today as shrewd investments, at least one of them—Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair"—has found its way into the Metropolitan. It is not there as a gift from Stewart, however. Not a statue or a canvas from his collection, nor a penny in cash, entered into any part of the public domain at his death.

"There are many who will compare the work of a man of moderate fortune like Peter Cooper with that of a man of unlimited resources like A. T. Stewart and will regret that the great dry-goods merchant should not have given to the city, to which he owed so much, some better reason than he appears to have done for holding him in lasting honor," grumbled the *Times*, after the contents of the will were made public. In a world as yet unenlightened by a whole generation of Ivy Lees and unaware of the joys of deductibility, however, not all the critics took such a stern view of the obligations of wealth, or of the terms of a contract guaranteeing immortality. The *Sun*, for instance, saw Stewart in an entirely different perspective. "Our rich men are apt to feel no sense of their public responsibility and are not held to it by public opinion," it observed, and added that Stewart, by embellishing Manhattan with three noteworthy buildings, was one rich man who *had* discharged his responsibility to the public, in contrast to "the late Mr. Astor, who never in his life erected a house, improved a lot, or contributed to the architectural his-



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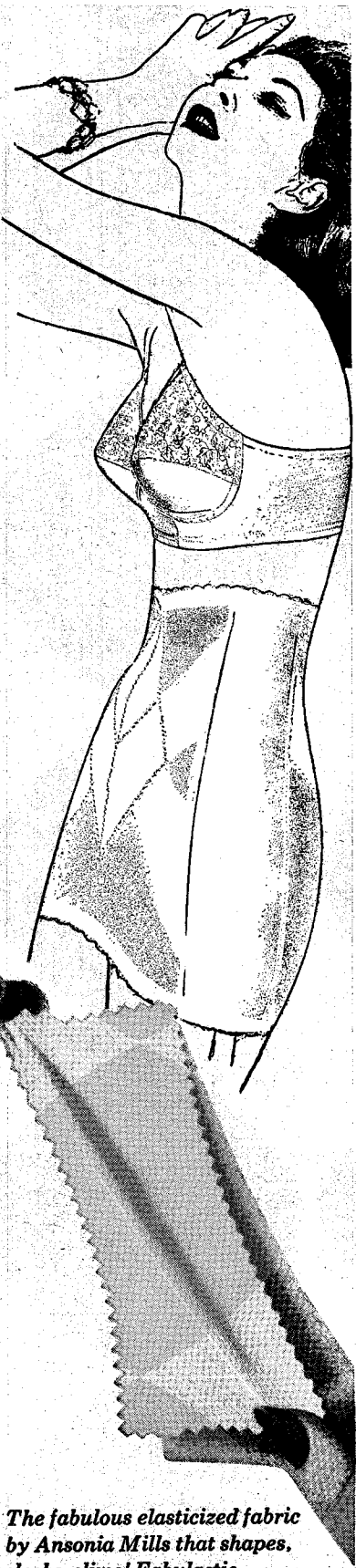
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tory of the city with an eye to the public good."

IF Stewart's name means nothing to most people today, his face is even less familiar. This was Stewart's own doing. In his later years—possibly sensing a wry contrast between his own limited physical endowments and the architectural grandeur with which he had surrounded himself—he tried to buy up, in order to destroy, all existing portraits of himself, and refused to sit for new ones. According to what sparse evidence survives, he was an undersized, wiry man with sharp features, sandy hair, stringy side whiskers, and large, cold blue eyes. He was famously close-mouthed; in his office, he always pitched his thin, rather effeminate voice very low, to discourage eavesdroppers. He dressed entirely in black; except for silver buckles on his shoes, his only ornament was a gold watch, which he wore on a black cord, and he once fired for extravagance a drapery clerk who showed up with a gold watch chain. He was notorious for holding his seven thousand employees to the lowest wage scale in the city. To the best of his ability, he avoided human companionship in his office—a small one, on the second floor of his Marble Dry Goods Palace—by furnishing it with only one chair, his own. He was good to his mother but kept her out of sight; in fact, for the last twenty years of her life he let it be thought that she was dead.

According to a distantly authorized version of Stewart's background and early life (to which a conspicuous close relative might have proved embarrassing), he arrived in this country from Ireland in 1818, at the age of fifteen—a graduate of Trinity College, in Dublin, a former Church of England divinity student, a scion of a landed family, and heir to a thousand pounds. Actually, it appears that he was born in 1801, in the town of Lisburn, in County Antrim; that his parents, like their forebears, were lacemakers; that his education ended during his last year at a secondary classical school in Belfast, after time out for a term of service in a grocer's shop; and that his prospective inheritance was about a hundred pounds. (As for the date of his arrival here, it was probably 1820.) Whatever the true extent of his education, it was adequate for him to get a job as a teacher in a boys' school near Chatham Square, where he remained for a few years. He then returned home to claim his inheritance, which, whether a thousand pounds or a hundred, enabled

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him to buy up enough Irish drygoods to stock a linen store that he opened in September, 1823, on the first floor of a two-story building at 283 Broadway, near Chambers Street.

The linen store was small (twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep), but its annual rental of three hundred and seventy-five dollars included a habitable room upstairs. The room was big enough for two, and a couple of months after opening his store Stewart married. His wife was a rather plain woman, of whom little is known beyond the fact that her last name was Clinch. (It was her brother who became the deputy collector.) During the next half-dozen years, Stewart moved his store twice, each time to larger quarters on Broadway, just south of his first location. He must have done very well indeed, for in 1845 he was able to raise sixty-five thousand dollars to buy a site at 280 Broadway for his Marble Dry Goods Palace—a site that he kept adding to until it took up the entire block from Chambers Street to Reade Street, with a frontage of more than two hundred feet on City Hall Park. The *New York Mirror* reported that he would soon leave “the low-browed and dingy long room in which he has amassed a fortune.” Thanks to Stewart, the *Mirror* added, “Shopping is to be invested with architectural glories!” Even with the exclamation point, this turned out to be no overstatement.

The long room in which Stewart had amassed a fortune was not the only low-browed and dingy establishment in the neighborhood in those days. In fact, except for City Hall and a few severe, granite Greek Revival structures along Wall Street, Manhattan in 1842 had no buildings of any distinction whatever; to Charles Dickens, visiting New York that year, the city appeared “low, dull, straggling, ill-built.” Broadway itself was paved only as far north as the site Stewart had selected for his new store—a location that many people considered regrettable, since it was on the unfashionable east (or, as it was then known, the “shilling”) side of the street. Not long after the *Mirror* first reported on Stewart’s plans, it observed, less exultantly, “If the pavement in front is sprinkled twice a day with eau de Cologne, and Mr. Stewart doubles the price of his goods . . . it may do away with the fashionable prejudice against the promenade of the nobodies.”

IN 1846, at the northern extremity and on the wrong side of this promenade, Stewart opened his Marble Dry



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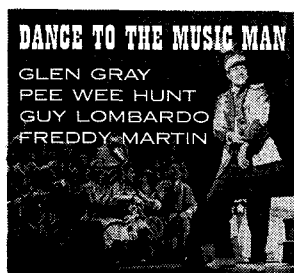


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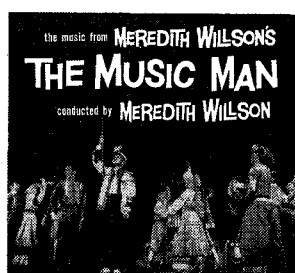
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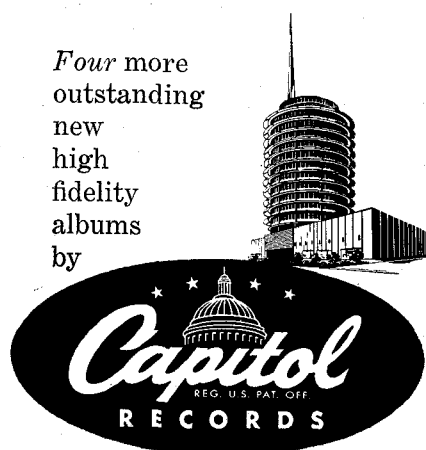


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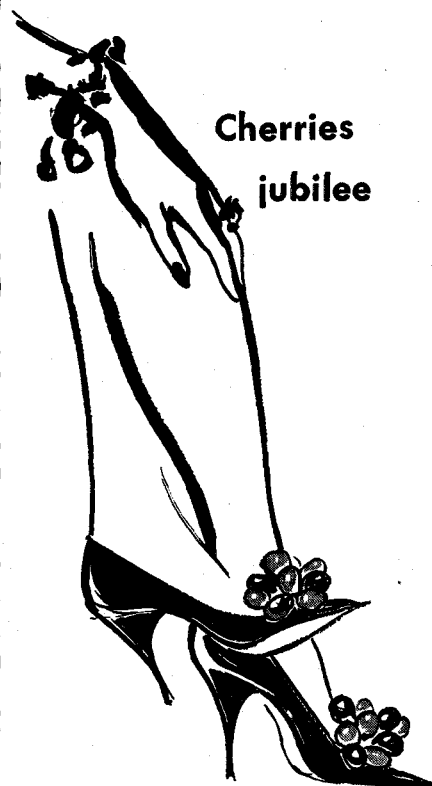
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Goods Palace—the first store, in the words of *Godey's Lady's Book*, “to put a thousand retail stores under one roof.” In an era when the cult of the small specialty shop had been carried to such extremes that one merchant, on Chatham Square, sold nothing but combs, and a local newspaper predicted the imminent setting up of a chain of shops that would each be devoted to silk ribbon of a different color, Stewart's customers were staggered to discover that here, in a single store, they could buy mattresses, Oriental rugs, clothing for adults and children, carriage harnesses, sheets, penny papers of pins, five-thousand-dollar cloaks, military boots, Paris hats, and cloth of gold at fifty dollars a yard. And the building itself was just as staggering. “Vast, marmorean, plate-glassy”—so Henry James, half a century later, recalled this first architectural blockbuster of Stewart's. It was all those things. Five stories of cream-colored marble, late-Italian-Renaissance-palazzo in style, it was said to have cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At a time when small, leaded windowpanes were the custom, Stewart installed a lavish number of windows—some as big as seven by eleven feet—paned with single sheets of plate glass, which he had imported from Paris. On the roof of the building was a dome that reached to a height of eighty feet above the street, and the store's block-long Broadway frontage was adorned with a row of fluted Corinthian pillars, which one writer described as “exquisitely rich in leafage and fruited delicately.” (By courtesy of Stewart's Tammany connections—among them Hilton, who was one of Boss Tweed's hatchet men—the marble vegetation was later supplemented by authentic shrubbery and window-box arrangements, which the city maintained at a reported cost of eighteen thousand dollars a year.) Inside, a central hall a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, which was loosely called a rotunda, rose the full height of the building to the dome. The main floor was a single tremendous room—the ceiling above being supported by thin cast-iron pillars, imported from Scotland—and nearly all the store's retail business was done there. Carpets were displayed in the basement and sub-basement, and the upper floors, less spacious because of the rotunda, were given over to storage and to wholesale trade. A great lantern was suspended from the dome, and on winter mornings and at dusk (the store was open from seven to seven, six days a week) its light was augmented by



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Memorable buffet in San Francisco

Of all the informal evenings I have enjoyed, none is more memorable than a buffet in San Francisco. The food was disarmingly simple, but the flavor superb. When I asked my hostess how she achieved this effect, she said, "Our abundant fresh fruits help make plain food distinctive. But most important is the skillful use of Tabasco. It adds flavor to everything served tonight." Then she gave me these recipes:

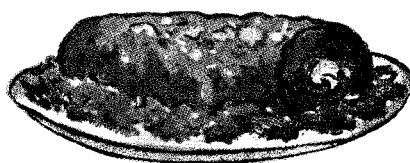
SUNSET SALAD

Dressing:

1 cup sour cream 2 tablesp.
½ cup chutney, mayonnaise
 chopped ½ teasp. Tabasco
Combine. Yields about 1½ cups.

Salad: Arrange cut fruits and vegetables on lettuce on large platter. Particularly good are: tomatoes, avocado, cucumber, asparagus, pineapple, apple, banana, pear, melon and fresh berries. Add a mound of cottage cheese, let guests select own salad combinations.

BEEF SAN MATEO



1½ lbs. ground beef	¼ teasp. ground
1 clove garlic,	cloves
minced	¼ cup chopped
1½ teasp. salt	dried apricots
½ teasp. Tabasco	¼ cup sliced water
1 egg, separated	chestnuts
1 cup cooked rice †	4 pineapple sticks

Combine beef, garlic, salt, Tabasco, egg white. Form 8 x 11 in. rectangle on foil. Mix egg yolk and other ingredients except pineapple. Spread on meat. Top with pineapple set crosswise. Lifting foil, roll as for jelly roll. Use foil as pan liner. Bake at 350° (mod. oven) about 45 min. 6 to 8 servings.

Sauce: Mix ¼ cup each pineapple juice, chopped dried apricots, pineapple, 1 tablesp. brown sugar, dash Tabasco to meat drippings. Bring to boil, pour over meat. Serve flambé if desired. †Add ¼ teasp. Tabasco per cup water when cooking rice.

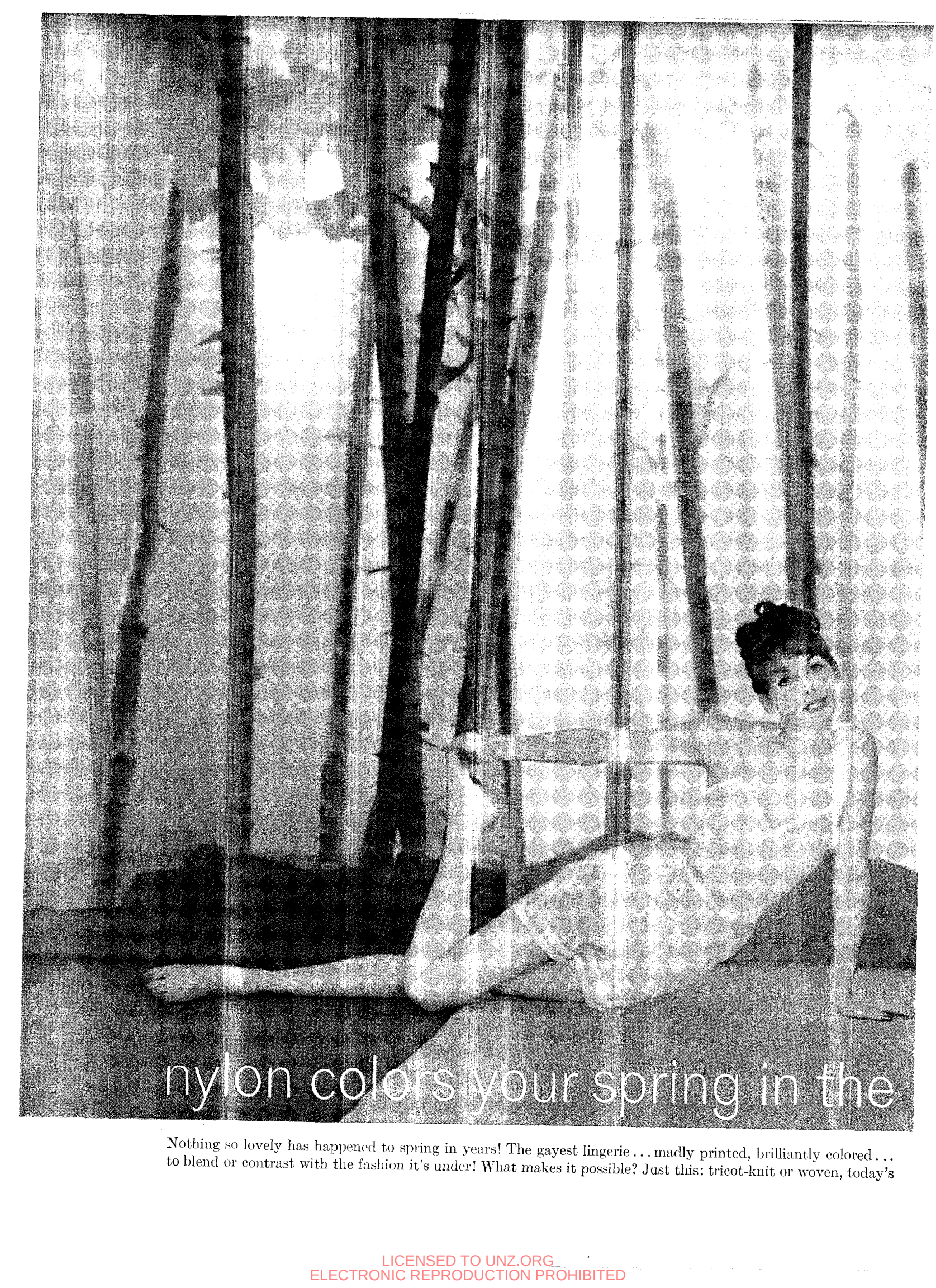
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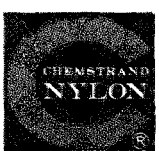
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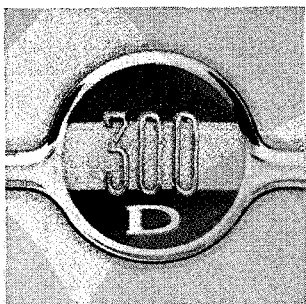


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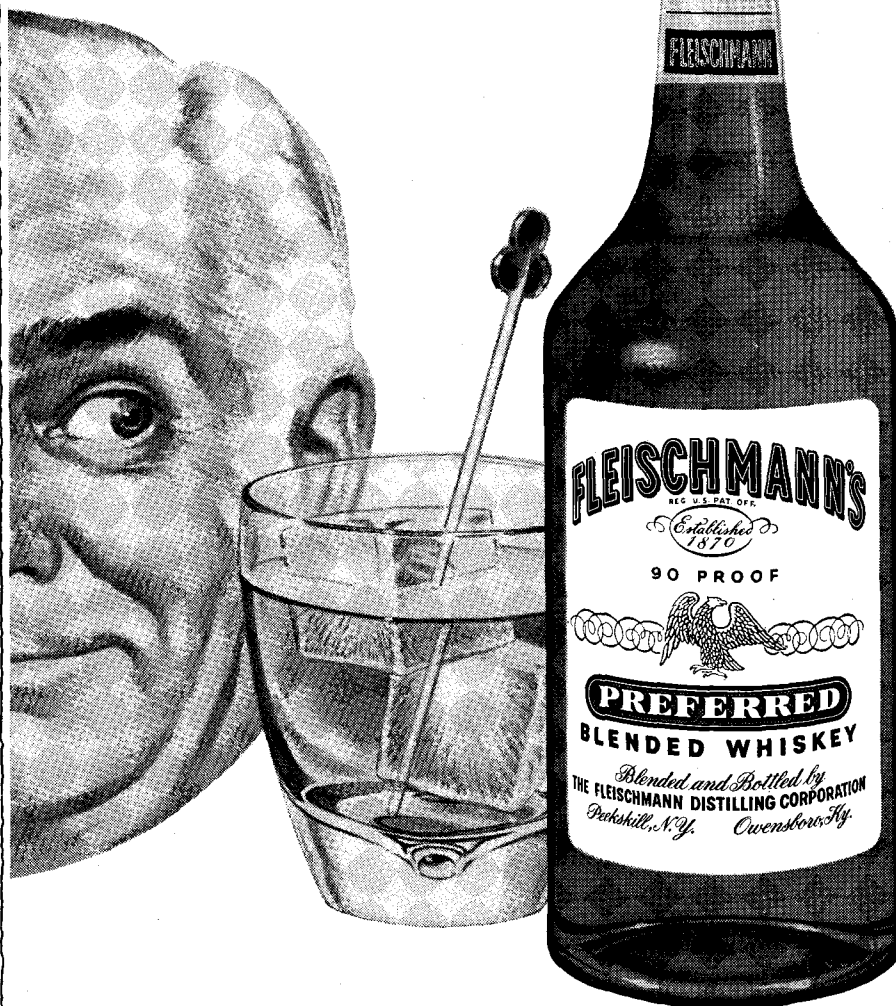
four hundred gas fixtures. Altogether, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* declared later, the store "tyrannized over the rest of the street. . . . It rises out of the sea of green foliage in the Park, a white marble cliff. . . ."

Harper's could be said to have been speaking for most of Stewart's American contemporaries, still nursing many of their Colonial-era inferiority neuroses. On the other side of the Atlantic, there was less awe. John Ruskin called the style of the building—essentially, elaborate ornamentation imposed on a simple Greco-Roman outline, with touches, as in the dome, of the Byzantine and the Romanesque—"utterly devoid of all life, virtue, honor, or power of doing good . . . base, unnatural, unfruitful, unenjoyable, and impious . . . [a style] in which all luxury is gratified and all insolence fortified . . . an architecture invented to make plagiarists of its architects, slaves of its workmen, and Sybarites of its inhabitants." But apparently the lady shoppers of New York did not read Ruskin. From early morning "until the shades of evening begin to settle upon the city," one commentator reported, "an incessant current of carriages can be seen approaching and leaving [the building] and, as upon Jacob's ladder, an unbroken file of angels ascending and descending its marble steps." In addition to being a spectacular success in itself, the Palace instantly set off "architectural repercussions all up and down the Atlantic seaboard," in the words of a recent historian, who goes on to state, "By 1850 . . . the ornate palazzo was the overwhelmingly popular style in commercial architecture and remained so for the next twenty-five years."

ARCHITECTURALLY, the remarkable thing about the Marble Dry Goods Palace was that it represented any style at all, for, as far as can be determined, no trained architect had a hand in planning it. Architectural historians have long thought that its design was the result of a collaboration between Stewart, who had collected a large library of books on Renaissance architecture, and a local sculptor named Ottaviano Gori, though evidence has lately cropped up suggesting that a man named J. B. Snook was also involved. Snook, it is true, subsequently became a prosperous architect in his own right, but in 1842, when work on the plans for the Palace must have been under way, he was only twenty-seven years old and was listing himself in the city directory as a carpenter and builder. The only way an

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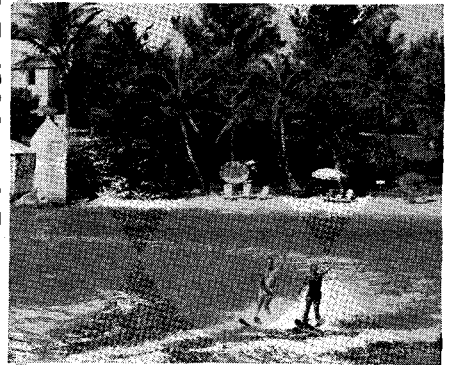
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American could become an architect a century ago was to call himself one, as Snook did. In fact, there was not one professionally educated American architect practicing in this country until 1855, when Richard Morris Hunt returned home after a decade of studying architecture at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. The first American school to provide formal architectural training didn't get started until 1868 (at M.I.T.), and New York had no institution of the kind until 1881, when Columbia founded one as part of its School of Mines.

The lack of facilities for architectural training did not, of course, put a damper on architectural ingenuity. One of the most ingenious New Yorkers of Stewart's day was James Bogardus, who indirectly gave new direction to Stewart's edifice complex. Like Snook, Bogardus vaulted into the profession on his own, though he called himself a building engineer, rather than an architect. Born in 1800, he was only twenty-four when he took out a patent on an eight-day clock, which proved to be the first of several dozen profitable inventions of his, including a sugar mill that led to his being listed in the city directory as "eccentric mill-maker"—a reference not to his personal habits but to the fact that his mill used off-center grinding wheels. In 1836, he went to Europe for a stay of several years, and while there he designed the machine on which England's first postage stamps—the penny blacks—were engraved. He also visited Italy, and it was the sight of the abundant and decorative use of metal in that country's Renaissance architecture that turned his mind from eight-day clocks and stamp machines to building. Returning to New York, he bought an ironworks and, early in 1849, contracted to build a wholesale grocery store, on the northwest corner of Washington and Murray Streets, that would have not only an all-iron framework but iron walls on its two street façades. Although iron beams and columns had been sporadically used since the eighteen-twenties as auxiliary supports—like those thin pillars Stewart ordered from Scotland for his Chambers Street store—a building such as Bogardus proposed was unheard of. In the conventional commercial structures of the day, the walls were of masonry, and bore the full weight of the upper floors and the roof; in order to hold up a building of, say, half a dozen stories, they had to be four or five feet thick at the base. (The walls of Stewart's Marble Dry Goods Palace were five feet thick at the

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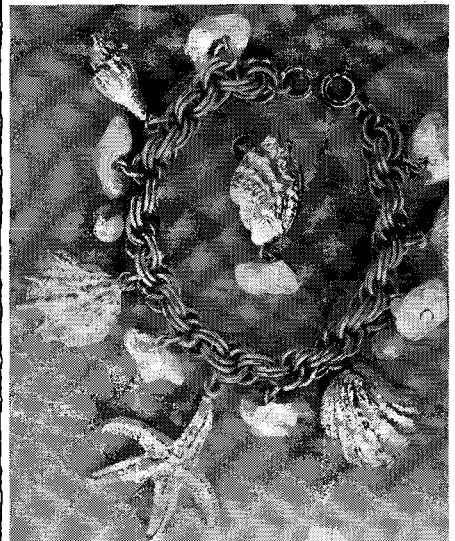


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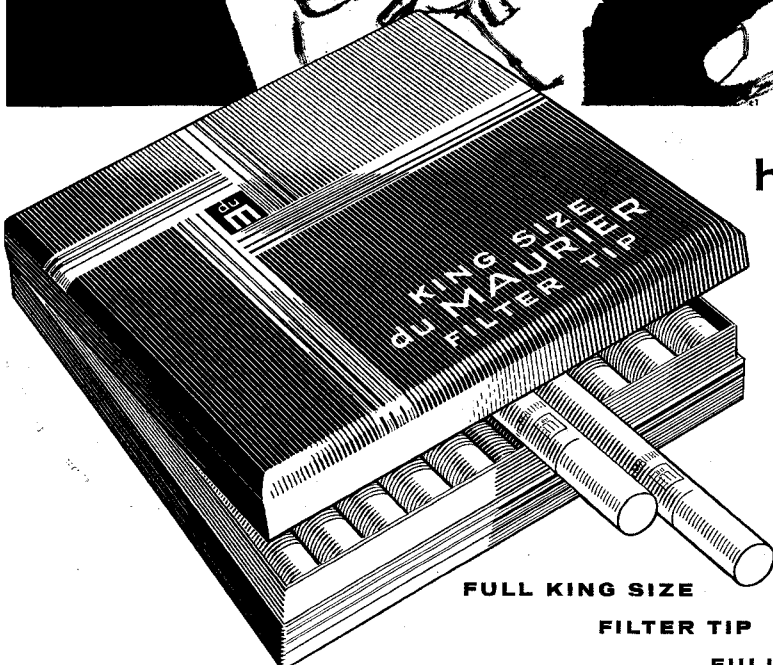
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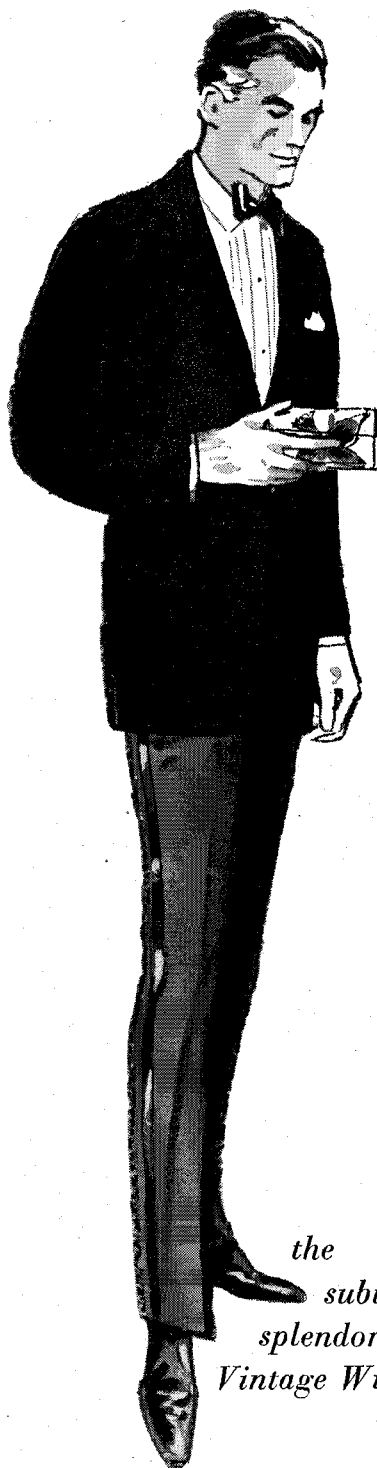
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base.) Bogardus planned to have an iron "cage" support the weight of the floors, leaving the walls—of elaborately decorated cast-iron panels bolted together end to end and side by side—to support only themselves, on a framework of cast-iron uprights and wrought-iron crossbeams. (Wrought iron, being less brittle than cast iron, had been found to stand up better under vertical stress.) Despite a good deal of reactionary skepticism, he succeeded, sprinting all the way; the four-story structure was finished in two months. In time, Bogardus's iron grocery store came to be recognized as the intermediate step between the old multiple-story buildings, with their massive walls of brick or stone, and the modern skyscraper, in which the steel framework bears all the weight, with the walls serving merely as protective curtains against the elements. A few years ago, John A. Kouwenhoven, in "The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York," called the Bogardus store "the direct ancestor of such modern steel-and-glass skyscrapers as Lever House and the United Nations Building."

Before long, not only Bogardus but several other ironworks proprietors had all the orders for iron buildings they could handle. The buildings were more expensive than the old-fashioned kind, but they went up three times as fast, and, of course, the thinness of their walls provided many additional square feet of floor space on their lower stories. The trend had little effect on the outward appearance of the cities, though, since iron buildings were not considered particularly stylish—no private houses hereabouts were built of iron—and their façades were disguised as thoroughly as possible by being cast in precise imitation of the rosetted and voluted moldings and capitals of their stone-faced neighbors, and then painted white to resemble marble. The fact that the paint could be renewed annually was an added attraction in a city increasingly clouded with smoke from the very ironworks that were busily turning out this alternative to smudged stone.

What was probably most effective in winning people over to iron buildings, however, was the contention—much advertised and widely believed for a while—that they were virtually fire-proof. Their walls, so the catalogue of one ironworks proclaimed, constituted "absolute barriers to the further progress of the devouring element"—certainly a reassuring thought in a day when, as a *Tribune* editorial mourned, "our cities have a habit of vanishing in

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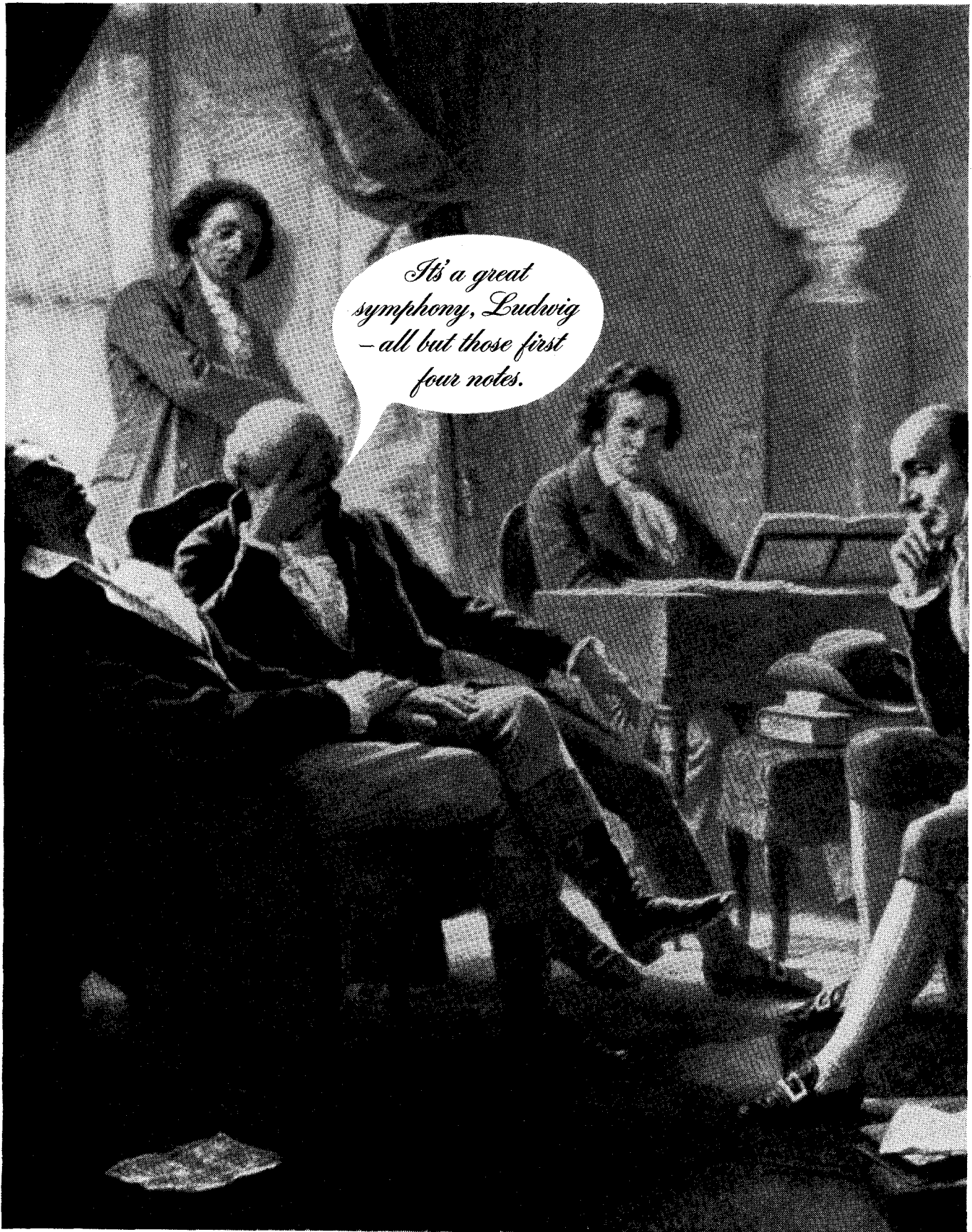
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Maybe no one actually said this to Beethoven, but then he wasn't in the advertising business. In this business, it's a wise creative supervisor, or review board member, or client who knows when—and when not—to tinker with an ad, a commercial or an idea. We like to think that the ones we have are wise and that the advertising we produce proves it.

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Young Inc.

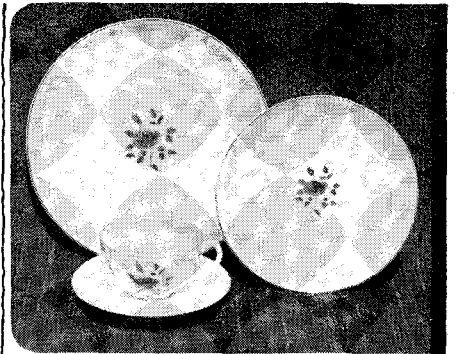
5th Avenue at 57th Street

flames." Scientists knew that uninsulated iron loses its strength when subjected to intense heat, but the general public clung to the illusion of invulnerability until first Chicago and then Boston nearly vanished in flames in the early eighteen-seventies. In both cities, many iron structures collapsed, even though they were themselves untouched by fire, and the age of the cast-iron building collapsed with them.

Numerous relics of the cast-iron days are still to be found in Manhattan. In what has become a vast warehouse and wholesale district, stretching, roughly, from Broadway to West Broadway, and then, at Washington Square, veering westward to the river around the enclave of Greenwich Village and extending northward as far as Twenty-third Street, dozens of sturdy leftovers from that almost forgotten era survive, laced now—as they were not when in their prime—with mandatory fire escapes and sprinkler systems. And in their midst stands the forerunner of them all—Bogardus's grocery building, at Washington and Murray, now moldering in the shadow of the West Side Highway and occupied in the early hours of the morning by a wholesale fruit-and-vegetable dealer.

IN 1859, a mere thirteen years after the unbroken file of angels began passing through the doors of the Marble Dry Goods Palace, *Godey's Lady's Book* reported that "the gay equipages and flashing harness" in front of the store had "given way to the solid dray." The city was pushing northward, and Stewart decided to push with it; he would move his retail business uptown and turn his Chambers Street store into a wholesale depot. Accordingly, he took a sixty-year lease on the eastern corner of the old Randall Farm, about a mile up Broadway, and gave some thought to putting up a building there. Bogardus's cast-iron innovation was then at the high tide of its popularity, so the new building would be of cast iron. It would not be just another cast-iron building, however; it would be the largest and grandest cast-iron building in the country. And so things turned out. For years, the place was known variously as the Cast Iron Palace and the Great Iron Store. Then all that faded to "the old Wanamaker building."

Unlike the Marble Dry Goods Palace, the Great Iron Store officially had an architect—one John Kellum. Shortly after Kellum's death, in 1871, a newspaper described him as a man whom Stewart had "employed and



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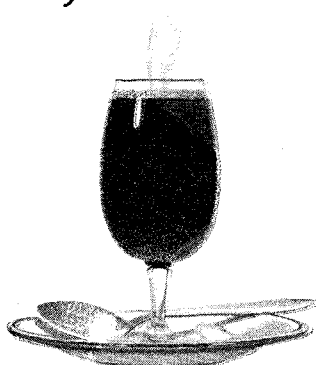
*"The only correct coffee is the
after-dinner coffee!"*

4 Delightful Ways to Serve Medaglia d'Oro...The True Espresso



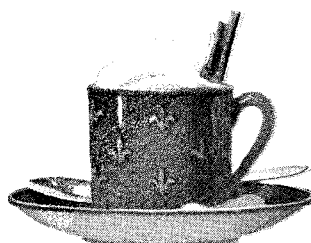
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Most everyone knows *it is incorrect to serve a breakfast coffee after dinner*, but do you know how *simple* it is to prepare Medaglia d'Oro, the correct after-dinner coffee? Brew and serve it romantically in a macchinetta — or in any coffee maker. Serve piping hot with twist of lemon peel. Add sugar to taste. Incomparable!



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Stir a teaspoon of rum in a steaming glass or demi-tasse of Medaglia d'Oro. Add twist of lemon peel. Sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow. And the rich coffee flavor *cannot* be imitated because Medaglia d'Oro double-roasts the world's finest coffee beans to achieve it!



CAFÉ SOIRÉE

Brew enough Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 teaspoons sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 small curl orange peel. Add the Medaglia d'Oro coffee, heat to just below boiling point. Add 4 ozs. rum, strain and serve. Top each demi-tasse with unsweetened whipped cream, if desired. Your guests will be enchanted!

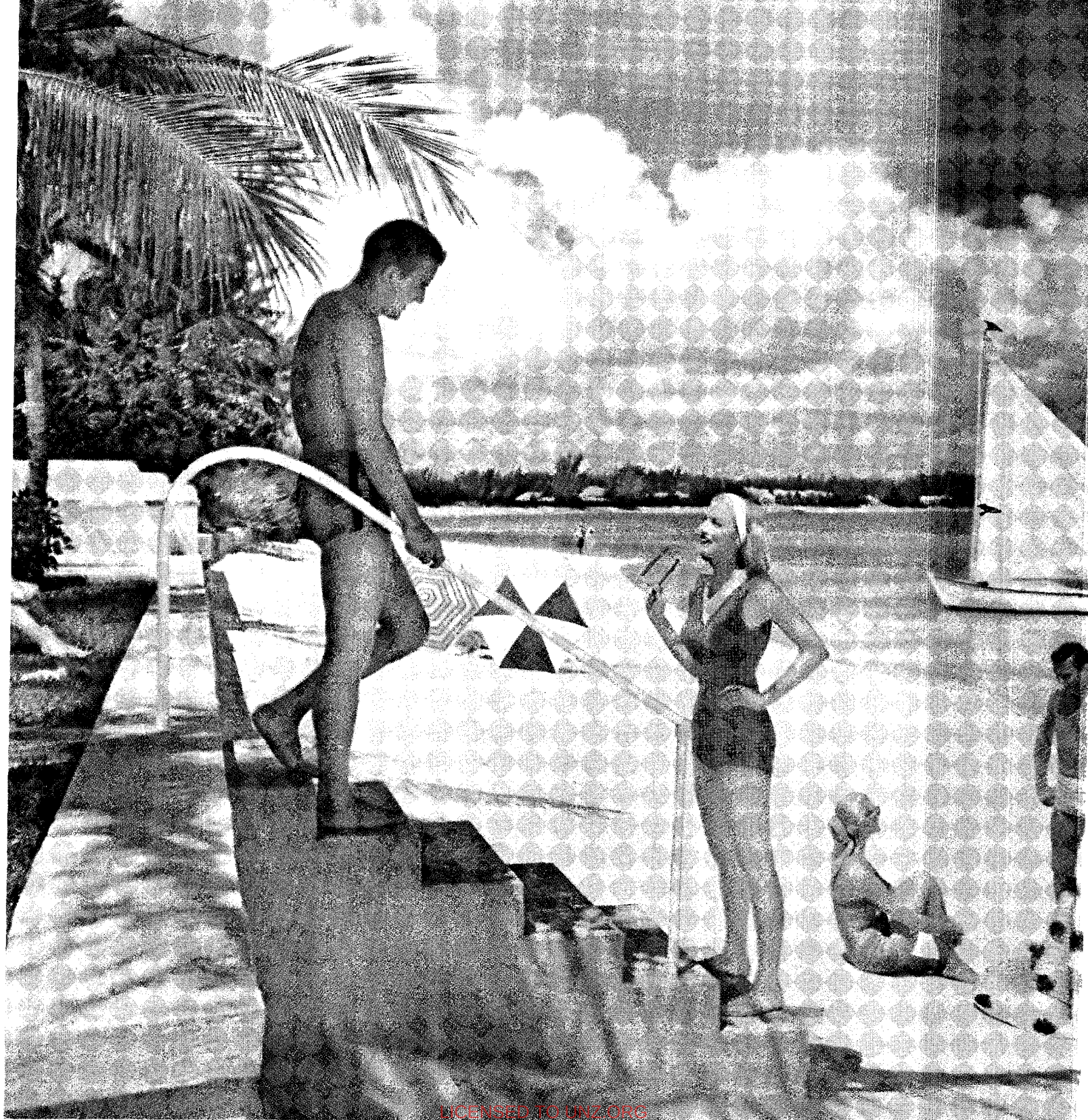


CAFÉ ROYAL

Place lump of sugar in teaspoonful of cognac. Hold spoon over demi-tasse of hot Medaglia d'Oro. Ignite—then lower spoon, thereby firing entire surface. It's a memorable after-dinner treat. And remember, please, throughout the civilized world Medaglia d'Oro is regarded as the *only* correct after-dinner coffee! Try it soon.

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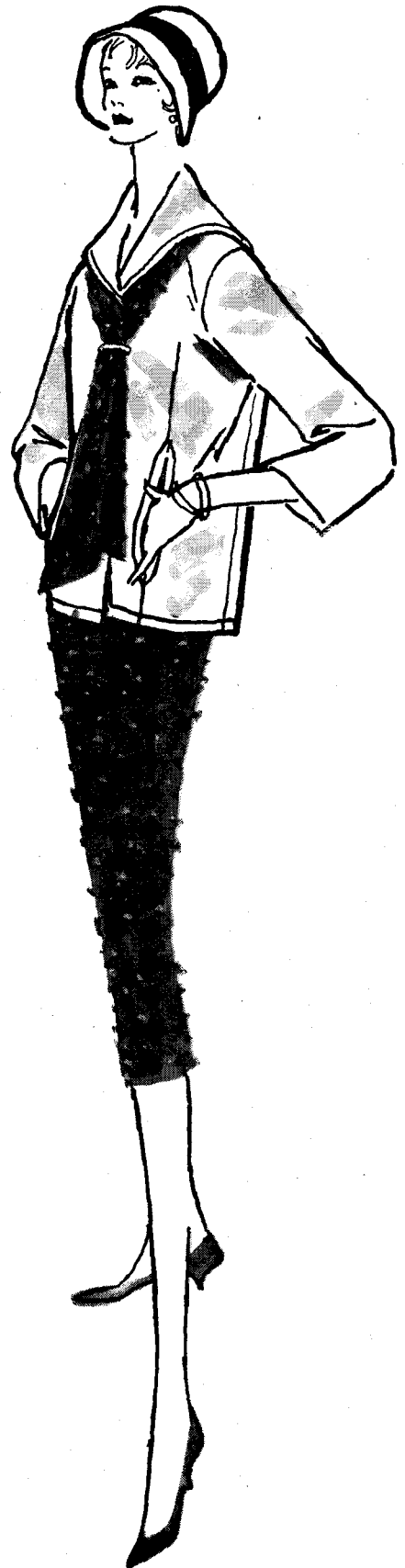
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Photo opposite page by Frederic Maura

brought into notice," and from this and other evidence it seems probable that here, again, Stewart himself was principally responsible for the design of his building. (Stewart employees, no matter what their jobs, did not enjoy many opportunities for exercising initiative. "Do you see all those persons about here?" Stewart once said to Peter Cooper, waving a skinny arm to indicate a host of scuttering clerks. "Well, there isn't a man of them who is allowed the slightest discretion.") Kellum, who for many years before he came to Stewart's attention was a carpenter in Brooklyn, is not mentioned with any special respect by architectural historians, one of whom has remarked that his major claim to fame, aside from the Great Iron Store, is the Tweed courthouse—a building that, as perhaps the most graft-ridden piece of construction in history, was somewhat more significant sociologically than aesthetically.

Stewart opened his Great Iron Store in 1862 and spent the next six years enlarging it. When, at last, it was completed—at a reported cost of \$2,750,000—it covered the entire block from Broadway to Fourth Avenue and from Ninth Street to Tenth Street, or an area of one and three-quarters acres, and it contained a total of eight acres of floor space in its five stories (all constructed without partitions of any kind), or just about as much as Manhattan's present-day Coliseum. It was, in fact, the world's largest retail drygoods store. As an architectural wonder, it set off a prodigious wave of excitement, even though in one respect, at least, it was less radical than Bogardus's initial cast-iron building; in Stewart's store, many of the floor beams were of the traditional oak, sixteen inches thick. What was unprecedented, though, was its extensive and dramatic use of the cast-iron-wall idea. Since each of its sides faced a street, all four façades were of cast iron, pressed into the shapes of slender columns and piers and arches. The style was Venetian-Renaissance-palazzo, which Ruskin described as "Renaissance grafted on Byzantine, Renaissance on Gothic, then Renaissance on Renaissance, which is double darkness and worst of all," and the attempt to reproduce this in iron drove Ruskin's local followers to smoldering fury. To Ruskin, indeed, any structural use of iron was so abhorrent that he branded the Rouen Cathedral "not architecture at all" because of its cast-iron central spire.

Less thoroughly indoctrinated critics, however, went into ecstasies over the Great Iron Store. The New York *Her-*



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NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

ald marvelled at its "most beautiful style of architecture," and the *World* announced flatly that "there is nothing anywhere in the world even approximating it in extent and magnificence." The newspapers almost unanimously admired the interior as well, where a fifty-foot-wide glass-roofed rotunda extended from the main floor to the top of the building, providing, together with five hundred windows, what one journalist called "a continuous flood of golden light." More golden light came from gilt chandeliers hanging from the ceilings of all five floors. The upper galleries could be reached by no fewer than six steam elevators, among the first of their kind in the city. After looking down from one of those galleries at the scene on the main floor, a reporter wrote that "the gaily dressed, restless, ever-changing throng is like a waving tulip bed or the glittering of a kaleidoscope, with an ascending hum that marks a hive of human activity and industry." No crass displays of merchandise cluttered the street-floor windows to lure the throng inside—a gesture of cultivated detachment so unusual that *Godey's Lady's Book* took note of it, observing, "Not even a tendril of enticement is outwardly put forth here." Stewart carried this restraint to such an extreme that he did not inscribe the name of his firm—A. T. Stewart & Co.—on the store front, explaining that customers would hardly be likely to mistake so magnificent a building for any other. Nor was his faith misplaced. In the eighteen-sixties, the city had just over seven hundred thousand citizens, and in a single day as many as fifty thousand customers would push their way through the six wide entrances that opened onto the main floor, which came to be referred to as "the largest room in the world."

STEWART cultivated his tulip bed profitably. In 1864, when a temporary federal income tax was levied to help meet the costs of fighting the Civil War, he was obliged to ante up ten per cent of an annual income of four million dollars. But he was still Irish and still a tradesman, which meant that socially he was a nobody. In fact, the London *Spectator*, reporting on his immense wealth, didn't even mention his name; he was identified only as "a dry goods person." So Kellum was called in again, this time to design a proper mansion for a man with a four-million-dollar income. The site was the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, which Stewart

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had recently bought from S. P. Townsend, known as the Sarsaparilla King, for two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and the new house was to be of marble, to set it apart from the dreary (if highly fashionable) brownstones that lined the Avenue. Stewart spent nearly five years and two million dollars building his retort to society. "A little attention to Mrs. Stewart," he called it. In 1867, a year before the mansion was ready to receive its tenants, "Appleton's Illustrated Guide" broke down while attempting to do it justice. "Of all the famous buildings on Fifth Avenue, none will ever be so famous," the "Guide" stated. "Words are absolutely inadequate to describe its beauty and unique grandeur." Designed in the ponderous Florentine Renaissance style, it was four stories high and over a hundred feet square, with an exterior of white Tuckahoe marble, and with Carrara marble lining its richly tapestried interior. Not surprisingly, it was generally known as the Marble Palace. At the rear of its second floor was a vast art gallery, to house Stewart's collection of French artistic yardgoods, and on one wall of Stewart's bathroom, opposite a gold-encrusted tub, hung a Meissonier painting of a battle scene for which he had paid sixty thousand dollars. "Nothing denotes more greatly a nation's advancement in civilization than the erection of palatial private residences," declared the *Times*.

Some historians believe that in middle age the merchant prince briefly took up with a young actress, and that, as might be expected, he endowed her not with jewels but with a building suitable for use as a theatre. If so, he appears to have put an end to all such frolics by the time he moved into the Marble Palace. The tapestried Carrara corridors rarely echoed to footfalls less tentative than those of his drab wife, of the ever-attentive Hilton, and of a few very careful business associates. After a breakfast consisting of three kinds of porridge, and (or so he casually let word get around) an hour devoted to reading the "Aeneid" in Latin, Stewart would repair to his office in the Chambers Street store and remain at work until early evening, dispensing among his employees what one newspaper described as "impartial justice without the faintest tinge of generosity."

The Marble Palace was Stewart's home for eight years, and after his death his widow continued to live there until her own death, in 1886. Her estate was, of course, enormous, but she

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showed no more imagination in her bequests than her husband had shown ten years before. In fact, she showed less. This time, Hilton did not have to skimp along on a simple million dollars; this time he got the lion's share of everything—cash (over nine million dollars) and real estate (the Marble Palace, among other things). He lived in the Marble Palace until 1891, and then rented it, for thirty-seven thousand dollars a year, to the Manhattan Club, which occupied it until 1900. The following year, a syndicate backed by the Knickerbocker Trust Company bought the property, for \$1,400,000, and unceremoniously tore the place down. A building to house the trust company was then erected on part of the site, and the rest of the land was sold in odd parcels. The newspapers barely mentioned the passing of a building that one of them, only a little more than a quarter of a century earlier, had predicted "will stand for thousands of years, an indestructible and beautiful monument to Stewart's memory," but they did note that most of the marble had been bought up by stonecutters for conversion into monuments in suburban cemeteries.

THE dissociation of Stewart's name from the indestructible and beautiful monuments to his memory began relatively soon after his death. In 1886, of course, Stewart's Marble Palace became Hilton's Marble Palace. A few years before, the Chambers Street store had been cut adrift, nomenclaturally, when the wholesale part of the business was moved up to the Great Iron Store and consolidated with the retail operations. And in 1896 the Great Iron Store itself became Wanamaker's.

Not long after the Chambers Street building was abandoned, there was talk of tearing it down to make way for a fifteen-story skyscraper. Instead, two stories were added to it, obliterating the dome; two banks of elevators were installed; and the interior was cut up into small offices, which, during the next thirty years, provided houseroom for so many minor city officials ranked out of City Hall that the place was sometimes referred to as the Municipal Building. In 1914, the forty-story structure now known formally by that name was opened for business, and Stewart's first pride languished, half vacant, until 1917, when Frank Munsey, who had just acquired the New York Sun, bought it from Hilton's heirs for three and a half million dollars. At the time of the sale, it was reported that Munsey proposed to use the land as the

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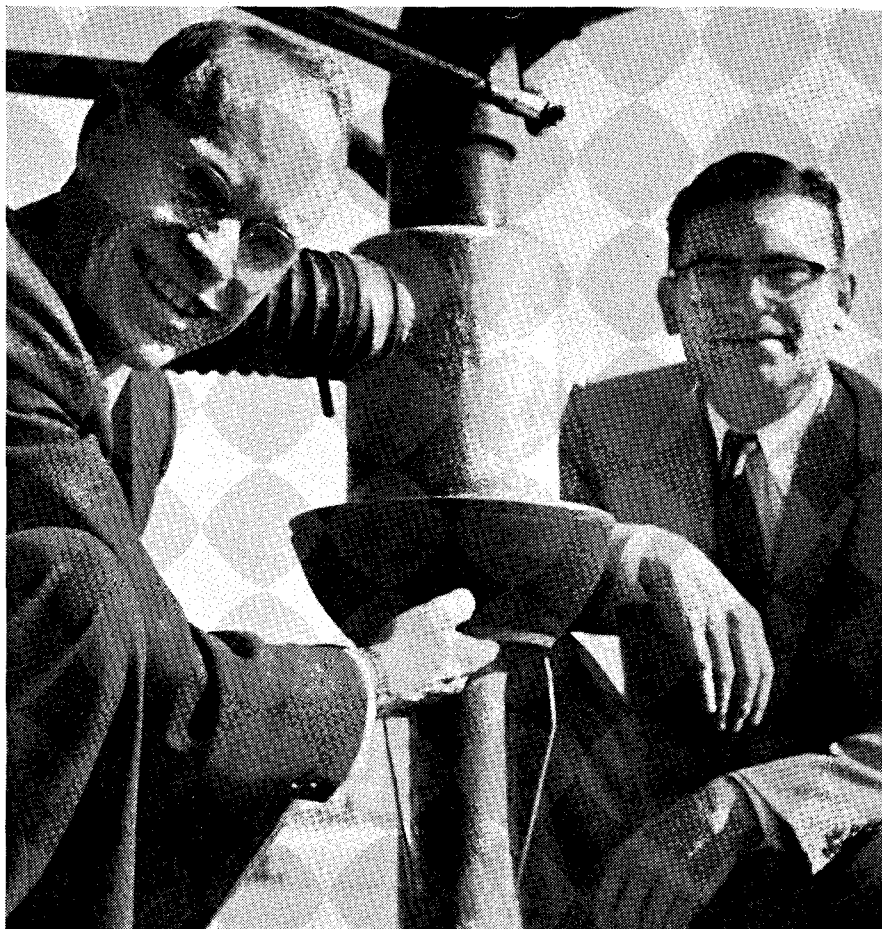
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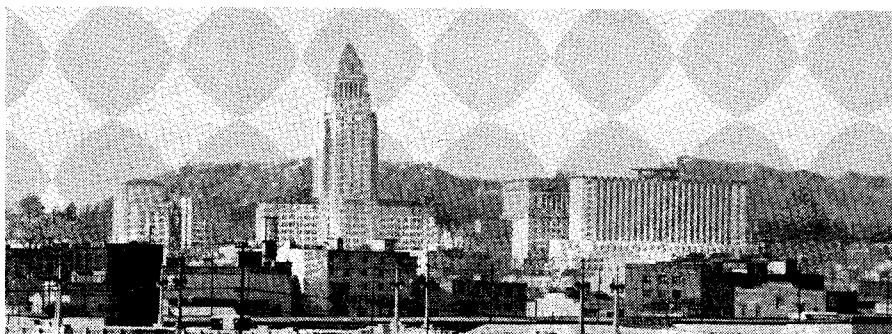
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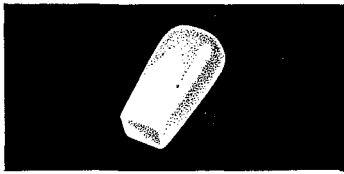
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site for a skyscraper that would tower over the Woolworth Building, three blocks to the south. A few days later, Munsey announced that while the building he was contemplating might not dwarf Mr. Woolworth's, he would put up one "of suitable size" just as soon as he had demolished the Marble Dry Goods Palace—a white elephant, he implied, if there ever was one. Retreating further after a reflective interval, Munsey set about converting the lower floors of the building into a newspaper plant. The skyscraper rumors continued to racket about, however, and it was with an air of its scarcely being worth while to unpack that the *Sun*, in November, 1919, settled into the old relic, which, in the end, majestically survived it.

On Munsey's death, in 1925, the *Sun* and its plant were left to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which sold them the next year to William T. Dewart and a group of associates for around ten million dollars. In 1950, the paper was bought by Scripps-Howard, and at 6:12 P.M. on January 4, 1950, the final final edition of the *Sun* rolled off the presses in the basement where Stewart once sold three-thousand-dollar carpets. The dingy old structure was sold the next year, for two million dollars, to the City Investing Company and the Chas. F. Noyes Company, which parroted Munsey by declaring that they would tear the building down and replace it with a skyscraper. But, as before, something went wrong, and for the third time the old pile escaped the wrecking crews. In 1952, it was sold for \$2,200,000 to a corporation controlled by a Russian-born lawyer and real-estate operator named David Rapoport. Over the next few months, Rapoport laid out half a million dollars to remodel, steam-clean, and generally repair the place. The tyrant over early Victorian Broadway now bears a look of gaudy twentieth-century prosperity, and has a population during working hours of around three thousand. A barber pole decorates one of the massive marble pillars beside the Broadway entrance. Across the southern half of the entablature on that side and around the corner on Chambers Street runs a neon banner with letters two feet high announcing the presence of Modell's Sporting Goods Store; farther along on the Chambers Street side are a men's-clothing store, a cafeteria, and a bar-and-grill. Along the north side of the building, a red neon sign calls attention to the fact that in the basement and sub-basement the Reade Street Garage has parking space avail-

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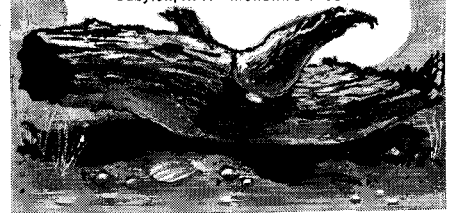
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MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS from 3:30 P.M.

TERRACE RESTAURANT-BAR
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY



Know how to grow grass?

According to the Chairman of the Greens committee, grass is either bent or crab. To the typical home owner, it may be a point of pride, problem, weekend chore or just outdoor decor. But to the farmer, grass is big business, and still the nation's Number One crop.

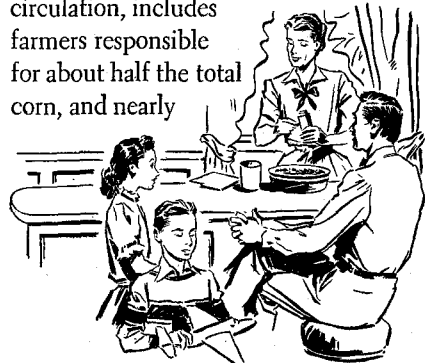
And grass, incidentally, is no longer green stuff grown for grazing, or leached-out hay that barely keeps cows alive through the winter. Today grass types are graded for nutrient values, and selected for soil type, climate and rainfall rate.

On some Midwest farms, as many as eight species are planted simultaneously, to yield a season-long grass crop with a high protein content, and rich in vitamins. Carefully clipped every two weeks and stored as silage, it encourages cows to put out high butter fat milk all year long.

Grass is also symbolic of the fantastic, continuous change in farming. Between 1940 and 1954, farms declined in number by almost one-quarter, but averaged 39% larger in size. With 3 million fewer workers, man hours were down one-third—but man output hourly almost doubled. Investment per worker increased nearly five times. *And cash farm income tripled!*

On fewer but larger farms, better farmers are producing more, earning more, and becoming better customers and making **SUCCESSFUL FARMING** a more influential medium, better marketplace.

SUCCESSFUL FARMING with 1,300,000 circulation, includes farmers responsible for about half the total corn, and nearly



two-thirds of the hogs and pigs sold. Their average holding is 366 acres, 50% better than the national average. **SF** circulation is concentrated in the 44% minority that gets 91% of the national cash farm income.

SF farm subscribers for more than a decade have had average cash incomes from farming in excess of \$10,000 per year—represent a \$12 billion market, equal to a new national suburbia.

And because **SUCCESSFUL FARMING** for more than fifty years has helped farm families live better—planned their homes and kitchens, saved work, improved their

living standards, this magazine has the respect and confidence of its readers—assures a reception and response for your advertising unmatched by any medium!

To find better prospects, and to balance national advertising in a segment of the national market least affected by general media, you need **SUCCESSFUL FARMING.**



Any **SF** office can tell you more.

Meredith of Des Moines...America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans.



Motive & means—make markets!

Each 1,000 Successful Farming families

include 739 teen agers,

plus 820 kids under ten...

1,559 good reasons why

SF families are choice customers!

Kids eat, wear, use, and want more—

motivate plus purchases.

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Balance national schedules with SF...

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(Advertisement)



STUART NICETIES... ONE OF A SERIES



SHALL WE PIERCE THE LAPEL?

We're one of the few stores, if not the only one, that has its lapels tailored without a buttonhole. Most customers like the idea, because it gives jackets a cleaner, balanced look. But, if you want a buttonhole, we'll insert one gladly without charge or ado.

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Stuart**

18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0139

Naturally tailored
Southwick
suits of imported fab-
rics from \$95. Fine
domestics from \$75.
Sport coats from \$53.

able at a dollar for the first hour. Indoors, in the old main salon are a barber-shop, a cigar stand, a snack bar, banks of telephone booths, an employment agency, and the executive offices and auditorium of the Paper Cutters and Bookbinders Union Local 119. The expanding real-estate operations of Rapoport—a keg-shaped, sharply dressed gentleman—are quartered in fourth-floor offices, whose beige plastic and stainless-steel décor is cluttered with air-conditioning ducts thrusting in and out among ancient fluted iron pillars. Many of the other tenants have taken advantage of the circumstance that the window recesses in the thick walls neatly accommodate more elementary air-conditioning units. The second floor—the old Sun city room—is leased to the Temporary State Housing Rent Commission, and most of the seventh to the city's Better Business Bureau. About half of the building's remaining two hundred-odd occupants are lawyers, who find the place handy to the various county, municipal, state, and federal courthouses in the neighborhood. (A law firm is installed in the third-floor suite from which, in 1913, Frank Woolworth watched his skyscraper rise skyward.) While Stewart might not recognize his original chef-d'oeuvre, he would no doubt derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that today, a hundred and twelve years after its doors were first opened to the public, it is still doing a thriving business.

THE transfer of the Stewart company's wholesale operations from Chambers Street to the Great Iron Store was an attempt to save from foundering an operation that had begun to take on water shortly after Stewart's death. One of the leaks was caused when Hilton, as Stewart's executor, formally excluded Jews from the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga Springs. A hundred members of the Jewish community in New York thereupon formally signed a pact to withdraw their trade from the Great Iron Store, and their example was followed by many others. In any event, by the summer of 1896, a reporter looking out on the main floor where once a tulip bed of customers waved saw "only rare and disconsolate shoppers." The annual gross sales, wholesale and retail, which had run as high as seventy-five million dollars when Stewart was in charge, were down to three million. On August 27th of that year, the store failed to open its doors, having, as the *Times* said, "perished of inanition." A

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS AND SPRINGFIELD, N. J.



S. F. A's two-eyelet "Firenze"

Exclusive from our great collection: an idea brought over from the continent, worked up in calf with hand-stitched detail and lined with glove leather. Black or brown; 6 to 13 sizes, **26.00**. Street Floor. Mail and phone orders. Also available in Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
Proud member of KENTUCKY'S
foremost family of fine whiskies



The Barton Seal also appears on:
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"I JUST HAD THE
MOST SATISFYING
EXPERIENCE. STAYED
AT THE BARCLAY
IN PHILADELPHIA."

"I KNOW JUST
WHAT YOU MEAN. I
ALWAYS STAY THERE."

Arthur T. Murray, Managing Director

few weeks later, when John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia drygoods firm, took over the store as a New York branch (paying slightly more than a million dollars for what had reputedly cost Stewart nearly three times that much), the *World* felt it necessary to remind a new crop of readers that "no business firm in the United States ever attained such fame and popularity as the firm of A. T. Stewart." That same fall, the *Tribune* predicted that "sooner or later, of course, the vast and splendid building—so long a landmark... will have to be abandoned, and the business will follow its patrons northward, as it did thirty years ago." The obstinate Philadelphians, however, held their ground for fifty-eight years; furthermore, in 1905, when other department stores were already moving north toward Thirty-fourth Street, they put up a fourteen-story annex on the Broadway block between Eighth and Ninth Streets, just south of Stewart's cast-iron creation and linked to it by a bridge. Their first open sign of retreat came in September, 1952, when they moved all their wares into the new building and leased the old one for two years to the federal General Services Administration, which assigned parts of it to various government agencies for use as office and storage space.

Not many weeks after that lease ran out, Wanamaker finally gave up. At 3:45 P.M. on December 18, 1954, its closing bell rang for the last time, and a few minutes later the final customers, laden with bargain merchandise, pushed out onto the sidewalk. In January, 1955, all the local Wanamaker holdings were sold—by coincidence, to Rapoport—for \$5,750,000. Of the total sum, \$850,000 went for the lease on the site of the Great Iron Store, which Wanamaker had renewed to run until 1994; the building itself was not assigned any value, and this may explain why Rapoport seemed unperturbed when the well-preserved example of the cast-iron age did not turn out to be a lively rental property. In March, 1955, as a temporizing measure, he leased it for one year to the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., which needed a lot of extra desk space for clerks while getting out a series of debentures. The most promising prospects Rapoport and his agents conveyed through the former store from time to time were representatives of the television industry, lured by the staging possibilities of the enormous partition-free rooms. No one thought to point out to them that the old building was well

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King of the Blues...

DANISH BLUE* CHEESE

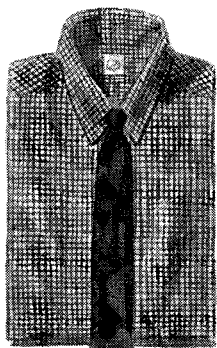
*Danablu

Nothing in the world matches the true Blue taste of genuine, imported Danish Blue. For Blue Cheese is the art of the Danes—and they endow it with a taste that has never been copied. Its tang is more zesty... its goodness more mellow... its body more creamy. Any meal is more exciting with that unique, true Danish Blue flavor. Insist on Danish Blue Cheese—you'll agree it's worth a few pennies more per pound.

DENMARK CHEESE ASSOCIATION

Free Recipe Booklet. Write P. O. Box 1279, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

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Custom Tailors  Furnishers**British
Tab Collars**

Chipp presents the magnificent British Tab Collar in a variety of materials, colors and patterns. Traditionally our shirts are cut with generous shirt bodies, unlined collars and cuffs and breast pockets... the epitome of comfort and styling.

92. White broadcloth	6.00
93. White oxford	6.00
94. British stripe double cluster	6.00
—blue or grey	
#*95. Sea Island cotton—2-color stripes	11.50
navy & blue or red & grey	
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Sizes 14-2; 16½-6 Mail Orders Accepted
No C.O.D.'s #14½-2; 16-5 Add 35¢ Postage

*Size 14 or 36 sleeves not made in these styles.

Chipp

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

**DANISH
DESIGN**

Attractive and
practical teakwood
bar or tea cart
on casters.

Formica top.

27½" x 20" x 25" H.

\$150.00

 **GEORG JENSEN INC.**
667 5th AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

suited by tradition to be a broadcasting center; in 1911 John Wanamaker persuaded the Marconi Company to install the city's first commercial wireless station on its roof, and a few months later David Sarnoff, then an operator in the station and now chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, spent a long night receiving and relaying to nearby rescue ships the SOS from the Titanic. In any case, no deal materialized, and in March, 1956, the Great Iron Store was sentenced to be replaced by two nineteen-story apartment houses. The contract to tear it down was awarded to Lipsett, Inc., which had recently demolished the Third Avenue "L." By the end of the second week in July, Lipsett workers had completed the preliminary chore of dismantling the old building's sprinkler system.

THE initial alarm for the Wanamaker fire was turned in by an unknown hand from a box at Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street at 5:45 P.M. on Saturday, July 14th. The first company, which arrived seven minutes later, found the fire already so far out of control in the northeast basement and sub-basement that its cause is still officially unknown—although the Fire Commissioner put out dark hints that one of the wooden beams might have been set afire by some Lipsett man's acetylene torch before knockoff time on Friday and smoldered through the night, and the Lipsett people naturally had an alternative theory involving the smoking habits of the numerous Bowery bums who had been using the old store nightly as a hostel.

Within two hours, five alarms had gone out, bringing to the scene forty-two companies and eighteen pieces of special equipment—spotlights, pumps, seventy-five-foot ladders—from every one of the city's boroughs except Staten Island. The fire burned all that night and the whole of the next day, and traffic was blocked off from Fourth Avenue to Broadway and from Eighth Street to Twelfth Street. Beyond those limits, after daybreak, fifty policemen struggled to hold back the hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who, nourished by a drove of hot-dog and ice-cream vendors, were in constant attendance at the open-air spectacle throughout the long, pleasant summer Sunday. By the time the fire was declared under control, at six-forty-five that evening (odd corners of the interior ruin continued to flare up intermittently for forty-eight hours longer), six hundred firemen had been thrown into the battle

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HI-FI 58!**don't let STRESS
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It includes physiotherapy, supervised diet, adequate rest, planned exercise and intellectual stimulation designed to rebuild the whole man. It shows individuals how to improve their mode of living and how to achieve better health on a long term basis. For both men and women.

Special Winter Rates
now in effect.

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HEALTH
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Have you seen

Golden Bracken?

It's one of the
many magnificent new bone china
dinnerware patterns made by

*Royal Worcester***OF ENGLAND**

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

5-Piece Place Setting—24.75

(the Salvation Army had provided them with two hundred gallons of soup and coffee), and two hundred and nineteen of them, along with the Dalmatian mascot of a Brooklyn company, had been treated at the scene for minor injuries or smoke poisoning. The total amount of water poured on the fire was 13,000,938 gallons. At the height of the blaze, on Sunday afternoon, seven thousand gallons a minute were being pumped into the aged skeleton, and they kept its temperature low enough so that the iron walls and pillars stood fast, but the flooring and the wooden beams went down early, of course, pulling many of the wrought-iron crossbeams with them. Just before midnight on Saturday, the floods of water caused the subway tracks underneath the building to give way, and for the next forty-eight hours East Side trains were out of business between Brooklyn Bridge and Grand Central. By Tuesday morning, service was shakily restored north of Twenty-third Street, and full repairs (setting the Transit Authority back two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for which it was not insured) were completed just before midnight on Thursday—six hours after the last fireman had pulled out of the building. The Lipsett company announced that it had seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of insurance to cover the loss of its demolition equipment and of a million board feet of "exceptionally fine oak beams," which had been regarded as a major salvage item and which, if all had gone according to plan, would soon have been dressing up the ceilings of sunken living rooms all over suburbia. As for the cast iron, its destination was the blast furnaces anyhow; an extra scorching wouldn't affect its value. By the following week, Lipsett had moved in a new array of acetylene torches and set them to work slicing the iron panels into truck-size pieces for the first leg of the trip to the steel mills. From there, Stewart's monumental old store may well have already found its way back, phoenix-style, into the steel framework of some architectural marvel of a newer day.

—ANDY LOGAN

NOTES ON A SHABBY CUFF: Diet means many things to many people. Famed violinist Isaac Stern is banting. So, what happened when he died in the Deauville? Mr. Stern polished off a tremendous sirloin steak, two big tomatoes, an onion, head of lettuce, and a bottle of beer.—*Jack Kofoed in the Miami Herald.*

Send your cuffs to the laundry, Kofoed.

Bee



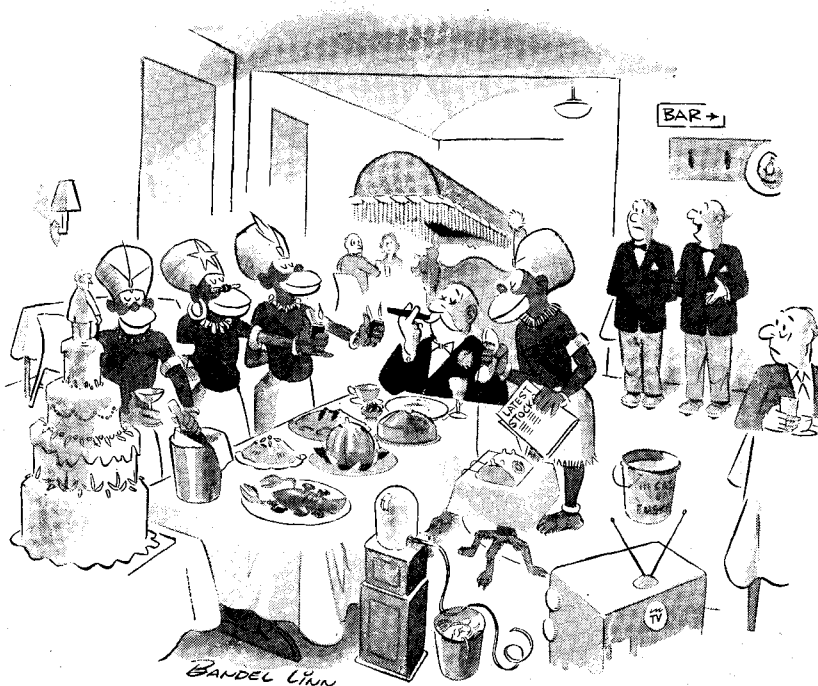
is for beauty... so is
SUPER-ROYAL CREAM

Scientists have known for years that Royal Jelly can turn an immature bee into a fertile and beautiful Queen with a life span up to forty times longer than her subjects' — but only recently has it been found that this potent combination of vitamins and proteins has a wonderful effect on the skin.

Now Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with vital essential oils and natural emollients in a cream so beautifully effective you'll see its benefits from the very start. Try it and see how clear — how fresh and radiant — your skin can be!

10.00 18.00 30.00 PLUS TAX

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663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



"It's the kind of service he's used to—he always flies National."

Fly **NATIONAL** Airline of the Stars ... to all Florida and Cuba

(Advertisement)

SHIRT-TAIL TERRY ROBE



Feminine raid on male haberdashery. The man's shirt cut dress length makes an easy fitting duster ready to spend the whole day comfortably and attractively. Pocket, side-curved hem, double stitching, pearly buttons down front. For after bath, over your swim suit or lounging. White, pink, aqua-blue or moss-green **terry**. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). **\$9.95**
Add 35c each for shipping. Free catalog on request.

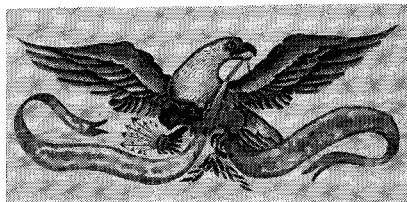
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

Shirt robe \$9.95. Size _____ Color _____ Quan _____

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THE SANDALS OF MONSIEUR DE FLANDRE

LONG ago, when I was an art student and my mother an illustrator, we lived for a year in Paris, in a small sublet apartment near the Invalides. It was on the second floor of an old U-shaped building, five stories high, which embraced a broad flagged court containing many tubs of laurel and many cats. On rainy days, the court resounded with the mallet clatter of the concierge's sabots and the harsh sweeping of her broom as she took advantage of the weather to clean the stones. Then the powerful odor of *eau de Javel* would join the smell of rain.

Our apartment contained three narrow rooms, plus a kitchen and a gigantic clothes closet. The front windows looked out on the court and the rear ones on a garden that belonged to two Russian ladies living on the ground floor. This garden was one of our reasons for taking the apartment; it was large and open, furnished with tall old trees, gravelled paths, iron armchairs, and a sibilant stand of bamboo. Roses grew on the stone walls surrounding it, and next door there was a convent of cloistered nuns, whom we often heard singing in their chapel but of whom we never saw a trace.

The furniture in the apartment was good, though heterogeneous, for the woman from whom we had sublet it was an antique dealer and used the place as a sort of storehouse for excess merchandise. We had Empire chairs, a Victorian sofa, a Provençal chest, and a dining table with an enamel top that paid homage to Meyerbeer; it was decorated with designs of crossed trumpets, laurel leaves, and a page of music from "Robert le Diable." The living-room walls were covered with plain pink paper and hung with dead clocks, curios, water colors, and silhouettes. On clear days, the sunshine came flooding in across the garden in the morning, and across the court in the afternoon, and the pink walls would take light. When winter came, there was always a fire in the grate, and the charcoal *boulets* glowed red hot, like a nest of phoenix eggs.

My bedroom had some unusual features. Besides a polished parquet floor, black marble fireplace, and elegantly mirrored cabinets, it had every plumbing fixture in the place except the W.C. The bathtub and bidet were concealed behind a screen of printed linen, but there was no way to hide the hand basin, awkwardly situated by the window, or the copper water heater that

stared like Medusa from a point halfway up the wall. This mechanism, called a *chauffe-bain*, was as sinister as it appeared. Whenever my mother or I applied a match to it, it would blink, tremble, hiss, and suddenly shoot forth yard-high flames of a celestial blue. Only the concierge could control it, and because she was always busy, most of our baths were taken in cold water. The tub was unusual, too. It had been coated, inside and out, with a material resembling stucco.

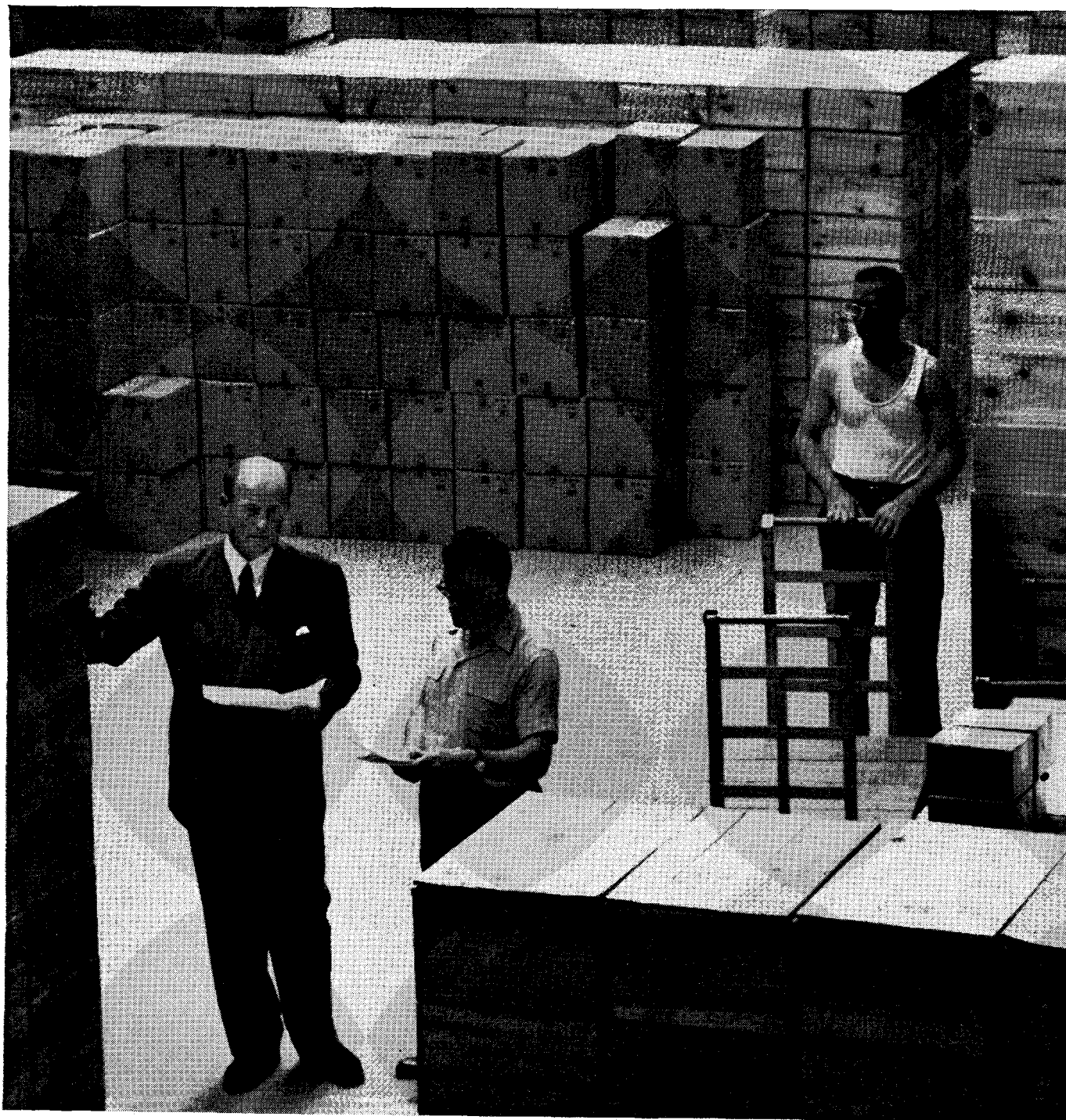
Despite these eccentricities, I loved my room. Its window opened on the garden, and at night, before I slept, I could hear, above the distant, bleating traffic, the rather melancholy rustle of bamboo, and that sound of night wind in branches which always, even in cities, seems a country utterance. To these would be added, from time to time, a lonesome gulp from one or another of the plumbing fixtures that shared my night.

THE building was more than a hundred years old. It was well made, and the walls were thick; still, one could hear one's neighbors sometimes—especially early in the day, before other noises had taken up the air. At seven in the morning, for instance, there was a great clamor of clocks; everybody in the building seemed to have a clock that chimed or rang, and they would all announce the hour, one overtaking another, all different in their pacing and chiming. And then, sometimes just after the bustle of the clocks, sometimes just before, but rarely at the same moment, would come the grave, fatherly pronouncement of the bells of St. François Xavier.

Next, on the top floor, where the poorest tenants lived, a taxi-driver's children began their coughing. They had whooping cough that year, one child taking it from the next. Perhaps it was for this reason that they, like the nuns, were never seen by anyone. *Plein air* was not for them.

On mornings when it was not raining, I might also hear the crunching of gravel and the exotic sound of Russian words, for the Russian ladies, like gardeners everywhere, could not wait to be out early to see what magic might have changed their garden overnight. These ladies, the Milles. Kuprin, had fled Russia during the Revolution and had since worked hard for their living—one at needlework, one in a *maison de couture*. Yet though they





"Even the best of friends must part," says M. Martell

If Michel Martell, head of the world's greatest Cognac house, were a sentimentalist, he might feel a little wistful—seeing the brandy he has nurtured and mellowed so long and so carefully packed and cased, ready to be shipped to the far corners of the earth.

Actually, in this photograph, M. Martell is feeling quite pleased. For his old friends are now

on their way to make new friends.

The House of Martell has always been a family business. Each Martell, since 1715, has enjoyed the moment when his brandy was ready to leave his "house"—for your house. The same thing is true today. Michel Martell hopes you will have as much pleasure serving and enjoying the brandy as he has had making it.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

ESTABLISHED 1715 . . . MOST TREASURED COGNAC IN FRANCE . . . MOST POPULAR IN THE WORLD
3 Star 84 Proof, Imported from Cognac, France. Sole U.S. Representative, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N. Y. C.





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MORE
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ELECT
TO STAY AT**

**"New York's Biggest
Little Hotel"**

(It's the very best
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From Taiwan comes this rare and unusual Hu-Kwa tea, rated by tasters as the acme in delicious, satisfying smoky flavor—a tea well worthy to be named for the famous 19th century Chinese potentate who first opened the Orient to the clipper ships of the Wendell family. Still grown in limited quantities with tender care, Hu-Kwa has the rich full-bodied flavor and aroma of the finest obtainable smoky tea. Cup for cup it is actually less expensive than other beverages . . . yet more satisfying to the discriminating taste, a discovery you will make with your first order. One lb. canister \$3.50. Add 25c beyond city delivery limits.

Order from the importer
MARK T. WENDELL
156 State St., Boston, Mass.

Please send lbs. of Hu-Kwa tea to:
Name.....
Street.....
Town..... Zone.....
☐ Check ☐ Money order PLEASE NO C.O.D.s

were aging and pinched for funds, their household had that casual, expansive atmosphere that pervades the stories of Turgenev and Chekhov. Other Russian émigrés were always visiting them, and when they had parties, which they often did, somebody would bring an accordion or guitar, and there would be the sound of music, constantly interrupted, and a henhouse gabble. The Kuprins' parrot would squawk until its cage was covered, and I, leaning on the grille of my dark window, would watch the guests strolling the garden paths, smell their tobacco, listen to their deep voices, and entertain vague, inaccurate thoughts about Old Russia and the Nevsky Prospekt.

Besides the parrot, the Kuprins had a dog named Sasha, a cat named Yasha (or something that sounded like that), and a servant woman named Masha. During the day, somebody down there was always opening the garden door and calling one of these names, echoed by the parrot. One never knew which would respond—the cat streaking out of the bamboo, the fat dog waddling forward, his eyes nearly closed and his tongue at half-mast, or the old servant groaning up from her weeding. Often even these three were in doubt, and would converge on the door together.

Of the other tenants, I remember only two. One was an ancient *avocat* who had a small office at the foot of the stairway. He kept his door open and one could see him—day in, day out—seated at his desk in the gravy-colored gloom, his hat on his head, his hands folded. He never seemed to have a client. Perhaps the fusty air of his office was sweeter than the air of home. Occasionally, another old man would come to have a game of chess with him. There they would sit, booming their throats clear, and, now and then, speaking.

The other tenant, to whom I shall come in a moment, was a different matter altogether.

OUR landlady, Mme. Redon, was, as I have said, an *antiquaire*, and it did not seem odd to her to remove furniture from our apartment whenever she wished without consulting us. On the living-room wall, for instance, there was a great framed shadow box containing a representation of the coronation of Czar Alexander II. The setting was the interior of a cathedral, and in the foreground was a throng of cardboard figures dressed in noble attire. At the turn of a key, all the ladies, in crinolines and ermine, and all the gentlemen, wearing orders and mutton-



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PROUDLY PRESENTS
THE MCGUIRE SISTERS
EMIL COLEMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
BELA BABAI "KING OF THE GYPSIES"
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Shows 9:30 and 12:15
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49th TO 50th STS
PARK AVENUE

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17th century Dutch home Home of Washington Irving

Land of history and legends . . .
something of interest for the entire family

20 THOUSAND

watch straps for men and women! Precious leathers in all sizes and colors. Imported and domestic. From \$2.50 to \$6.50.

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TIME MART 425 Madison Ave. NYC
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NEW KIND OF WINTER HOLIDAY!

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chop whiskers, would quaver slowly around a track in an agued ritual, and from his throne the little Czar would bow and bow. My mother and I were very fond of this curiosity, which we enjoyed showing to our friends, but one day when we came home we found it gone and nothing in its place but a rectangle of deeper pink on the rose-pink wallpaper. Again, returning from a country weekend, we found that our Empire chairs had turned into Biedermeier. And once, when we were having a dinner party, we were interrupted by the arrival of two giants in aprons and gnomes' caps. They brought in an invigorating smell of crates, and told us that they had come to remove the dining table. My mother's French is a masterpiece of improvisation, and, strengthened by her outrage and a large tip, it got them off the premises without the table.

One thing that Mme. Redon had left in the building, and might have done better to remove, was M. de Flandre, a young actor from the Comédie-Française. He was a former protégé of hers, who had occupied our apartment until we rented it, and then had moved to the floor above.

M. de Flandre was tall and slender. He sloped forward like a melting candle. His black hair was smooth and looked wet, and his gray face seemed strangely closed or guarded, an effect probably emphasized by the thick lenses of his glasses. His little eyes slipped to and fro behind them, cold, blue, and diminished. He was a silent creature, only nodding when we met him on the stairs, and we were always meeting him on the stairs. We never heard him before we saw him there, because he was in the habit of wearing pink rubber sandals. He still had a key to our apartment, but for a long time we had no idea of that.

One day, opening the front door, I nearly knocked him over on the landing outside. "Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said, gliding smoothly past me into our foyer and smiling. His teeth were the same color as his face. He told me that he had been preparing to ring our bell. He had come, he said, to offer a suggestion for my consideration.

I nodded apprehensively. Though I understood French fairly well, I was barred from speaking it by the grim verb forms I had had to struggle with in school. They stood before me like so many rigid iron gates, and by the time I had decided which was the proper one to use, the occasion for using it was gone forever. M. de Flandre's suggestion concerned this problem. He said

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he had come to offer to teach me French. He pointed out that at the same time he could pick up a little English, and in this way we could share many happy hours of mutual benefit. Gripping my pocketbook, nodding and smiling insincerely, and committing myself to nothing, I managed to get him out the door. I would as soon have taken lessons from a conger eel.

"I suppose the poor chap needs the money," my mother said when I told her of the episode. She spoke doubtfully, for even her charitable nature was unable to warm to M. de Flandre. "I wonder what they pay them at the Comédie-Française."

I was silent. Such was my adolescent vanity that I thought I knew another reason for his offer. It was not made again, however, and I soon forgot about it.

MY life at that time was busy and absorbing. I was studying, with many other American girls, at an art school in the Place des Vosges. Every morning, I would go to the taxi rank on the Boulevard des Invalides and climb into one of the old red cabs that smelled as if they had come from a stable instead of a garage. On fair mornings, the streets were all dazzled and slanted with the dusty topaz light peculiar to that city. Rattling and bleating, the taxi would make its way along the *quais*; past the Ile de la Cité, where Notre Dame squatted, jewelled, among its buttresses; across the Ile St. Louis, with its lifted trees; and on and on through the yapping, gilded streets. I remember a great feeling of well-being on those mornings. All thoughts of myself and my future were dusted with an illusion of gold just as the city was.

The Place des Vosges, when I reached it, was still half in shadow, still quiet. It was as if I had taken a taxi into the seventeenth century. But when I entered the stately building that housed the school, the twentieth century was restored to me by the nasal chirping of my compatriots. They were healthy girls who maintained a realistic objectivity toward their work; they kept at it (and some were talented), but they seldom talked about it. Their conversation was all of boys, and of late hours at Joe Zelli's, Chez Mr. Finney, Les Ambassadeurs.

As the winter deepened, we used to go in batches, after school, to the Palais de Glace and skate to the sound of scraped old waltzes. One glass apiece of *grog américain* was sufficient to keep us swooping like eagles until suppertime.

In January, some friends of my

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mother's came to Paris, and she was out of the house nearly as much as I was. It was very cold. The sky—a stolid, pork-fat gray—closed down over the city and lights were turned on at three in the afternoon. One day, late in the month, I woke up with a cold and decided not to go to school. My mother had an engagement, and left the house about eleven. I took a book and settled on the chaise longue by the window of her room, choosing that spot because the telephone was there and gave me a mild feeling of companionship.

There had been a light fall of snow in the night, and down in the garden old Masha was clearing the paths with a baba jaga's broom of faggots. Her head was done up in a shawl, and her feet, in big wads of overshoes, moved slowly. She steamed like an engine. Sasha, the dog, poked along at her heels, snuffing the snow halfheartedly.

I felt cozy and uncomfortable, the way one does when nursing a cold. In the next room, the grate fire hissed and stumbled; it made me sleepy to hear it. And then there was another sound, a quiet sound that did not belong there. I turned my head quickly. Into the room, on his pink rubber sandals, walked M. de Flandre.

My heart took a great fall in my chest and then started leaping. I stood up and backed away. I could feel my eyes dilate, and even as I reached for the wall behind me, even as the scream grew in my throat, a corner of my mind took cold note of the fact that I was reacting exactly as I had often seen Blanche Sweet or Leatrice Joy react to the carnal advance of Wallace Beery or some other villain.

But I did not need to scream after all. M. de Flandre was quite as horrified as I was. "Ah, Mademoiselle! Pardon! Pardon, je vous en prie!" he cried, and in a high, ringing voice he explained that he had thought we were out—that both my mother and I were out—and that he had heard a noise in our apartment and had felt that he should investigate. "Et puis, Madame Redon m'a donné la clef. Voici! La clef, vous savez, Mademoiselle? Pour la porte, vous savez?" He held up a key and waved it at me, as if this in itself explained everything, and all the time he, too, was backing away, backing away as he chattered—across the living room, into the foyer, through the front door. Then the door slammed, and I could hear him, even in those silent sandals, running up the stairs.

The first thing my mother did when she came home and I told her about M. de Flandre was to rush to her jewel

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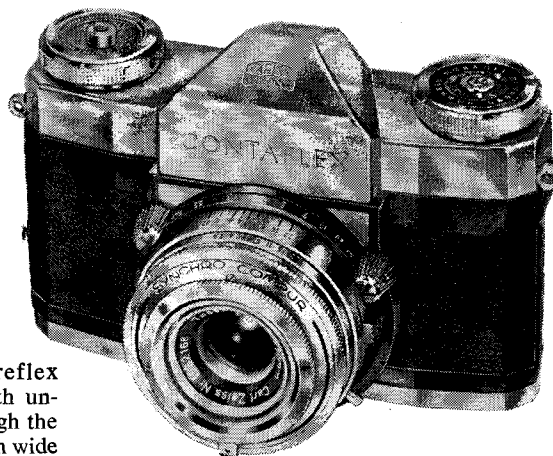
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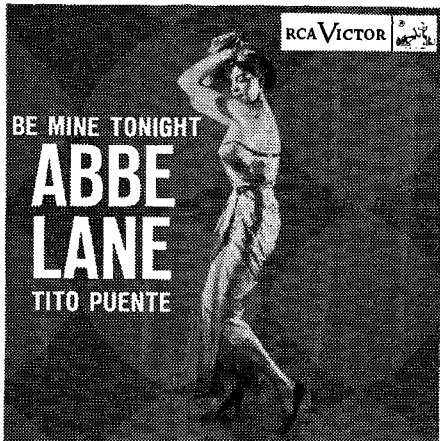
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box. I at once belatedly rushed to mine, though it contained no item worth more than a dollar ninety-eight. Nothing was missing from either. Next, my mother went to the clothes closet to see if her fur coat was still there. It was. Then she called the concierge and insisted that the lock be changed.

"I simply can't understand it," she said. "With that key, he probably has been coming in here whenever he pleases, but what in the world can he want?"

WE found out what M. de Flandre had wanted when the next telephone bill arrived. It was for two thousand francs, which in those days came to about one hundred and twenty dollars. Listed on it were more than twenty calls to Bordighera, Italy. "Good God! What's this!" cried my mother. "M. de Flandre," said I.

"Why, of course! But the scoundrel!" she said. And then, after a moment, "Think how he must have lain in wait up there! Day after day he must have been skulking on his landing, waiting for us to leave. Ugh! Well, I won't have to pay it."

But in the end she did. M. de Flandre, in his mackerel-smooth fashion, had already prudently slipped into limbo, leaving a month's rent due, and no address. Mme. Redon refused all responsibility for him, cordially agreeing that he was a villain and, naturally, disclaiming any knowledge of a duplicate key; she insisted that he had returned the only one she had given him. As for the concierge, she was very sympathetic, but when she saw the bill, with the many calls to Italy, she looked at us for a moment, quivering, then threw back her head and showed all her beautiful, ferocious teeth in a big French laugh. M. de Flandre had been courting an Italian lady, she said—a widow and former tenant, who had, in fact, been the cause of the break between him and Mme. Redon. "Elle n'était pas belle, cette dame italienne. Pas belle, Madame. Pas jeune. Ah, mais, Madame, qu'elle était riche, riche, RICHE!" sang the concierge, her hands clasped in happy awe.

"Yet I'm the one who must foot the bill for the courtship," said my mother angrily. But in a moment she laughed, too. Clearly, as the concierge said, there was nothing to be done. But I don't think I laughed. I'm sure I did not. The recollection of my crouching, backward, Leatrice Joy retreat across the room was like a blister on my memory, and it was years before I told anyone the story. —ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

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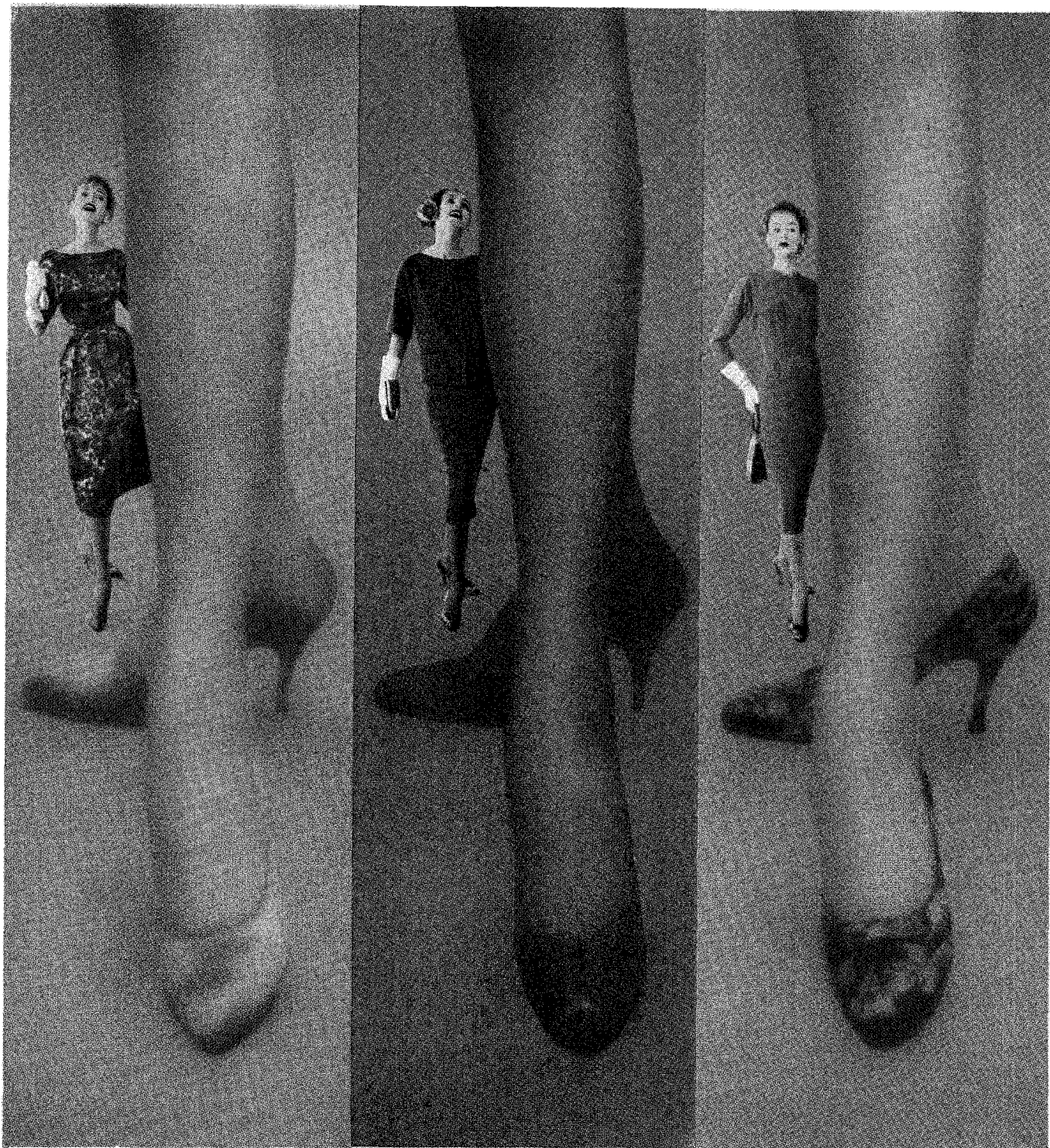
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THE AIR

The Schizoid View

IT was roughly a dozen years ago that a new civilization and a new point of view made their impact on the sport of boxing. Along about then, it began to happen that fans emerging from Madison Square Garden after the main bout there would be joined at once by customers erupting from Meenan & Heenan's or Doyle & Boyle's (nearly all Eighth Avenue saloons of the period were run by rhymed bar-keepers), who buttonholed them and lectured them strongly and freely on the fine points of the fight that had just ended. "He win every round from the fourth on," a bar-stool witness might tell a ticket buyer, or "Willie hasn't got it any more." If one thing about the new way of life startled ringsiders more than another, it was the frequency with which they heard, once they got outdoors, that the decision had been wrong, that the official loser—the free-swinging Glotz or the eager McCorkindale—had been robbed. It seems to me that all the special weaknesses of televised boxing were present in those early days of television, that they became fixed or crystallized then, and that all of them have survived to this day. Other factors, of course, have changed. The spectators from Meenan & Heenan's now have TV sets of their own and watch the fights at home. For that matter (and this is one of the plainest and most embarrassing truths of our time, in sport), so do the people who used to buy tickets at the Garden. To these two veteran groups, it appears, a good many less experienced parlor fight fans of all ages and sexes have been added. But the view, the televised view, of boxing is the same today, in all essentials, as it was in the pioneer years, the late nineteen-forties—no better, no worse, no sounder, and no less popular. It still inspires in the viewer the same strong, almost automatic confidence in his own judgment.

The view, I believe, is a bad one. The confidence strikes me as grossly misplaced. The viewer's spirit of self-trust has apparently been stimulated by one of those offhand doctrines that are widely accepted and often stated by leaders and critics of television—in this case, the theory that a boxing bout is ideally suited to camera purposes by the size of the stage, the compactness of the action, and the limited number of per-

formers. To my mind, the theory is faulty because it misjudges certain facts and overlooks others. In practice, the spacious game of football comes off better on television (this has been particularly true in the last few years, thanks to improved camera work and direction) than boxing does. Golf and bowling can be followed more exactly. I'll skip over baseball at this time, except to make the gloomy point that watching a baseball game on the home screen is in many respects like watching one through a knothole. In a boxing bout, I admit, the camera does provide a general view of the action, or, rather, of one side of the action (at Madison

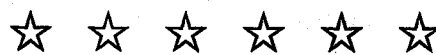
Square Garden, the north side). But it misses or blunts the key details of even the part it shows, just as it might well miss or distort the intricacies of a crap game, a cat fight, or a surgical operation, from fifty feet away.

A few of the missing details, it's true, are a little on the grisly side, though none the less germane. Recently, in one of the St. Nicholas Arena bouts that are telecast regularly on Channel 5 (beginning at 9:30 P.M., Mondays), an agile lightweight named Frankie Ryff was cut severely over the right eye in the last round. The viewers had no way of knowing this—whole lakes of blood can go unnoticed on the black-and-white screen—until they were told about it by the announcer, Chris Schenkel. Mr. Schenkel's reports on the wound were so emphatic, not to say passionate, that the audience could not have failed, I think, to feel bewildered and frustrated as it tried to reconcile them with its own drab view of a Ryff who looked more or less intact. It's possible that Mr. Schenkel overdeveloped the incident slightly. From the moment Ryff's eye was cut, the announcer kept the fighter on the brink of retirement for life: "This could be the end of a great career. . . . This could be the last you'll see of this fine performer." Ryff, as it happens, has bled freely in many bouts and has always returned to fight again. It seems unlikely that his latest troubles will inactivate him for very long. Still, his tendency to bleed is a significant aspect of his career; it was a significant aspect of the fight I've just spoken of; and on both these scores, the viewers, though presumably they'd been staring hard at the screen, had to learn



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what was going on from Mr. Schenkel. They might as well, in short, have been listening to the fight on radio. I'm touching on a sensitive point here. All producers and most viewers, I've found, take a fierce pride in the camera's coverage of sports events. They consider it to be innately and immeasurably superior to radio coverage. As noted above, it fills them with confidence and self-respect. Just the same, I often feel, with a faint sense of guilt, that radio still has much to recommend it, especially in the reporting of boxing and baseball. I'll concede that on the whole I'd rather see a fight on television than hear it on radio; the speed and subtlety of the best kind of boxing action can baffle the blow-by-blow man even more thoroughly than they do the camera. With baseball, the reverse is true; a good announcer can cover the play more consecutively and intelligibly than cameras have been able to do to date, and as a rule I prefer baseball by radio to baseball by television. In general, there's a lot to be said for a medium that does all that it promises to do—that delivers a full and consistent performance within its limits. You can adjust your needs to the measure of a radio broadcast and get everything from it that you expect to get. Television, which, like the posters outside a burlesque house, promises everything, tends to bilk the sports audience with a teasing kind of product full of half-truths, blackouts, and inadequacies.

The problem represented by Frankie Ryff and his invisible blood will eventually be corrected, you may say, by color television. Perhaps so. In the only fight I've seen that was screened in color, blood was visible but barely recognizable; it had a lavender tone, and seemed to fade in and out rather than to flow and stop flowing. In any case, the hemoglobin problem is only an occasional one. There are others in the televising of boxing that would seem to be incurable by color photography. I omitted to say that the bout in which Ryff's eye was cut was won by Ryff, handily, by a unanimous decision. There were no dissenting votes among experts at ringside. The issue was a good deal less clear cut than that on television, I think; it would have been possible for even an experienced TV fight fan to feel that Ryff's opponent, Tony DeCola, was the real winner, because he threw and seemingly landed so many punches. The truth is, I gather, that Ryff, a skillful infighter, thwarted DeCola's strongest blows until the last round or so, and scored points by landing his own less numerous and

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ponderous punches more cleanly. The same kind of situation had prevailed a couple of weeks earlier, in one of Channel 7's so-called Wednesday Night Fights (10 P.M.). There was widespread surprise and irritation among parlor viewers, I'm told, when Vince Martinez, the welterweight contender, was given the decision over Gil Turner, who had fought a characteristically eager, swarming, perpetual-motion battle. Turner's style is impressive on television; Martinez's discreet and economical methods are not. It's natural, I should say, that the home vote should have gone to Turner. Yet I've since heard from reliable first-hand witnesses that Martinez took most of Turner's blows on his shoulders and elbows, had the better of the infighting as well as of what long-range boxing there was, was never in trouble, tired his opponent out, and won more or less according to plan.

There's no question in my own mind that the television view penalizes boxing skill and experience. It's impossible, probably, for a single fixed camera, perched at a considerable distance from the ring, to deliver a pinpoint report of a subject of which every important detail involves swift, brief movement. It's impossible, too, no doubt, that the audience should not be distracted by the plainer, often meaningless movement of long swings and wild rushes or volleys. In the circumstances, the swinger and rusher is bound to lead the TV ratings. (The heavyweight champion himself belongs to this school at the moment; his manager has said he was "trained to be a television fighter.") The skilled boxer has become a vanishing species—not only because his skill is wasted on the camera but because young boxers have no time and no place to learn their trade. The new medium, by keeping boxing fans at home, has eliminated most of the small boxing arenas that once served as schools. Its need for material (there are two network boxing shows a week, in addition to local shows) has obliged it to rush preliminary fighters into main bouts in an uncooked or uncultivated state. A few weeks ago, Zora Folley, a highly ranked heavyweight, went through ten rounds of light sparring, on Channel 7, with a young man of surpassing greenness named Sawyer—not because there had been any doubt as to which was the better fighter but because Mennen's Spray Deodorant had ordered a fight for that night. It was not billed as a sparring match. In loyalty to patrons of the manly art like Mennen's, Gillette, El Producto, and

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1-a-Day Multiple Vitamins, match-makers and television announcers and directors have formed the habit of keeping the audience in comfortable darkness about details like that, and about many others as well.

The camera seldom shows any part of any arena behind the first three or four rows of ringside seats. These, even at televised matches, are usually filled. Behind them, nowadays, lies wasteland. There were seven hundred and eighty-four paying guests the other night at a fight in Syracuse between Joey Lopes, who had fought for the world lightweight title not long before, and Damasco Collazo—the smallest crowd in the history of that arena. Jimmy Powers, announcer for Gillette and Channel 4 (10 P.M., Fridays), did not mention the attendance figures. Judging from past performance, this was not an unconscious oversight. When Mr. Powers makes mistakes, it's usually because he has selected in advance some philosophical line of reasoning that doesn't happen to fit the facts of the bout he is describing. Being a newspaper columnist on the side, he is able to defend or meditate on such errors later. "Most consoling of all holiday cards," he wrote once, "came after I pulled a blooper the previous week on the air. It was from Jim Lee of Lum Fong's. It contained what I suspect is an old bit of Chinese philosophy concerning faults. . . . 'Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without one.' " As I say, this flawed diamond does not give attendance figures. And neither does he ever knock the fight game on the air. —JOHN LARDNER

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[Adv. in the Times]

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Dr. Albert S. Thompson, professor of psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University, will speak on "Human Relations in the Choir Loft" during a meeting of the Northern Valley Chapter, American Guild of Organists.—*News item received by the Bergen (N.J.) Record.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Uneasy Lies the Head



THE libretto of Peggy Glanville-Hicks' opera "The Transposed Heads," based on a

story by Thomas Mann, concerns a love triangle involving a young Hindu girl named Sita; her husband, a Brahman named Shridaman; and the husband's friend, a good-natured low-caste Indian named Nanda, who, having conducted most of Shridaman's courtship for him, has fallen in love with the lady. This situation leads to some rather bizarre doings. Shridaman, apparently overcome by a combination of generosity and religious fervor, beheads himself at an altar to the goddess Kali; Nanda, discovering his friend's decapitated body there, beheads *himself*; and Sita, who is a bit depressed by it all, undertakes to hang herself. At this point, the goddess intervenes, advising Sita not to be such a ninny and instructing her to put the heads back on the bodies and forget about the whole business. Unfortunately, Sita gets the heads mixed up, putting Shridaman's on Nanda's body, and vice versa, and things, of course, become even more complicated. The question now is: who is married to the lady? A Hindu sage decides in favor of Shridaman's head and Nanda's body, and, considering the fact that Sita is getting the brain of a Brahman and the body of a peasant, you might think that she would be perfectly happy. With the unpredictability that is supposed to be characteristic of women, though, she hankers after the other combination, leaving matters more or less as they were at the beginning, and the trio decides that the only way out is for the men to kill each other in a duel and for Sita to commit suttee on their funeral pyre, as is the custom of good Hindu widows.

Reading about all this before the opera's local premiere, at the Phoenix Theatre, last week, I got the impression that "The Transposed Heads" contained a substantial amount of mayhem, even for an opera libretto, and I couldn't restrain a certain apprehensive curiosity, since, for one thing, self-decapitation seems to me perhaps the most athletically demanding of all forms of suicide. I might have spared myself the apprehension, however. Both men performed the rite behind the altar, out of sight of the audience, and then matter-

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of-factly placed their heads on top of it, just as a housewife might place milk bottles on a window sill. All the mayhem, for that matter, turned out to be merely horseplay, and the drama as a whole emerged as a kind of metaphysical farce with overtones reminiscent of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The music Miss Glanville-Hicks has written for this work is easy on the ear, combining a somewhat Anglo-Celtic idiom, which I take to be her own, with moments of vaguely Oriental drumming and melody, which serve a purely decorative purpose and which she has obviously added for local color. The two styles do not mix very well, however, and I found her most expressive passages to be those in which she stuck to Western musical thought. It would have helped, too, I felt, if she had added to the gaiety of the work by employing a set of skillful lyrics instead of the humdrum prose that she extracted from a translation of Mann's novelette. As it is, "The Transposed Heads" has its entertaining stretches but lacks the musical wit and sparkle needed to turn it into the hilarious thing it ought to be. The production, though modest, was resourceful and succeeded in making quite a splash with its Hindu costumes and props. The orchestra was ably conducted by Carlos Surinach, and the three principal roles were handled adequately by Maria Ferriero, Loren Driscoll, and Peter Binder.

I CONFESS to a lifelong dislike for the saxophone. It has always seemed to me a sort of Frankenstein monster among musical instruments—a piece of plumbing that caricatures, somewhat uncomfortably, the sound of the human voice. M. Marcel Mule, the French saxophonist who appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall last week, has, however, such a formidable technique that in listening to him I forgot my prejudices and became fascinated by his agility and brilliance. The works he played were Jacques Ibert's Chamber Concertino and Henri Tomasi's Ballade, both of them frankly showpieces designed to exploit the virtuosic capacities of the instrument and neither of them particularly impressive as music. But M. Mule's phenomenal legato cascades, his neat staccato passages, and his scrupulous taste almost convinced me that this barbarous implement, in the proper hands, can become the equal of more congenial instruments, like the clarinet. The other novelty on the program, which was presided over by Charles Munch, was Stravin-

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sky's music for the ballet "Agon"—given here for the first time in concert form. As a concert piece, it proved to be pretty tedious, and I am all for returning it to the ballet theatre, where, as a background for George Balanchine's choreography, it makes a lot better sense.

IT is a pleasure to turn from Stravinsky's rather bleak and arid score to a work of far more serious import that was part of a program presented by the Cleveland Orchestra last week, when it, too, was heard in Carnegie Hall. This was Howard Hanson's "Mosaics," a relatively short but engaging and meaningful composition by one of the very few American composers who really understand the art of symphonic writing. Mr. Hanson has been around for a long time, and the shifting fads of musical fashion have tended to eclipse his straightforward and unaffected manner of communicating his musical ideas. Unlike a good many of his contemporaries, he has insisted on remaining himself, and his style—which is a little like that of Sibelius and a little like that of Ralph Vaughan Williams, without being exactly like either—has remained unabashedly Romantic and expressive. "Mosaics" is an essay in the variation form, extended by charming interludes of orchestral virtuosity. It is not the sort of thing that will astonish anyone, but it contains a great deal of sincere and deftly constructed music. George Szell conducted it, as well as several well-known classics, with devotion, and the Cleveland Orchestra again proved itself an ensemble of the highest standards.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Vic Dickenson and the P.J.Q.

ONE of the most durable, inventive, and sprightly jazz trombonists is Vic Dickenson, a lean forty-nine-year-old, who in the past twenty years has perfected a combination of sly, prodding humor, graceful lyricism, and easy technical mastery that is unique on an instrument that has had very few able practitioners and that seems, like a faulty furnace, to consume the talents and energies of those who play it in an amazingly short time. Its career as a solo instrument has been comparatively brief. Until the big-band era of the early thirties, the trombone was largely either an ensemble instrument in small bands—in which, in a stertorous, down-in-the-cellar way, it filled in harmonic



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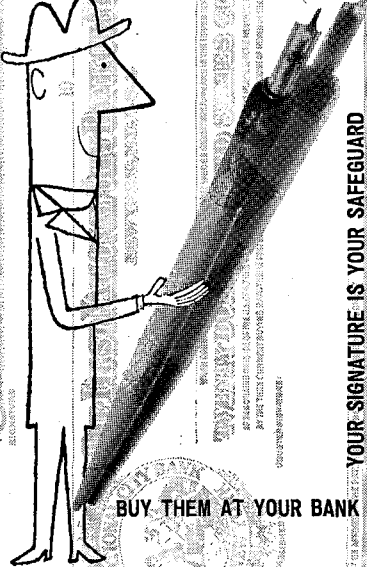
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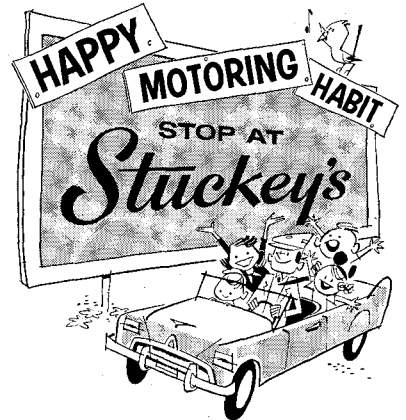
chinks—or, in the hands of men like Miff Mole and Kid Ory, a whiplash to keep things rolling. By the late thirties, however, it had become, with the help of such as Jimmy Harrison, J. C. Higginbotham, Dickie Wells, Jack Teagarden, and Dickenson, a first-rate, if erratic, solo vehicle. Only a handful of persuasive trombonists have turned up since (the difficult, staccato mechanics of bebop and hard bop offer the trombonist technical problems that often make him sound like a fat man trying to run uphill), while of the older men only Teagarden, Wells, and Dickenson have retained the spark and ingenuity they started with.

A recent recording, "Vic's Boston Story" (Storyville Records STLP-920), provides a generally satisfying demonstration of Dickenson's abilities. He is accompanied in the twelve selections by George Wein on piano, Jimmy Woode or Arvell Shaw on bass, and Buzzy Drootin on drums. Dickenson has a smooth, generous tone, and approaches a tune not as a full-dress improviser but as a funny and seemingly casual embellisher. Bleary, heavy-lidded glissandos appear side by side with stuttering triplets that often give way to swaggering, guttural sounds, full of an agile, slapstick grace. In such slow numbers as "Yesterdays" and "All Too Soon," which he plays with and without a mute, his lissome near-whisper matches the celebrated chromium utterances of the late Tommy Dorsey, but it also has a smoky blue air that Dorsey never captured. In such up-tempo selections as "Lover Come Back to Me," his smears and snorts, occasionally broken by shouting phrases, bump out with an intense, unceasing rhythm. The more than ample solo space given Wein, a mediocre but sometimes rather moving pianist, unfortunately prevents Dickenson from ever really stretching his legs, as he did, say, in a Commodore recording made in the mid-forties called "Bottom Blues," on which he constructed two slow-tempo choruses—a mixture of groans, subterranean asides, and stately motion—that remain indestructible statements.

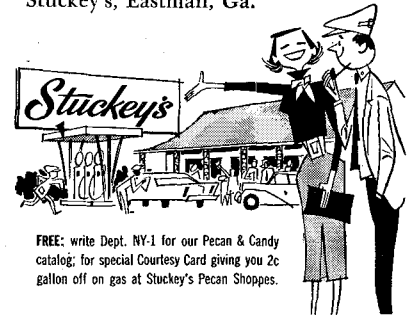
Dickenson is in excellent form on another recent record, "Buckin' the Blues" (Vanguard VRS-8514), performed by a group led by trumpeter Buck Clayton and including Earl Warren on alto saxophone, Kenny Burrell on guitar, Aaron Bell on bass, Hank Jones on piano, and Jo Jones on drums. Most of the eight numbers are extended treatments of a variety of blues that are built around Clayton, an alumnus of the Basie band, who plays with a gentle,

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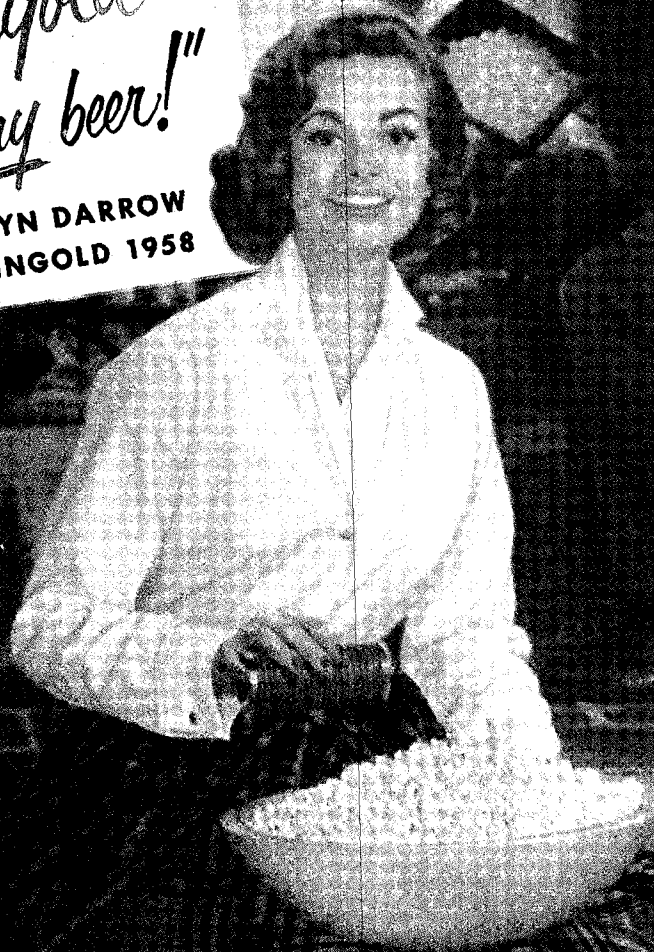
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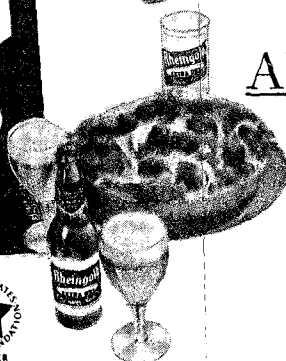
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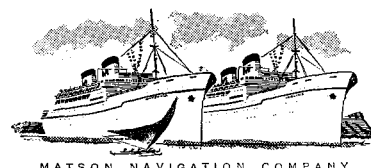
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garrulous lyricism—quick, glancing phrases, sustained blue notes, and a delicate, nervous vibrato—that he has rarely surpassed on records. The rhythm section, with the exception of Hank Jones, a precise, nimble performer, tends to lumber, but Dickenson compensates for this by acting as a springy foil for the lighter-than-air ruminations of Clayton.

A RECENTLY formed group made up of vibraphone, piano, bass, and drums provides on its first release, "The Prestige Jazz Quartet" (Prestige 7108), a refreshing contrast to the recent efforts of the Modern Jazz Quartet, which has the same instrumentation and which shows signs of becoming fixed in a state of frozen fragility. The P.J.Q.—Teddy Charles (vibraphone), Mal Waldron (piano), Addison Farmer (bass), and Jerry Segal (drums)—plays with as much subtlety and sensitive intramural support as the M.J.Q., but, unlike the M.J.Q., which often submerges its content in spidery, complex forms borrowed from classical music, it handles its materials with a brisk expressiveness that makes secondary whatever forms are being used. Almost half of the recording is occupied by "Take Three Parts Jazz," an accomplished work by Charles, who, like Charlie Mingus, Thelonious Monk, and Jimmy Giuffre, is a highly skilled young composer-instrumentalist. The piece, built around a couple of appealing and simple themes (one of them used as the basic idea for both the opening and closing parts), is actually a study of rhythms. Part 1 jockeys between an out-of-rhythm section and a brief fast section before settling into a pleasant medium tempo. Part 2 is a slow, moody, romantic movement that slips in and out of tempo, and the final part is performed at a sturdy, flying tempo, ending in a delicate but hammering climax. The three other selections are of nearly equal interest—two adept numbers by Waldron ("Meta-Waltz," which moves back and forth between waltz and four-four time, and "Dear Elaine," a slow, deliberate ballad number), and a Thelonious Monk tune, "Friday the Thirteenth," which sets up an uncluttered platform for the soloists. Charles is a subdued, almost droning performer whose playing sometimes suggests the click of knitting needles and whose total lack of accent demands the listener's complete attention. Waldron, an equally discreet performer, offers a relaxed intensity that is full of rhythmic variations; series of elementary, highly me-

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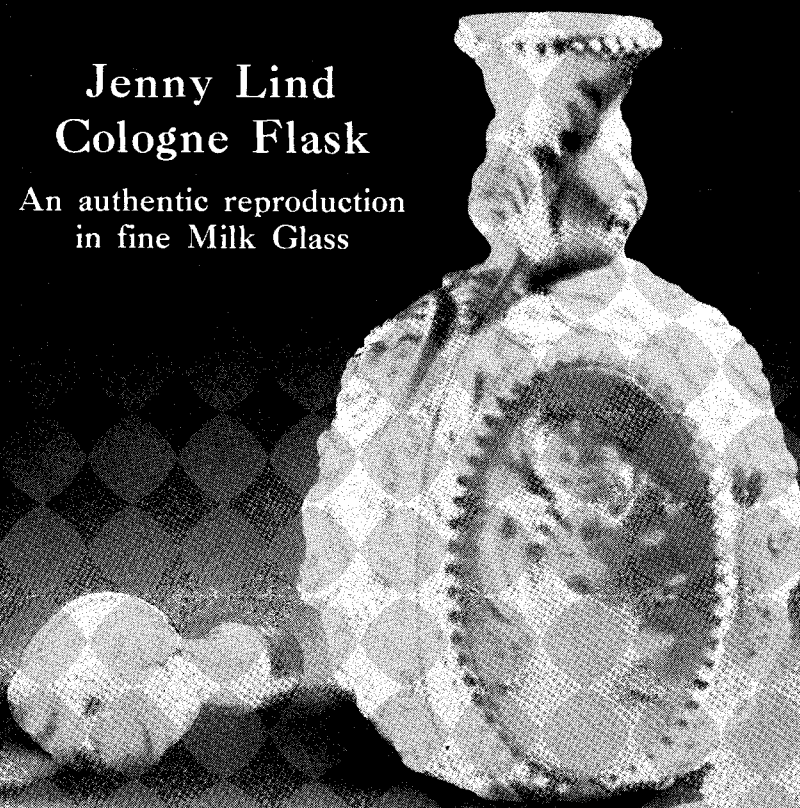
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lodic phrases are examined again and again, each time in slightly altered rhythmic patterns that generally build toward climaxes (clusters of clean, ringing high notes in "Dear Elaine," and a long run of woodpecker notes in "Friday the Thirteenth") that are stunning.

Waldron and Charles appear in another recording, "Olio" (Prestige 7084), a thoughtful, impeccable effort that reveals the methodical control of Charles, who directed the session as well as contributed two of the six numbers. (Two are by Waldron, one is a standard, one is a blues.) Also on hand are Thad Jones on trumpet, Frank Wess on flute and tenor saxophone, Doug Watkins on bass, and Elvin Jones on drums. Thad Jones is a brassy, sure-footed trumpeter whose solos are now and then so perfectly structured they appear to have been carefully written out beforehand, and Wess, in contrast to the hardpan approach of most contemporary flutists and tenor saxophonists, achieves a soft and purposeful eloquence. Waldron's solos again attain a direct poignance that is indelible.

COLUMBIA has put out, in conjunction with a recent collection of essays on jazz, a pleasant, if uneven, set of reissues, "The Jazz Makers" (Columbia CL-1036), that includes, among other items, a witty, bouncing reworking of "Bugle Call Rag"—"The Sergeant Was Shy"—made in 1939 by Duke Ellington; a timeless 1928 blues piano solo, "57 Varieties," by Earl Hines; "Shoe Shine Boy," by a splinter group from Count Basie's 1936 band; and a melancholy minor blues by a small Teddy Wilson band (1936), which has stark but perfect solos by Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, and the leader.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

LES CHASSE-NEIGE

When country hills are soft with snow,
Dame Nature dons her silver gown,
But in these boulevards below
Où sont les neiges downtown?

When fields are blanketed in white
And gables wear a foamy crown,
This city is a sorry sight—
Où sont les neiges downtown?

For, each to its allotted task,
The titan plows have trundled down
To scour the streets, and people ask
Où sont les neiges downtown, downtown,
Où sont les neiges downtown?

—RALPH A. LEWIN

BOOKS

Dusty Answer

"THE SIBYL" (Random House), a short novel by the Swedish Academician and Nobel Prizewinner Pär Lagerkvist, provides an answer to a question that does not very often, as the French say, ask itself. It is a question suggested by a kind of painting that has gone out of fashion: Where now are the survivors of the breed of painters who, seventy or eighty years ago, could cover enormous canvases with neo-religious problem pictures? Their works explored the byways of conjecture left open by the familiar stories. They showed such things as the infant St. John the Baptist rousing the strangest of presentiments in the minds of his awed parents by making himself a tiny cross for a plaything, or a Roman centurion who had seen the light laying aside his weapons before joining a group of well-tubbed and scantily dressed Christian ladies in a lion-infested arena. The answer "The Sibyl" offers is that one, at any rate, of the heirs to the great tradition of bourgeois religiosity is hard at work in Sweden today, writing novels.

The subject of "The Sibyl" is just like one of those problem paintings. It is a conversation piece set in the interior of a hut on a rocky hillside above Delphi, in Greece. Through the doorway, one sees a temple in the valley below. The setting is simply constructed of a few clichés: there is a "sacred way" along which "pilgrims pace solemnly;" a youth "strewing fresh laurels from the god's grave" in a court through which a priestess, dressed "as god's bride," passes, "attended by two priests." Turning from this slipshod background, which has nothing of either the intense beauty or the archeological interest of the actual place, we come to the three figures in the foreground. A man whose face shows that he has suffered talks to a woman "with old eyes" while an enigmatic male figure with a remote, otherworldly smile listens to them.

What goes on? Well, the woman with the old eyes is a priestess of the Delphic oracle who has been dismissed from her post for committing the indiscretion of bearing a child to the god, and her companion is none other than the Wandering Jew. Naturally, they have a great deal to say to each other, and when they have said it, a miracle is

found to have occurred. The smiling figure, who is none other than the god's son, has vanished. He has slipped out of the hut, and after walking uphill, shedding his clothing piece by piece, he has (in a manner carrying one back to an episode in Hemingway's "Torrents of Spring") taken off, not far above the snowline, into the wild blue yonder. Distressed rather than gratified by this convincing display of supernatural powers in her child, the mother delivers an unenlightening statement about man's relationship to God. This does not reflect anything in the nature of religious experience, but it anticipates the sort of thing said by modern theologians of the liberal variety whose utterances are concerned more with being inoffensive than with expressing any

particular convictions. "...I know enough," she says, "of the life of mankind and can glimpse enough of the road that lies before them to know that they can never escape the curse and the blessing that comes to them from god. Whatever they may think and do, whatever they may believe or disbelieve, their destiny will always be bound up with god."

If the quality of the Sibylline wisdom is depressing, the conversation leading up to its disclosure is even more so. In its course, the Sibyl confesses that she had enjoyed an affair with a one-armed man before the god favored her with his attentions. Her account of it is not inspiring; it recalls in its style and content the trundling narratives that fill the confession magazines. It is, for in-



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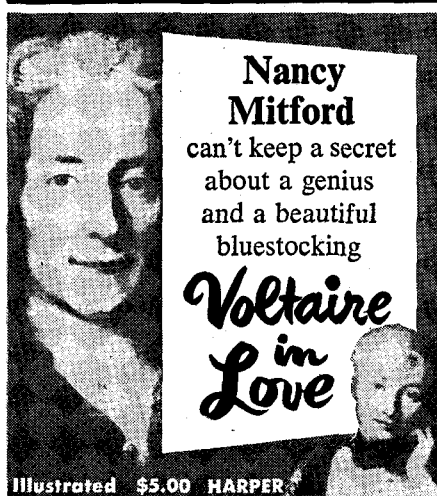
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stance, her mother's death, and its effect upon her father, that make her realize how much of Life she is missing as a temple virgin. ("Strangely enough we never talked much of Mother, though we both thought of her constantly.") Toward the end of her affair with the mortal, he forces his way into the inner precinct of the temple, where she is carrying out her mediumistic duties. "I remained alone with my conflicting thoughts. Why had he come? I did not understand. What reason had he? Could it mean that somehow he—that he cared about me?" The unpleasant prurience that goes with the author's banality of feeling and of expression comes out most plainly in the description of the Sibyl's erotic experiences, which culminate when the god, taking the form of a black goat, possesses her. There is no classical authority that says this is the kind of thing that went on at Delphi, and the notion appears to have found its way into the story simply for its own horrid sake. And there seems little better warrant for the inclusion of a clinical account of the sex life of the Wandering Jew. As a character, this unlovely invention is a product of the degraded popular Christianity of medieval times; it was created as an embellishment to the Gospel story to justify and to promote anti-Semitism. The Wanderer is supposedly cursed with eternal life and eternal restlessness for his refusal to allow the condemned Christ, on the way to the Crucifixion, to lean for a moment against the wall of his house. As this story, to be true, would require God to be an ill-natured and malignant demon, it reflects small credit on the twisted Gothic mind that conceived it in the first place, and, one would think, less on any mind willing to give it a moment's thought today. But Mr. Lagerkvist not only asks us to consider the situation of this nonentity as if it were worth thinking about but even attempts to persuade us that it is so by equipping it with a case history of psychological maladjustment. The Wandering Jew is seen going to bed with his wife and failing to satisfy the expectations he has aroused.

This business of letting the left hand fiddle round the subject of sex while the right leaps through the Gospels is not new for Pär Lagerkvist. He was at the same game in his earlier novel "Barabbas," in which the released thief, having attended the Crucifixion, hurries off to an athletic night of love with a fat lady whose necrophilic appetites have been awakened by his narrow escape from the cross. The story suggests that Barabbas

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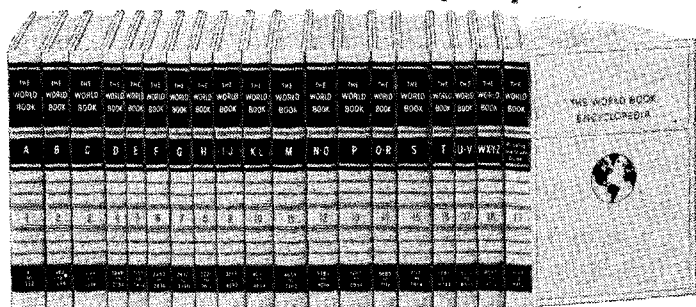
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is being tormented to the end of his days—when, through a specious irony, he receives martyrdom as a Christian—by a desire to believe that is exactly balanced by an inability to do so. The matter is left in doubt until the book ends, with Barabbas's death:

Only Barabbas was left hanging there alone, still alive. When he felt death approaching, that which he had always been so afraid of, he said out into the darkness, as though he were speaking to it:
—To thee I deliver up my soul.
And then he gave up the ghost.

André Gide professed to be impressed by the subtle ambiguity of this, and by the idea that the "as though" created a question whether Barabbas had surrendered his soul to the darkness or to the light. The profound lack of reality, and the absence of any vital interest, in this false problem is made clear by Lagerkvist's frantic efforts to import substance into it, both by being "frank" about Barabbas's sex life and by elaborating his experience with a great deal of excess baggage. It is perhaps legitimate for Barabbas, after he has seen Christ die, to encounter Lazarus alive. But it is a luxury of coincidence that St. Peter should select Barabbas as his confidant and tell him, on the morning after the Crucifixion, how dreadful he feels about having denied his Master. When Barabbas attends the stoning of one of the first of the Christian martyrs (Mr. Lagerkvist runs true to form in choosing a young girl with a harelip for the victim) and murders one of the responsible officials into the bargain, it becomes obvious that anything and everything can be expected. Nobel Prize or no Nobel Prize, Pär Lagerkvist's work belongs in the section of the library that houses such works of classical scholarship and religious feeling as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Quo Vadis?" and "Ben-Hur."

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CONFESSION, by Mario Soldati (Knopf). Mr. Soldati turns a fatalistic eye on a critical period in the hidden life of a fourteen-year-old Italian schoolboy, Clemente Perrier. Clemente is tormented by guilt, because he feels himself to be so sinful, and by remorse, because he feels that no amount of penance can free him from his sins, and by doubt, because he feels that he is not really sorry at all, and by rage, because he feels that his superiority to all his classmates is not sufficiently recognized. He is encouraged in these introspective ad-

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ventures, more than half deliberately, by the Jesuit priests who teach him and who hope that someday he will join their order. Mr. Soldati's writing is serenely polished, but he brings nothing new to his descriptions of the orgies of doubt and guilt and timid conjecture indulged in by intelligent, religiously inclined schoolboys, and the three separate scenes in which Clemente's innocence is tempted, betrayed, and destroyed wear a uniformly uneasy air of anticlimax.

MAGGIE-NOW, by Betty Smith (Harper). Patsy, a dull-witted Irish country boy who is sometimes belligerent and sometimes roguish, emigrates to Brooklyn, avoids work as much as possible, and lives a very long time. Miss Smith has filled four hundred and thirty-seven pages with words about Patsy. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

VOLTAIRE IN LOVE, by Nancy Mitford (Harper). "I am now at Paris," Voltaire wrote an English friend in June of 1742, "and with the same she-philosopher I have lived with these twelve years past." The "she-philosopher," with whom he continued to live until her death, following childbirth, in 1749, was the Marquise du Châtelet, the wife of an accommodating Army officer, the occasional mistress of many other men (her child was by one of them), an ardent mathematician, a Newtonian physicist, and perhaps the outstanding French bluestocking of the eighteenth century. In this substantial but wonderfully gay and gossipy book, Miss Mitford details with a zest that is wholly engaging the idyllic moments and the hectic hours that marked the long association of these enormously intelligent lovebirds. Illustrated with contemporary portraits, including a splendid one of Mme. du Châtelet by the little-known F.-B. Lépicier.

PEOPLE OF THE REEDS, by Gavin Maxwell (Harper). Between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers, just north of their juncture at Al Qurna, in southern Iraq, lies an immense desolation of reedy marsh and shallow lagoon that is the isolated home of a wandering Arab people, the Ma'dan, whose existence is hardly known even to their fellow Iraqis. They were completely unknown to the Western world until 1950, when an English explorer named Wilfred Thesiger stumbled upon them and described their curious culture in an

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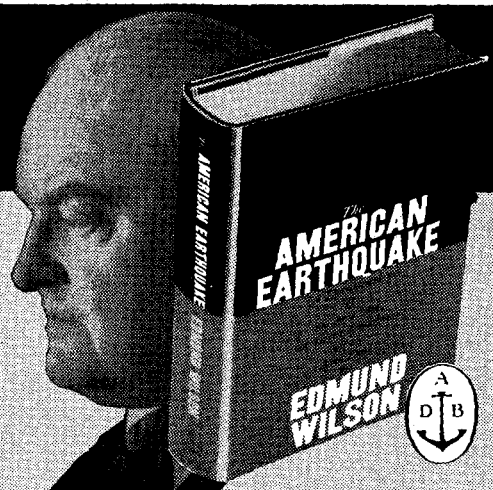
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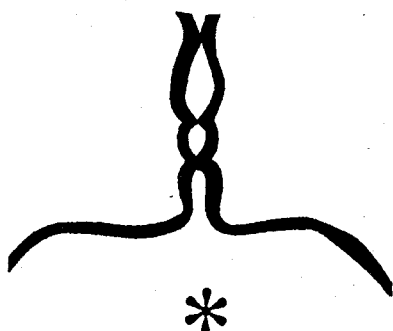
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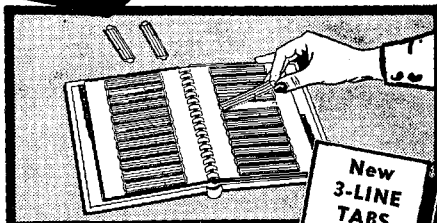
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article in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. Thesiger has since revisited the tribe several times, and on one of these visits, a year or two ago, it was Mr. Maxwell's privilege to accompany him. He thus became the second Westerner to glimpse this surviving pocket of a rugged neolithic culture, and he has made the most of his extraordinary experience. It is not too much to say that he has produced an almost perfect book of travel—an entirely successful fusion of exact observation, of easy tolerance and unusual sensibility, and of drama, form, and style. Many excellent photographs by the author, and a useful map.

THE COURT AND THE CASTLE, by Rebecca West (Yale). The subject of this book is what various writers have thought about power—about who should wield it and how, and whether it corrupts absolutely, or only slightly, or not at all. Miss West has a remarkable ability to understand societies as disparate as the dangerous Elizabethan court that Shakespeare knew and Kafka's bureaucratic world. She does not say that any of the writers she discusses has found the solution to a problem that confronts nations and individuals in every generation; her work is a starting point, not a terminus. The book derives from her Terry Lectures at Yale, and its language is simple, as speech must be.

THE ANTS, by Wilhelm Goetsch, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (University of Michigan Press). A first-rate translation of a European classic, this small book says, with perfect clarity, pretty nearly everything there is to say about ants and their ways. It cannot be too highly recommended to country property owners who want to know what they're really up against when they start putting down ant cups, or as a gift for a child who is starting to take an interest in the natural sciences, since it is short on sententious pronouncements about society and full of fascinating information.

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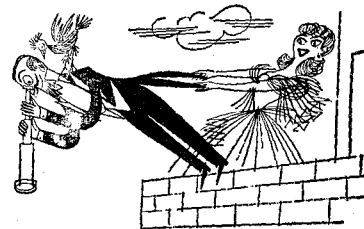
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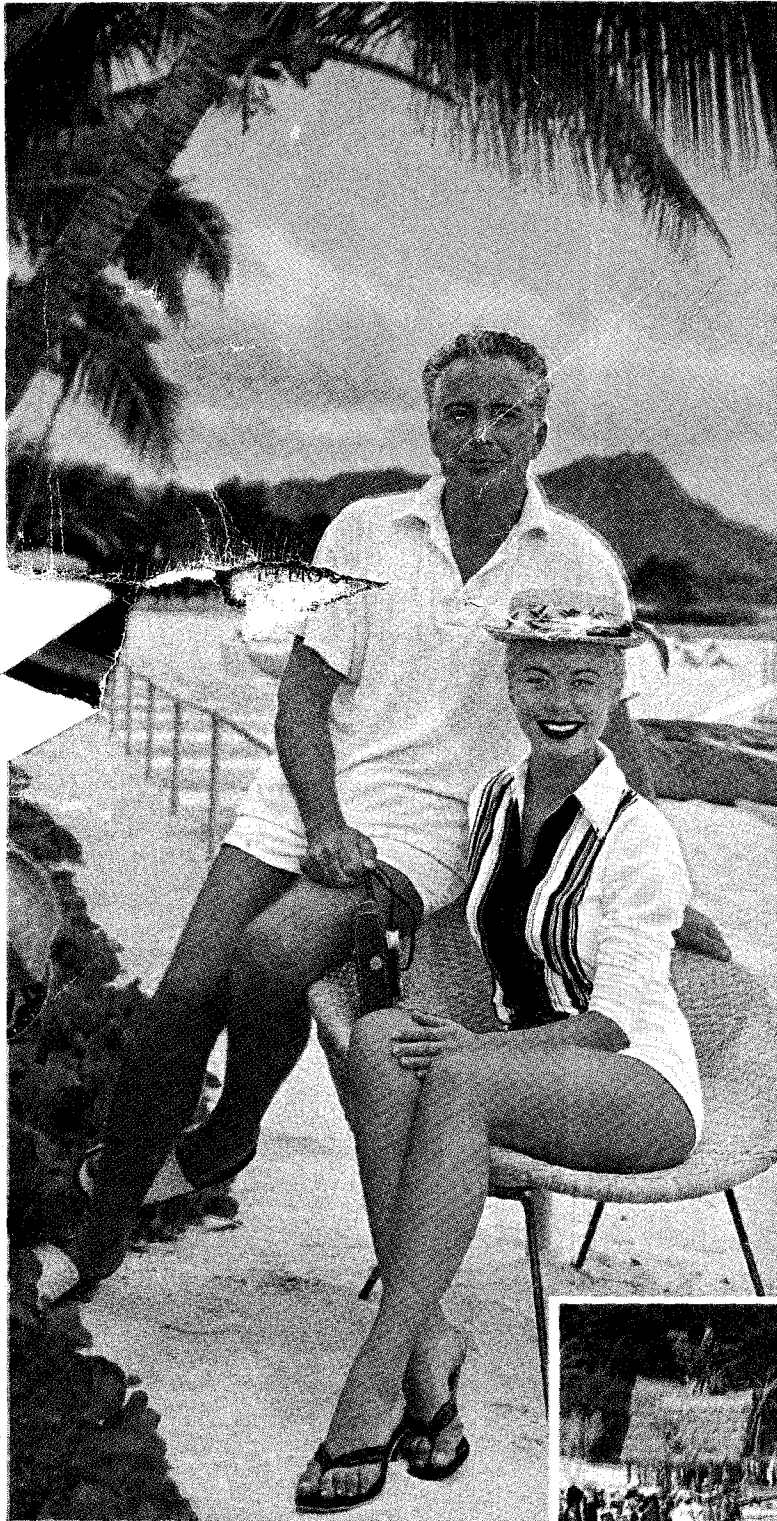


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Why
Rodgers and Hammerstein chose
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for filming the romantic musical
"SOUTH PACIFIC"

Hawaii—with its broad, surf-rimmed beaches, verdant green valleys and year 'round summers—is the one enchanted spot, above all others, where the timeless, romantic lure of the South Seas is captured to perfection. Yet for all its exotic appeal within easy reach of everywhere! That's why Hollywood picked the lovely Hawaiian island of Kauai for the film setting of "South Pacific." It's *everyone's* dream island... lush, idyllic, typically tropical. Come to Hawaii... see for yourself where Nellie Forbush "washed that man right out of her hair," and make sure you visit Hawaii's other "magic islands"—Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Especially *now*, delight in the climate that will make you, too, feel "younger than springtime."

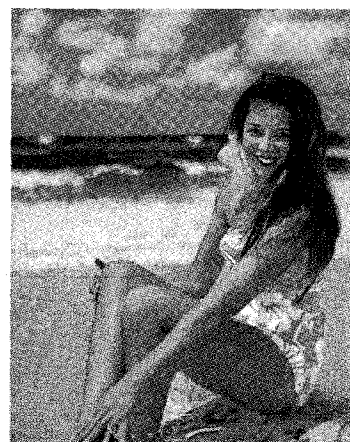
Hawaii is but 8-10 hours from the Pacific Coast by plane or a pleasant 4½ day ocean trip. The cost is surprisingly low. No passports, no "shots," no special clothing.

Enjoying Waikiki's sunshine are Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi, stars of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific" produced by Buddy Adler and directed by Joshua Logan. Todd-AO Technicolor



Bali Ha'i, "South Pacific's" magic Island, was brought to life on Hawaii's Kauai.

France Nuyen, exotic beauty who portrays the native girl "Liat," relaxes on location.

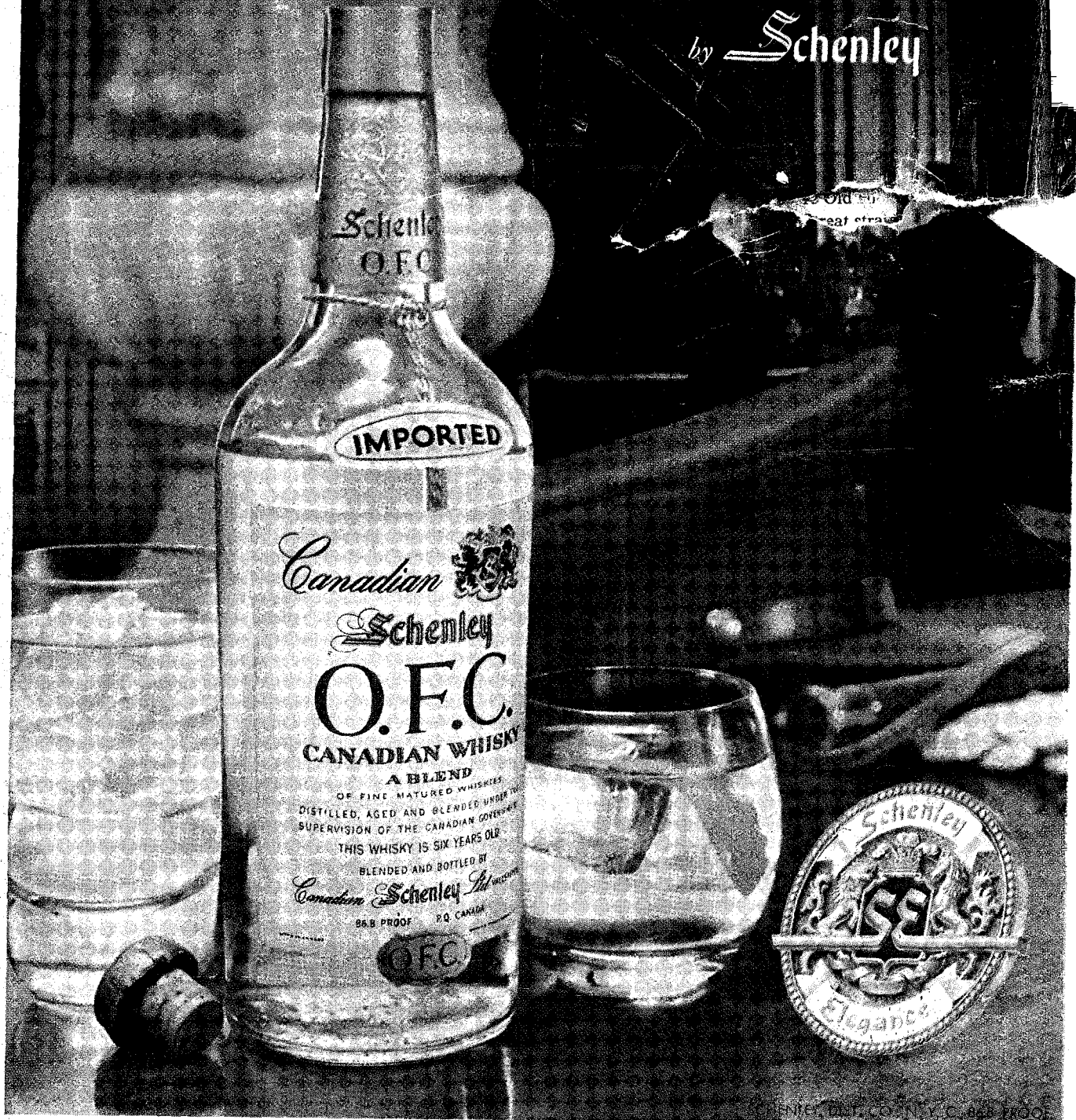


To plan your trip, see your Travel Agent, airline or steamship representative, or write
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